

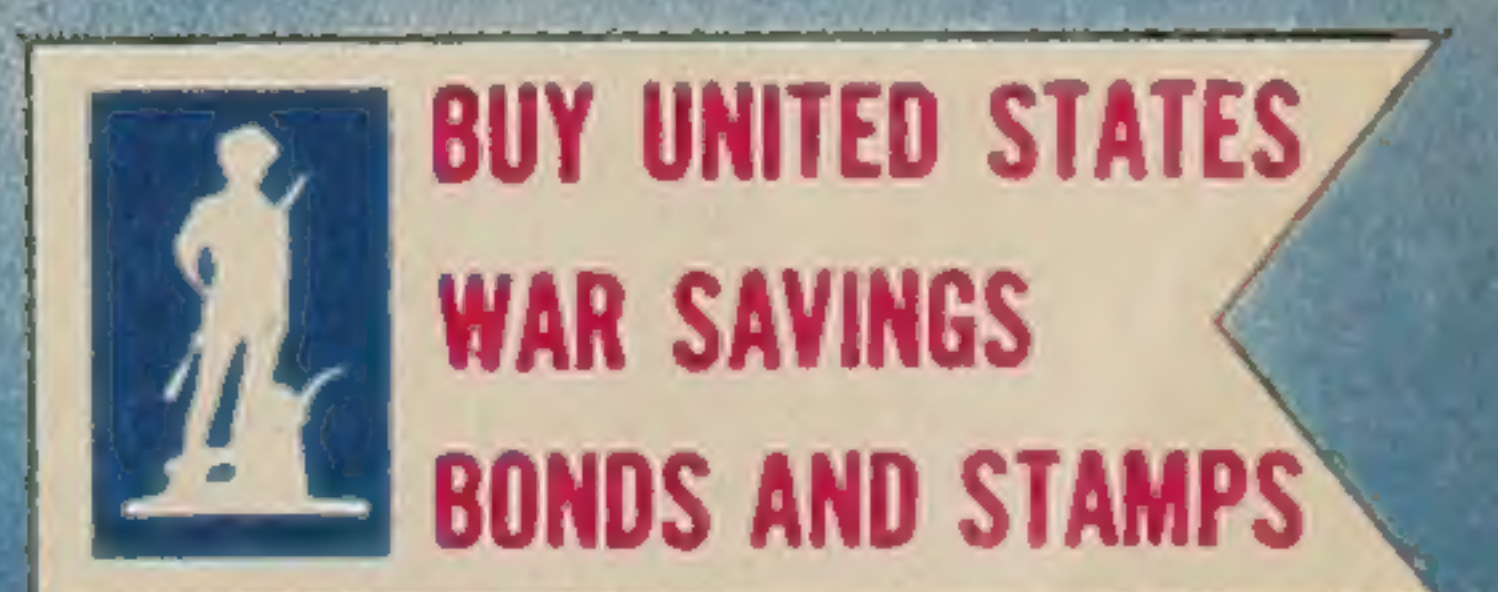
Radio and Television Mirror

AUGUST

15¢



"UNITED WE STAND"



Vivid Full Page Photographs of
**PERKINS, VIC and SADE,
THE BARTONS**



HELPMATE—Read
Radio's Drama as a Love Story That
All Women Will Cherish



Keep the Blitz from Your Baby!

Poor little China baby, scared of war so close and dreadful. What's to prevent that happening here, in your town, to YOUR baby?

Men can't prevent it—even big tough soldiers—unless they have tanks, planes, ships, guns . . . more of them, bigger ones, better ones, than any in the hands of the enemy.

And the supplies and machines for successful war cost *money*. Will you help?

How to buy a share in VICTORY . . .

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, you're going to *lend* some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for \$18.75. It is worth \$25.00

when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare \$18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

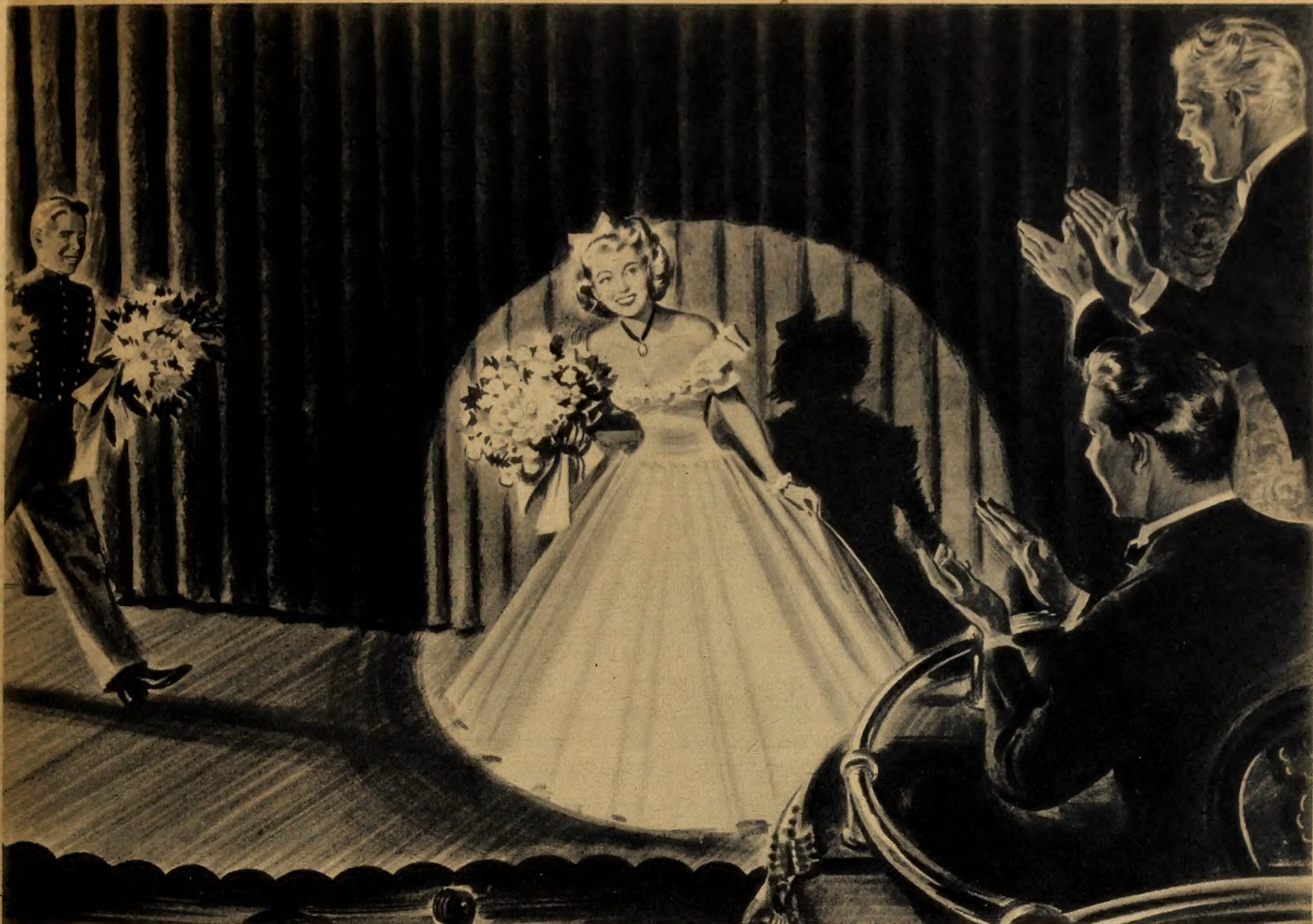
At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—

remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

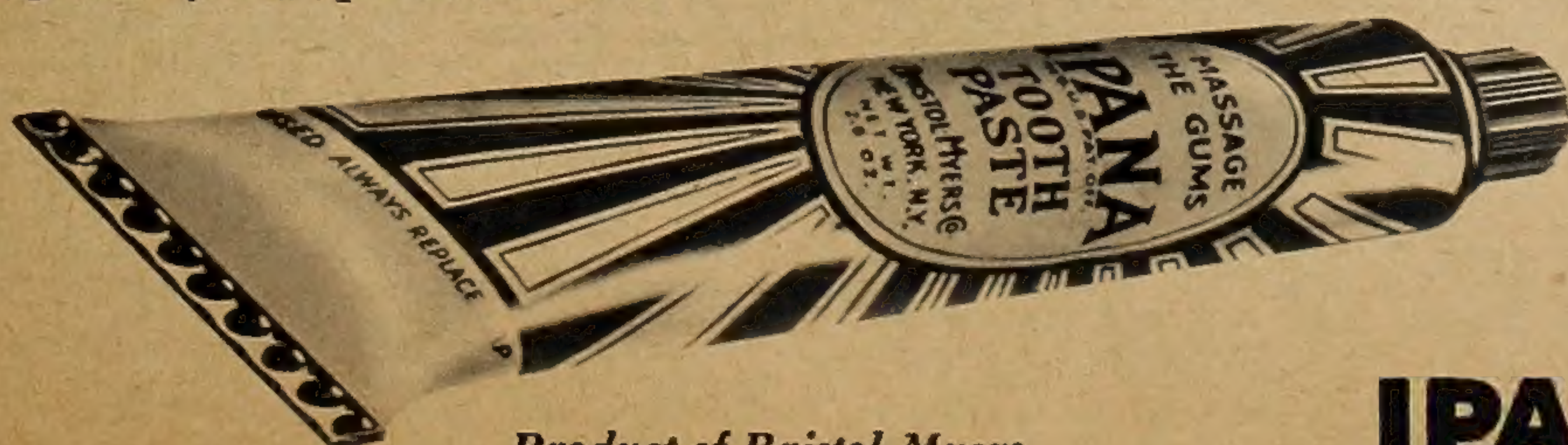
So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste

and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Radio AND TELEVISION Mirror

CONTENTS

Special Features

A BRACELET FOR RUTH	<i>Jack Sher</i>	10
That package held something more precious to her than diamonds		
HELPMATE		12
Begin radio's drama told as a romantic novel		
IN LOVE WITH A LIE	<i>Marge Kerr</i>	16
None of Margaret's fears had been as terrible as the truth		
MY HEART WILL FOLLOW YOU		19
"Let's take our happiness while we can!" he had urged		
MA PERKINS IN LIVING PORTRAITS		22
Meet them face to face—Rushville Center's most beloved citizens		
MOMENT OF FOLLY	<i>Madeline Thompson</i>	28
It began as a gay deception and now it ruled her whole life		
A LETTER TO MY HUSBAND		30
Ann writes of her love to young Dr. Malone		
WHEN A GIRL MARRIES	<i>Helen Irwin Dowdey</i>	32
Joan could not forget those days of scandal and tragedy		
HOPELESSLY HAPPY	<i>Dick Nossaman</i>	35
The real-life love story of Dorothy Kilgallen and Richard Kollmar		
RADIO'S FAMILIES OF FUN		36
Radio Mirror salutes Vic, Sade and Rush and The Bartons		
CARELESSLY YOU CARED	<i>Shep Fields</i>	38
A romantic ballad exactly right for summer evenings		
SALADS FOR VARIETY	<i>Kate Smith</i>	40
Even enemies of salads can be lured with these recipes		

Added Attractions

OVERHEARD		3
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST	<i>Dale Banks</i>	4
FACING THE MUSIC	<i>Ken Alden</i>	8
DO YOU BELIEVE IN AMERICA?	<i>Kate Smith</i>	42
INSIDE RADIO		43
PRIMA DONNA, 1942 MODEL		46

ON THE COVER—The American Flag: Kodachrome by Paul Duval

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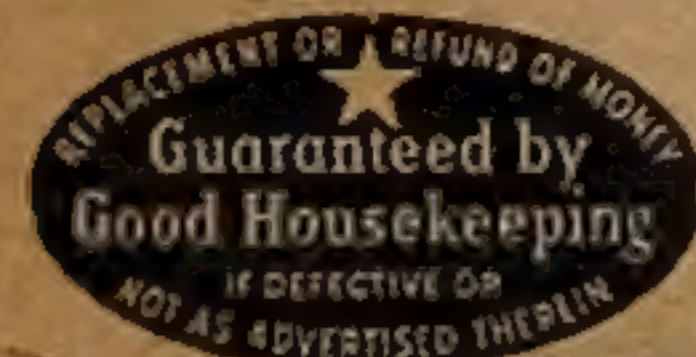
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SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot*! Furthermore, you can wear *Tampax* undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. *Tampax* is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the *Tampax*!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy *Tampax* now! *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association



Overheard

SABOTAGE IN BUREAU DRAWERS

TO wax the track and give slide to sticking furniture drawers, rub the stubborn surfaces with paraffin. There is still another way, if drawers have never been finished on the inside. On some nice dry day, empty them, and give both sides of each drawer a thin coat of clear varnish, and make sure to cover all of the surfaces. This seals the wood so that when humid weather comes along, there is no place for the dampness to be absorbed and swell the wood—Betty Moore Triangle Club, NBC Saturdays.

UNDERSTUDIES

Vinyl resin is replacing the now scarce rubber cement as an adhesive. After drying, the resin is non-adhesive at ordinary temperature.

A *cellulose nitrate plastic* is replacing metal for shoe-lace tips. It won't cut or scratch the shoe-lace yanker.

Plastics — smooth, ridgeless and tasteless—are also being used to make pencil ferrules, the metal that holds the eraser on the end of a pencil—Adventures in Science, Saturdays, CBS.

FIRST AID TO A DYING DINNER

If you want to keep a meal hot without drying it out, place it on the upper shelf of the oven, kept warm at the lowest temperature, and place a pan of hot water on the lower shelf. The water will prevent the food from drying unduly.—Linda Porter on The Three Marketeers, over WMCA, New York, Monday through Friday.

SILVER-LINING THE WEEKLY WASH

Coating a rusty wire washline with aluminum paint will renew it and make it usable for several more seasons—Meet Your Neighbor, with Alma Kitchell, Blue Network, Wednesdays.

Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!



Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration... it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an eve-

ning is... the more a girl needs Mum.

Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!



For Sanitary Napkins
Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Gracie Allen is a morale officer of the Hollywood unit of the American Women's Voluntary Services. It's her duty to serve hot coffee—and a smile too—to soldiers in nearby camps.

With only brief interruptions to make some Hollywood movies, Zeke Clements has been singing, composing and playing on WSM's Grand Ole Opry program for these past ten years.



What's New from Coast to Coast

Mary Mason has left Maudie's Diary, on which she played Maudie, to have a baby.

* * *

It was a sad month for radio, in which it lost two of its leading stars—first Graham McNamee, then John Barrymore. Both will be missed. In these days when laughter is so precious it will be hard for Rudy Vallee to find quite the perfect substitute for the friend with whom he used to exchange affectionate insults.

* * *

Helen Menken, star of Second Husband, must be radio's busiest war worker. She's chairman of the Radio Division of the American Theater Wing War Service and keeps regular office hours, devoting all her time to this activity that she can spare from rehearsals and broadcasting. The Theater Wing's biggest project just now is selling a booklet it has prepared called "America Goes to War." The price is fifty cents, and all the proceeds go toward paying expenses of the Stage Door Canteen on Broadway, where service men are entertained free every night by famous stars. Helen hopes to sell a million of these booklets, so if you appreciate her work as Brenda Cummings on the air, don't write her a fan letter—send in fifty cents and an order for the booklet instead.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Zeke Clements has been one of the stars of the Grand Ole Opry, over station WSM, for the last ten years, with brief interruptions when he was in Hollywood making movies. Not only that, but his radio career has carried him into forty-four states, and he has been featured on all major networks.

Zeke is of mixed English and Cherokee Indian descent, and was born near the town of Warrior in central Alabama. It was a case of a man's birthplace having a big influence on his future life, because Zeke began his musical training by learning old-time songs from the residents of his neighborhood.

Today he plays the guitar, violin, bass viol, 'cello and Hawaiian guitar, sings, and composes his own tunes. Some of the hit songs from his pen are "Blue Mexican Sky," "Left a Red Cross on My Heart," "I Dreamt I Spent Christmas in Heaven," and "Just a Little Lovin' Goes a Long, Long Way."

Between WSM appearances, Zeke has managed to cram enough movie work into his life to entitle him to the epithet of "Hollywood veteran." He has sung, played or acted in more than two hundred films, and the high point of his movie activities was being chosen to be the voice of "Bashful" in Disney's "Snow White." Remember "Bashful's" yodeling in the Silly Song? That was Zeke.

* * *
That's an interesting experiment

IT cost Norma Shearer just \$1500 when she made her recent appearance on the CBS Lux Theater of the Air. The sponsors paid her \$5000, and she added \$1000 to that sum so she could donate a thousand dollars apiece to each of the six service canteens near Hollywood. The extra \$500 she had to pay was her agent's ten per cent charge for booking her on the program!

* * *

Marjorie Hannan, who plays Ruth Ann Graham on Bachelor's Children on NBC, won't be on the air for several weeks during July. Reason: an appointment with the stork. . . . And it's a September bassinet for Penny Singleton, radio's Blondie.

* * *

Arturo Toscanini and Leopold Stokowski will divide the job of directing the NBC Symphony next season. Each will conduct twelve of the twenty-four broadcast concerts in the series.

* * *

Radio actor enters politics: Arthur Vinton, who appears regularly in many network dramatic shows, has announced that he'll be a candidate for Congressional nomination.

By DALE BANKS

PITYROSPORUM OVALE,
the strange "Bottle Bacillus"
regarded by many authorities
as a causative agent of infec-
tious dandruff.

ITCHY SCALP?



UGLY SCALES?



TELL-TALE FLAKES?



It may be Infectious Dandruff!

START TODAY WITH THE TESTED LISTERINE TREATMENT THAT HAS HELPED SO MANY

TELL-TALE flakes, itching scalp and inflammation—these "ugly customers" may be a warning that you have the infectious type of dandruff, the type in which germs are active on your scalp!

They may be a danger signal that millions of germs are at work on your scalp . . . including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus" recognized by many foremost authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't delay. Every day you wait, your condition may get worse, and before long you may have a stubborn infection.

*Use Medical Treatment**

Your common sense tells you that for a case of infection, in which germs are active, it's wise to use an antiseptic which quickly attacks large numbers of germs. So, for infectious dandruff, use Listerine

Antiseptic and massage.

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of *Pityrosporum ovale* and other germs associated with infectious dandruff.

Those ugly, embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels fresher, healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

And here's impressive scientific evidence of Listerine's effectiveness in combating dandruff symptoms: Under the exacting, severe conditions of a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms, within a month.

In addition to that, countless men and women all over America report joyously

that this grand, simple treatment has brought them welcome relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms.

Start tonight with the easy, delightful home treatment—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It has helped *so many* others, it may help *you*. Buy the large, economy-size bottle today and save money.

***THE TREATMENT**

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

DON'T DENY YOURSELF all the good things of life. Keep on using the new
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Coming

NEXT MONTH

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

One of radio's well-loved stories comes to you as a heart-warming novel, beginning in the September Radio Mirror. You'll find hours of reading pleasure in the romance of Peggy Young and Carter Trent, the well-meant mistakes of Pepper, and the courage of Mother Young.

In Living Portraits—

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Full page photographs of radio's famous woman lawyer and the people who are part of her dramatic story—pictures that will make you feel you know them better than ever before.

STARS IN OUR HEAVEN

It was only contempt she saw in his eyes—contempt because to him she was not a woman at all. And there was nothing in the world she wanted as much as his love.

Plus—

- Color pictures of your favorites.
- Complete words and music of a hit song.
- Kate Smith's Cooking Corner.
- Program guide.
- And many other exciting features.

September Issue On Sale

July 24

CBS is trying every morning (Monday through Friday) at 9:15, EWT. It's called The Radio Reader, and on it Mark Van Doren simply reads aloud from a novel for fifteen minutes. There's no dramatization, no music, no sound effects—just a man reading a story aloud. CBS didn't know how listeners would like it, but judging from the mail that poured in after Van Doren had spent a couple of weeks reading Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," they like it a lot, and the chances are the new kind of radio program will stay on all summer.

Beatrice Kay, star of the CBS Gay Nineties Revue, turns out to be America's first and only volunteer firewoman. Beatrice is a member in very good standing of the Volunteer Department near her home in Closter, N. J., and is always on hand ready to battle blazes when they occur—even if it's the middle of the night when the siren begins to wail.

ATLANTA, Ga.—You might call Cliff Cameron, staff organist at station WATL and frequently heard on the Mutual network, a sleight-of-hand musician. Seated at his Hammond organ, he divides his musical moments between it and a piano placed at right angles to the organ, swinging from one instrument to the other so fast and so often it would make anyone else dizzy. But with Cliff, this double-duty only makes for more exciting music.

Cliff also plays a four-manual pipe organ in Atlanta's largest theater, and as a sideline announces his own programs on the air.

Music in Cliff's life dates back to the days of his adolescence, when he played the pipe organ in church, piano at dancing school and in a dance band, and for variety the organ in a funeral chapel. He studied in several schools of music and then familiarized himself with radio by becoming a pupil of Irma Glen, NBC organist in Chicago.

The war struck tragically at Ireene Wicker, radio's Singing Lady, when she was notified that her son, Flight Lieutenant Charles Wicker of the Royal Canadian Air Force, was killed in action somewhere in Europe on April 27. Young Wicker, who was nineteen years old, enlisted in the RCAF in November, 1940. The last time he saw his mother was in the fall of 1941, when he had a month's leave before going on active duty.

COLUMBUS, Ohio—Something brand new in radio is the program called Conquerors of the Clouds, heard every Wednesday night at 9, EWT, over station WHKC in Columbus. The whole half-hour program is written and broadcast by men and women who in their working hours are employees of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation's Airplane Division. Most of them hadn't even been near a microphone until they began this series of programs a few months ago.

The program was started as a recreational and morale-building experiment, and it has been successful beyond all expectations—particularly when you consider that in it a group of amateurs are producing the most difficult of all types of radio shows, dramatized news events in the world of aviation. Out of the forty-odd

Fred Allen didn't own a car before gas rationing so he's perfectly happy on his bicycle which he pedals round his home in Maine.



people who have acted on this broadcast, only one has ever had any dramatic experience outside of school plays. He is Robert Donavon, a dispatcher in the Steel Welded Assembly department, and sickness in his family brought him home from New York just as he was completing arrangements to get a small part in "Hellzapoppin'."

Harry Unks, an ex-salesman from West Virginia, specializes in the roles of aviation executives. In real life he's a plant policeman. Barbara Chat-tos, who works in the Bench Assembly department, has played a French boy and a Russian aircraft mechanic. Other actors are aerodynamics specialists, bookkeepers, welders and executives.

Getting people to do Oriental voices was a problem until two Chinese employees, Charles Chin and Joe Yee, both in the Mold Loft department, requested permission to try out for parts. They didn't much like the idea of playing Japanese voices—Chin even held his nose while reading a Jap part in one show—they did it, and were rewarded a week later with some Chinese roles.

Because the program deals with aviation, which is pretty much a man's world, there haven't been many parts for women; but Ruth Van Kirk, who works in the Final Assembly department, played an Army nurse recently, and Julia Donohoe, a voucher clerk, made a top-notch Madame Chiang Kai Shek.

The script writer for Conquerors



You'd get dizzy watching Cliff Cameron, of station WATL, jumping from piano to organ—that's why his music is so exciting.

of the Clouds is Robert Olds, who left his job as aviation writer on a Columbus paper to work at the plane plant.

* * *

Announcer Andre Baruch has joined the United States armed forces. He's a first lieutenant in the Army's Quartermaster Corps, stationed in Washington. Bea Wain, his wife, is kept in New York most of the time by her radio work on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, but she commutes to Washington whenever she can.

* * *

Radio people, from pageboys to network presidents, attended Graham McNamee's funeral, paying tribute to one of the most beloved and colorful figures of a colorful industry. Ed Wynn, who used to tell Graham that "The show's going to be different tonight," was there, and so were the original Gold Dust Twins, tenor Judson House, and Joe White, the "Silver Masked Tenor"—all old timers in radio like Graham himself, although, unlike him, they have been off the air for some years. Another mourner was Graham's old competitor in the days when he announced sports, Ted Husing of CBS.

* * *

For a real thrill, tune in Stars and Stripes in Britain, over the Mutual network some Sunday evening at 7:30 EWT (an hour earlier in the Central time zone, and two and three hours earlier in the Mountain and Pacific states respectively). It's specially produced in England by the BBC, recorded, and sent to this country for rebroadcast, and its stars are the American boys who are now in England and Ireland. You're quite likely to hear the voice of someone you know, being interviewed by Ben Lyon or Bebe Daniels. Ben and Bebe, you'll remember, are the former movie stars who went to England several years ago and are now top-notch stars of the British stage.

Don't just Dream of Loveliness— go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride is Mrs. James H. McClure, of Chicago, Ill., who says: "I'm really grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"

Try this exciting beauty treatment—it's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

DON'T waste time idly envying the woman whose skin is lovely! With a little time—and the right care—you too, can garner compliments and envious glances! Now—tonight—put your complexion on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many women, you may be bliss-

fully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Set aside 30 days in which to give it a fair test. The very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.



Facing the Music



"It's been luck," is the modest comment Les Brown makes on his spectacular bandleading success. Left, Betty Bonney, Les' pretty brunette soloist.

Below, when Jerry Wald opened his engagement at the Hotel Lincoln in New York, its owner, Marie Kramer, was there to wish him good luck.



THE war has had its effect on the popular music trends, according to Tin Pan Alley experts. The public is switching over to the sentimental ballads and snubbing the fast-paced rhythm or "bounce" tunes. Swing leaders are worried and are rushing to add slower tempoed songs to their libraries.

Some of our better known, high-riding dance bands have been guilty of sloppy stage performances and they are losing many former followers. Over confident, they have a tendency to clown too much during their numbers.

Helen O'Connell and Ray Eberle are the favorite dance band vocalists of the colleges, according to the annual campus poll taken by *The Billboard* magazine. Glenn Miller was voted the favorite band.

Enoch Light, victim of a serious auto accident, is making a splendid comeback, broadcasting over Mutual from a Connecticut dance spot.

Griff Williams lost out to Guy Lombardo for the Waldorf-Astoria roof assignment this summer, replacing the current Freddy Martin crew.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Alvin Rey and The King Sisters go into New York's Hotel Astor June 30 with CBS and Mutual wires. . . . Mel Marvin has enlisted in the Army and turned over baton and band to his former press agent, Esther Silsbee. . . . Bunny Berigan is recovering from a siege of pneumonia. . . . Dick Haymes, former Harry James vocalist, has been bitten by the baton bug and is forming his own orchestra. . . . Kate Smith has clicked again on

records. 600,000 of Kate's platters were sold in the first three months of 1942.

One of the country's most famous band spots, Westchester's Glen Island Casino, may be taken over by the War Department. The Casino is located in a New York state park and the acreage is needed by Uncle Sam. Glen Island was the cradle for such bands as Casa Loma, Larry Clinton, Glenn Miller and Hal McIntyre.

Incidentally, Casa Loma gets its first big New York extended engagement in quite a spell when it takes over the bandstand of the Hotel Pennsylvania on July 16, replacing Charlie Spivak there. It is expected the band will hire a girl trio by that time.

Although the bandmen are optimistic, there is little chance that the Coca-Cola "Spotlight Bands" will ever return to the air.

Song writer Teddy Powell, whose band is heard four times weekly over NBC, was inspired to form his own band by one of his own songs. Powell was listening to the radio when he heard some band give a half-hearted rendition of a tune he had written. He decided then and there that the

best way to make the public appreciate his songs would be to play them himself. Powell is currently playing at the Log Cabin in Armonk, N. Y.

Johnny McAfee has quit Tony Pastor's band and joined Benny Goodman's to sing and play saxophone.

Ella Fitzgerald, like Dolly Dawn, has shelved her orchestra, and will now sing accompanied by a small rhythm trio.

There was a wholesale shakeup in Muggsy Spanier's band when the leader decided to take his crew on the road. Many of his star soloists elected to stay in New York.

Woody Herman's vocalist, Caroline

By KEN ALDEN

Grey, was selected as the prettiest dance band vocalist of the year, by the Kappa Phi Kappa fraternity. Woody's band is now playing on the West Coast.

Perfectionist in Swing

A GOOD portion of our current, top-flight music makers planned to follow other professions than music when they started out in life. Eddy Duchin was to be a pharmacist, Joe Reichman, a lawyer, Tommy Tucker, a teacher, and Xavier Cugat, a cartoonist. But lithe, light-haired Les Brown, whose powerful and popular dance band is coming up faster than a bounce tune, had his musical career mapped out before he saw the light of day.

"I didn't even have a chance to make up my own mind," Les explains. "My dad did it for me. If I'd been a girl, my father would have just made the best of a bad situation and probably signed me as a member of Phil Spitalny's orchestra."

Les' father played a trombone himself, but not professionally. He made a modest living running Lykens, Pennsylvania's leading bakery. But he tooted away in the town band, often playing side by side with the father of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, who lived forty miles away.

When Les was six years old, he was blowing away on his tiny saxophone in the back of the bakery. Six years later he was playing professionally.

Thanks to his musical ability, Les got a good education. He won musical scholarships to New York Military Academy, where he wrote the music for the annual show, the Conservatory of Music at Ithaca, N. Y., and Duke University.

"Duke in 1933 was a red hot jazz sanctuary," Les recalls. "The Duke Blue Devils were the rage of the campus and when Nick Laney graduated I took over the baton."

Unlike his Blue Devil predecessors, Les met stiff competition when another undergraduate formed a rival band among the sweet music enthusiasts, who stubbornly worshiped at the throne of Guy Lombardo. The leader of the enemy camp was Johnny Long.

During summer vacations, Les kept his band intact, playing in nearby ballrooms. In those days few of the big, professional bands toured that part of the country. Their success spurred Les and his boys to try keeping the band after graduation.

"Everything was going along fine," Les says, "but one night we had a terrible experience. During one particularly sizzling set, a group of the boys' parents charged into the ballroom and took their errant offsprings home."

Les kept on going. He had accumulated \$700 and decided to go to New York. Before his capital ran out, he found work as an arranger and saxophonist with Isham Jones, Ruby Newman, Red Nichols, and Larry Clinton. His weekly income averaged \$125.

"I was lucky. I never came up the hard way."

Les even fell in love from the bandstand. He met his wife, the attractive Claire de Wolfe, a sandy-haired, brown-eyed blonde, in a New Jersey ballroom.

It wasn't easy courting Claire. She

Continued on page 78

Is this a Honeymoon or a Rest Cure?



HONEYMOON HEARTBREAK? Too bad, sweet bride... but your love is doomed, unless you learn this feminine secret... there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against body odor! Therefore you no longer have to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! Before tonight, discover "double-protection" in your bath...

UMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS!
HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT
IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!



THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND
HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL!
SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE
YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER
CASHMERE BOUQUET!



SMART GIRL! Now you've learned how Cashmere Bouquet's "double-protection" not only banishes body odor, but adorns your skin with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And remember, Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with even a *super-sensitive* skin! Better be real smart... and get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



A Bracelet for Ruth

That package, delivered to her door, held something more precious than diamonds. In it were romance and the answer to the question every girl asks herself: "When will I find my love?"

RUTH MANSON, her lithe young body in rhythm with the pounding machinery, was thinking about the diamond bracelet. She brushed her blonde hair back with a quick movement, her hand leaving a smudge on her forehead. She smiled. A whirring, busy, noisy shell factory was hardly the place to be thinking of a diamond bracelet.

"But it's not funny," she said,



As a delightful short story by Jack Sher, read the radio drama by Webb Hawley, first broadcast on the Armstrong Theater of Today, heard Saturday mornings at noon, EWT, on the CBS network.

half aloud. "That darned bracelet is driving me crazy."

"Huh?" The girl standing next to her before the ever-moving belt looked over.

"Oh, nothing," Ruth said, her fingers flying. There wasn't time to explain it to the girl. Besides, her co-worker would think she had gone insane. Ruth went on working and tried to forget about the bracelet.

But she couldn't get it out of her mind. It was so ridiculous. For the hundredth time, she reviewed what had happened. It was almost a week now since the night the doorbell had rung. The delivery boy had said, "Package for Ruth Manson." She had thought it was from her mother, so she had taken the package and signed for it. Then she had returned to her tiny room and opened it. It had dazzled her. It was so breathtakingly beautiful—a diamond bracelet!

At first, she was sure it was a mistake. It had been sent from Rogers and Caswell, the most exclusive jewelry store in Chicago. She turned it over carefully, a little awed, then she gasped with surprise. The bracelet had her initials on it! She laughed. It was a mistake, of course. She called Rogers and Caswell right away, but they were closed for the day.

"Well," she said, "it's mine for tonight, anyway." It made her a little sad. Not that she had wanted a diamond bracelet. But it reminded her that there were other things besides work. There were young men who sent girls diamond bracelets. In the midst of war, some people still had the time and money to buy extravagant gifts for someone they loved.

It made her want to go back to Wayne, back to that little mid-western town where she knew everyone. Back there young men didn't buy girls diamond bracelets, but they did pay some attention to them. It was the first time she had admitted to herself that she was lonely. She had expected Chicago to be exciting, she had expected to meet new and fascinating people. But, in over a month, the only people she knew were a few of the girls she lunched with at the factory.

Then, all at once, she was ashamed of herself. After all, she had come to Chicago to work. She had wanted to do her part in winning the war. She was doing her part. She was one of the best workers in the factory, everyone said. That was more important than boy friends and good times. They would come after it was over, when there



Dick said admiringly, "It's hard to tell where the flowers leave off and you begin."

really would be something to celebrate. And she knew that she was happier about the "E" her factory had earned for its work than she would be at really getting a diamond bracelet.

Still, the bracelet worried her. She called Rogers and Caswell the next day during her lunch hour and reported the error. "We'll check it," a suave voice said, "if it's a mis-

take, we'll send someone out to pick it up." But a week had gone by. Every night she had expected someone to call for it. Now, as she worked, she suddenly became frightened. What if something happened to the bracelet before they picked it up? What if someone should steal it?

On the way home from work that night, she hurried faster than ever.

She could hardly wait to get there, to peek under her stockings in the lower drawer, and assure herself that the bracelet was safe. She ran up the flight of stairs to her apartment, arriving at the top completely breathless.

She stopped. A young man was leaning against her door pushing the buzzer. His hat was tipped back on his head. *Continued on page 79*

BEGINNING

Helpmate

RADIO'S THRILLING DRAMA IN STORY FORM

LINDA hurried as she got ready for church. She knew how much it annoyed her father to be kept waiting. And—Linda smiled a little to herself—she had been causing him quite enough annoyance lately. If only he weren't so anxious for her to fall in love and get married, maybe some day, some day . . . Linda caught up her gloves and took one last look in her mirror.

"Maybe Dad's right," she thought. "After all I am twenty-six—and by this time I should be married—married to Jim Fletcher—or Bill Wolf—or Ed Somers. Poor Dad!"

Linda closed her door and hurried downstairs.

It always gave George Emerson a feeling of great pride to escort his family to church on Sunday morning. And as he walked along the sunny street with his wife and daughters, his face glowed with satisfaction. Yes, George Emerson was a lucky man. He was successful, well off. He had built the Emerson Department Store into the largest retail establishment in town. He was an important member of his community. And look at his family. Irene was still to George as lovely as the day he married her. And Holly, skipping along there at her mother's side—well, no man could ask for a finer young daughter. People were right when they said that Holly—even at thirteen—was just like him. Full of life and energy and good common sense.

Only Linda, his eldest daughter and greatest pride, worried him. If only he could understand her—know what she was thinking, know what she wanted out of life. Lovely Linda Emerson. Why couldn't she be like him, too? Why did she always have to live in that shell of hers? Why wouldn't she get married and settle down—give him a grandson? A grandson! Now that would be something for George Emerson!

Linda slipped her arm through her father's.

"I know it's Sunday, Dad, but you

don't have to look so solemn," she said.

"Solemn? Nothing of the kind. I was just thinking, Linda—thinking about you."

"I could tell that. It isn't very hard for me to read your thoughts these days, Dad."

"Now just tell me what's wrong with Ed Somers, Linda. He's a fine boy—with a good head on his shoulders and—"

"I know, Dad. And he's doing very well with his automobile agency and he's a very good friend of mine. Ed's going to make some girl very happy—"

"Some girl? Why not you, Linda? You know as well as I do how much Ed is in love with you."

"I know—but I'm not in love with Ed Somers."

"Why not?"

Linda laughed. "Even Ed didn't ask me that." Linda hugged her father's arm. "Come on, Dad. Don't look unhappy. I'm sure I will fall in love some day—and get married. I've got a feeling—a feeling that I'll fall in love and be very happy."

Linda was silent for a moment. Her father looked at her, puzzled. Some day . . .

There was something so beautiful and peaceful about the service that morning. The Emerson family sat quietly in their pew well down in the front of the church, and the Reverend Dr. Stratton's moving and beautiful sermon erased even the tiny frown that had creased the forehead of George Emerson since his conversation with Linda.

And soon the services were over and George and Irene Emerson with their two lovely daughters moved down

Such music! His own. As she listened, Linda's eyes filled with tears. This melody had suddenly brought new life, new eagerness and new hope to her heart.



All her life she'd waited for this—this dreamy ecstasy, this strong, sure feeling of happiness. How foolish her father's warning seemed!

the aisle and out of the church, greeting friends and neighbors, back onto the sunny street.

Linda took her mother's arm.

"Enjoy the services, darling?"

"Yes, of course. I always do. I always count Sunday mornings as some of the happiest moments of my life. But this morning—Linda, you and your father didn't quarrel this morning on your way to church, did you?"

"Quarrel, Mother? Why, you know Dad and I never quarrel. We're much too fond of each other—"

"Yes," Irene said. "That's why—your father is so fond of you, Linda, that he wants you to have everything—every happiness in the world."

"I know, Mother. And this morning I promised Dad that I would have just that."

Linda's gay smile reassured Irene. She felt that she was the only one who really understood this moody, beautiful daughter of hers. They walked along behind George and Holly—that Holly! Her bubbling good spirits were bound to restore George's good humor.

I'M glad you wore that blue suit this morning, Linda," Irene said. "It's so becoming—"

"Oh!"

"What is it, Linda?"

"My gloves. I must have dropped them in the church."

"Well, call Holly and let her run back—"

"No, Mother. You go on with Dad and Holly. I'll go back for them and catch up with you. I must have dropped them in our pew."

The church doors still stood wide open as Linda paused on the threshold. There wasn't a soul in sight, but from behind the altar someone was playing the organ—playing music Linda had never heard before—music that filled the church with its beauty. For a few moments, Linda just stood there at the door, then she moved forward into the

church where she could feel herself surrounded by the music. The music went on. Linda stood there, listening.

She didn't hear Dr. Stratton approach until he was at her side.

"Lovely music, isn't it, Linda?" he said quietly.

Linda almost held her breath as she talked.

"Yes, it is, Dr. Stratton . . . very lovely . . . Is it the church organist—Mr. Harper . . . ?"

"Yes." Dr. Stratton smiled.

"Steve's a strange boy."

"Steve?" asked Linda.

"Harper. That's his first name, Stephen."

"I never knew that."

"I don't think anybody knows much about him," said Dr. Stratton.

"Not even I."

The music swelled and held back



their words for a moment.

"Listen to that," said Dr. Stratton. "I may not be a judge, but I think he's got a lot of talent."

"He plays wonderfully," said Linda.

"I spend quite a bit of time worrying about Steve Harper," Dr. Stratton began. "Listen!"

Again the music soared.

"I've never heard that music before," Linda whispered. "Do you know what he's playing, Dr. Stratton?"

"Something of his own . . . I think."

"His own?"

"Yes, Steve's written quite a few compositions, but I doubt if very many people have heard them outside of myself and Mrs. Stratton."

THAT beautiful music had come out of the heart and mind of the young church organist, Mr. Harper. Linda had seen him every Sunday for almost two years. She tried now to remember his face.

"His own music," she murmured.

Dr. Stratton's hand rested lightly on her shoulder for a moment.

"I've got to go now, Linda . . . We're having some visitors—"

"But Dr. Stratton—do you think he'd mind if I just stood here and listened?"

Dr. Stratton smiled.

"Isn't that why you came back, Linda—because you heard the music?"

Linda shook her head.

"No," she said. "I left my gloves . . . and that's why I'm here—listening to the music."

Dr. Stratton smiled.

"Well, I'll see you next Sunday."

"Yes—next Sunday . . . you're sure he won't mind?"

"Oh, he may be a little surprised when he finishes and sees you standing there. But the chances are, he'll be delighted . . . as much as he can show it." Dr. Stratton took Linda's hand. "He's a very shy young man, Linda, and sometimes people mistake his shyness for rudeness . . . Don't you make the same mistake . . . Good bye."

Linda waited until Dr. Stratton had left the church, then she moved forward, walking carefully, quietly, slowly, so as not to disturb the enchantment of the music. She stopped where she could get a glimpse of Steve Harper's face as he bent his head over the organ keys.

Such music! His own. For the first time Linda really saw him, this young man who could create so much beauty. And as she watched and listened, all the melancholy and preoccupation which had always seemed to be within her suddenly

vanished. A flush mounted her cheeks and her eyes glistened, not merely with pleasure, but as though this music were a kind of revelation, as though in some mysterious way, this music had touched some secret spring in her being, and suddenly filled her with new life, new eagerness, and new hope.

Steve Harper was not aware of his audience for a long time, not till the last note had lingered and evaporated into the air. Then with a quick glimpse he saw her standing there. Linda Emerson. He was sure he had seen her leave the church with her family. Linda Emerson!

"Hello," he said, awkwardly.

Linda tried to make her voice sound natural. "Hello."

"You haven't been standing there all the time?"

"No," she said. "I was listening from the back . . . I'd forgotten my gloves and—"

So that was it! Steve turned and switched the organ off.

"Oh, no," Linda cried. "Don't do that—"

"Don't do what?"

"Turn off the organ . . . I didn't mean to interrupt you—I'm sorry—"

Steve slid off the bench and approached her.

"You didn't interrupt me," he said. "I just wanted to hear something—and I'm through."

He reached her side and stood still. Linda remembered Dr. Stratton's words. No, she wouldn't make the same mistake. She looked up at him and smiled.

"What was the name of that?" she asked.

"Name? It hasn't got a name." Then with a quick look at her, he added, "It isn't ready for a name yet. It isn't quite born."

He waited, looking directly at Linda. Dr. Stratton certainly was right, she thought hastily. He was a difficult young man to talk to. Not that he really was so shy himself, but he made her, Linda Emerson,



In romantic fiction form, begin the popular radio serial heard daily Monday through Friday at 10:30 A.M., EWT, on the NBC Network, sponsored by Old Dutch Cleanser. Illustrations posed by the cast—Arlene Francis as Linda, Myron McCormick as Steve.

son, feel shy.

"You're sure you don't want to go on playing?" she asked.

"No . . . Besides, the music isn't meant for the organ. I just wanted to hear how it sounds. I didn't like it."

"Oh, I did!" Linda exclaimed quickly.

"Why?"

"I don't know," Linda said. "It—your music moved me. It made me forget everything else . . . It made me listen and want to hear more. . . . So I must have liked it."

The color crept into Steve's face. An unusual face, Linda decided. Sensitive and strong. They just stood there awkwardly for a moment, then Linda turned, as if to go.

"Well . . ." she said uncertainly.

Steve kept step beside her.

"The way you looked at me," he said brusquely. "As though you've never seen me before. I've seen you."

"Of course," Linda said. "Every Sunday for two years—"

"I saw you before that," Steve said. "Don't forget, I'm the local boy who didn't make good, so I've been around for a long time." Steve paused for a moment, as though remembering. "I saw you for the first time nearly five years ago. You'd just come back to town from college—or wherever you'd gone. You were coming in on the train. Everybody was there—including me—but I had a different reason . . . My father was going to Colorado and I was saying good bye to him. It was the last good bye . . . That's the first time I ever saw you."

Again Steve paused. Linda felt that he was looking at her—a strong look without any shyness. It seemed incredible to Linda that she had seen Steve Harper for two years without having gotten to know him, without even having spoken to him before. And his music—his own compositions—that was something else she longed to get to know. Slowly they walked up the aisle of the church together.

"I'm glad you forgot your gloves," Steve said simply. "If it weren't for those gloves another five years might have gone by before I had a chance to talk to you. Oh, I've had a great many conversations with you before—imaginary ones. But I never really thought—excuse me, Miss Emerson. I don't know what I'm so fresh about. I've thought of talking to you—really—some day—and I figured I'd be scared to death, that I wouldn't have anything to say—and here I am, talking a blue streak."

Suddenly they both laughed. It was as *Continued on page 65*

In the evenings, Linda would play the score of Steve's symphony while he listened. Perhaps she played inexpertly—but to the music she brought a heart full of love, a heart full of faith.



In Love with a Lie

WHEN Jamie Lockhead asked me to marry him, everyone in Briarsville said I was the world's luckiest bride. He was young and strong, and so handsome you thought as soon as you saw him, "That boy is conceited about his looks"—and were surprised when you discovered that he wasn't, at all. And his father, whom everyone called Dad Lockhead, owned a rich, prosperous farm which some day would belong to Jamie and his two brothers.

No one—least of all I myself—even dreamed that a frustrated little man, living like a jack-in-the-box high on an Austrian mountain top, could threaten our marriage.

Yet that's exactly what happened to Jamie and me.

You see, that ugly little man thousands of miles away knows other ugly little men who don't hide out on mountain tops, and one of those ugly little men got at my Jamie.

Looking back, I can see how it happened. Jamie is easy to influence. A new idea is to him something exciting, thrilling, to be accepted wholeheartedly and at once, without the tiresome formality of inspection or criticism. And at least once, this youthful enthusiasm of his had brought him into trouble before.

While he was in college—at State Agricultural School—there had been three separate and distinct Jamies, one for each of his three years in school. "I never know what you're going to be when you come home for vacation," I remember telling him once. "You change more often than a chameleon."

He had a ready answer to that one. "There's one thing about me that never changes," he said, his gray eyes looking directly into mine. "The way I feel about you."

You can't do much with a man like that, except love him, and that's what I did. While he was going to State Aggie, I accepted by turns first the Jamie who was a lofty intellectual, then the careless playboy, and finally the calculating politician.

In his freshman year he went in for the "little magazines"—the smart-alecky, snobbish periodicals that talked vaguely of "new horizons" and "the world of tomorrow." The fact that none of these phrases was ever clearly defined, either in the



Fictionized for Radio Mirror by Marge Kerr from an original radio play by Jack Byrne, first heard on the Lincoln Highway program, broadcast on Saturday morning at 11:00, EWT, over NBC, and sponsored by Shinola.



None of Margaret's fears had been as terrible as the truth. Now Jamie, her husband, had become alien and sinister, and she feared him because of what he believed



I sat back on my heels and stared at Jamie. Then, in sudden anger, I cried, "What has happened to you?"

magazines themselves or in Jamie's own mind, never occurred to me at the time. I hadn't gone to college myself, and I had a deep respect for formal learning, so I simply decided that Jamie's reading and thinking were too deep for me to understand. I didn't mind. I was content that they should be.

Then there was the playboy Jamie, of his sophomore year. Gone were the philosophical little magazines, and in their place was a Greek letter fraternity whose members preferred large, slickly expensive periodicals, filled with cartoons and men's fashion suggestions. Jamie was very much the man of the world when he came home for vacation after that year.

It was in his Junior year that his willingness to accept other people's standards, other people's words, all at their face value, brought Jamie to disaster. I never did know the full story, but pieced together, it was this: Jamie got to know Donald Rittenhouse, a lawyer and politician who had graduated from Aggie fifteen years before. Mr. Rittenhouse, for reasons of his own, had a grudge against the trustees of the University—and Jamie was the editor of Campus Talk, the school's daily newspaper, which made him a very useful person for Mr. Rittenhouse to know and impress.

The first any of us back in Briarsville knew about it was when Campus Talk appeared with a front-page editorial which intimated that there was graft and mismanagement in the administration of the University. It was a cleverly written editorial, mostly; it didn't actually accuse anyone, but by means of questions it insinuated a great deal.

Of course it created a tremendous furore, all over the state. City papers picked up the story, and sent reporters to see Jamie and the president of the school and all the trustees. The president answered the questions Jamie had asked in his editorial simply by denying them. Most of the newspapers believed his denials and a few didn't. These hinted that the next time the state legislature met it would be a good idea to have a formal investigation—which was apparently the result Mr. Rittenhouse had been aiming for when he got Jamie whipped up to writing and printing the editorial.

But when all the talk and all the excitement were over, Jamie had been suspended from school for a month.

He was bitter about the whole episode. "Bunch of old fogies running that University," he said when he came home. "Just because one of the students dared to criticize them, they suspend him—and yet when graduation time comes around they'll mumble a lot of lip-service about looking to the youth of the nation to carry on its ideals. They don't really want young people to do anything but just exactly

what they're told to do!"

"But Jamie—" I was puzzled; I wanted to understand what had really happened. "Were the accusations you made true?"

"Well . . ." For a moment he was embarrassed, hesitant. "I thought they were, and I still think so. Mr. Rittenhouse said they were. . . . But anyway, I didn't actually make any accusations. I only asked questions."

He didn't seem to realize that a question, sometimes, can be very much of an accusation. His reasoning seemed all wrong to me, but I didn't want to say so. I wanted to think Jamie was perfect. And he really was—to me.

As it turned out, Jamie never went back to school, even after his month's suspension was up. Dad Lockhead, who could be stern sometimes, knew when to be kind. "Forget college, son," he told Jamie. "This farm will go to you and your brothers some day so you might as well take over at once. From now on, the Lockhead place is owned and operated by Robert Lockhead and Sons. Profits will be split equally and losses will be shared by all alike."

Losses were few and far between on the Lockhead farm. Robert Lockhead was a Scot who had landed in America when he was a boy and had settled on 750 acres of land fronting on what is now the Lincoln Highway. His huge house was a castle by Briarsville standards and Dad ruled over it fairly, honestly, simply. His wife had died when little Katherine, his only daughter,

was born, and now his children and his land were everything he cared for.

Jamie was glad to stay home. The suspension had hurt his pride, his ego—and anyway, he'd decided, he wanted to settle down and be married.

"I'm not much, I guess, Margaret," he said. "But what there is of me is yours."

Even if there hadn't been much to Jamie, I'd have married him anyway. I loved him terribly. In fact, I had seldom gone out with anybody else. We'd met when we were in high school, and after our first date there was never anybody but him in my life.

We were married in the Briarsville Presbyterian Church with Dad Lockhead serving as best man and Jamie's brothers, Douglas and Angus, acting as ushers. After our honeymoon in the Wisconsin Dells we returned to the farm and began to live the good life as folks like the Lockheads live it in small communities all over America. There was a war in Europe, and we read about it in the papers, but it all seemed very far away. Vast plains and high mountains and deep seas were on every side of us. We were in the heart of America. We couldn't be touched.

Douglas was a year older than Jamie, but he was still unmarried, and Angus was two years younger, so I slipped naturally into the position of being their sister and Dad's daughter as well as Jamie's wife. I liked mothering seven-year-old Katherine and I liked being sister-

counsellor to the other two boys.

Most of all, though, I liked being Jamie's wife. He was the constant romantic, a never-ending source of excitement, always the eager lover and never the dull, bored spouse.

He was thoughtful in small ways too. "You're the prettiest woman in the world," he'd tell me often. And when he came back from town he always brought me what he called "a small something." By the time we'd been married a year, these small somethings had accumulated until our room began to look like a specialty shop. My closet was filled with feminine luxuries, all handpicked by him, and my friends called me the best dressed bride in town. I was certainly the happiest—at least, I was during that first year.

People can change, sometimes, and those who love them never know until some incident, small in itself perhaps, opens their eyes. And then they are surprised and shocked because they didn't see the change coming all along. It was that way with Jamie, and with me. One day he didn't bring back a present for me from town, and I hardly noticed the omission. I said to myself that our marriage was growing up, that it had passed the stage when such little attentions were necessary, and that it was much better for Jamie not to spend the money. And when he took to going into town one evening a week, all by himself, I said nothing because I felt it was his right to come and go as he pleased, to seek his own male interests.

Nights when Jamie was home, he would frequently read late, sometimes sitting propped up in the twin bed next to mine until midnight. Luckily, having the light burning didn't bother me. I knew Jamie was still interested in politics despite his unfortunate experience with Mr. Rittenhouse, and that he read a lot of political economy and world history. I approved of this. Any time he took from me to give to his books was time invested, I thought. I couldn't have loved him so much if he'd been the kind of man who wasn't interested in public welfare just because he didn't have to worry about his private welfare.

Just once did I turn in my own bed and ask Jamie what he was reading.

"Nothing you'd understand," he answered, so abstractedly as to be almost gruff. "Just some stuff that interests me." And with that I had to be content.

It was little Katherine who finally brought *Continued on page 73*

"Friend?" Jamie was scornful. "You don't know the meaning of the word. Get out—and don't ever come back!"



My heart will follow you

"Let's take our happiness while we can!"

Now, too late, Carla remembered those words and cried out for another chance

WHEN I looked outdoors that night before I dressed, I saw that the evening was beautiful. I stood, breathing in the sweetness of the damp cool air, fragrant with lilac blossoms, loving it, feeling a melting sense of joy in it, and yet—I wished it would rain. Because it was too lovely. Too lovely a night to be with Jay.

It was our last evening together—or ought to be. That was the point. Would it be, could I possibly say goodbye, with Jay and this soft night in league together against me?

Did you ever feel rich excited anticipation and deep dread, all at the same time? Did you fear temptation—and yearn for it, too?

Then you know how I felt as I closed the door on the tree-lined avenue that led to the shadowy green of the campus and went back into my boarding house. I smiled at Mrs. Grayson and agreed with her that it was a fine night for a big occasion. She thought we were talking about my graduation. But to me the cap and gown that I would wear tonight over my white dress were only incidental.

Two months ago I had not felt that way. Then this night loomed ahead huge and important—Commencement, spelled with a big C. The C stood for something else, too: my Career. I had studied design and decoration; during my last year the sketches I'd sold had added enough to Mother's dwindling funds to see me through college. Two months ago I had looked ahead and seen my life shape up into the exact pattern I wanted: a job waiting for





me in the decorating department of Wendell's, Incorporated, with a salary sufficient to swing a little apartment for Mother and me where she could settle back and take the rest she needed after her years of struggle which had literally worn her out. It was good and satisfying, this life I saw ahead; even exciting, for my work held more thrills than any date with men had given me—up till then. But that was before, at a party, I met Jay Dawes. Dr. Jay Dawes—not that it made any difference to me that there was a “doctor” before his name. He might as well have been a lawyer, merchant, or chief.

And now, this Commencement night was to be our last together. It must be, if I were to carry out my obligations to my mother and Jay were to make realities of his dreams. If there had been nothing else in the world but our love for each other, things would have been so simple . . . But we could not build a life together without hurting someone else.

FOR Jay had his obligations, too. He was an interne in the University Hospital now, but in a month his internship would be over. To another man that would have meant freedom to start a practice, to marry and have a home. To Jay it meant only another step toward the future he and his father had planned for him when he was a boy. His father was a doctor in a little town called Grey Mountain—the only doctor in the midst of a not very prosperous farm community, and painfully overworked. It had been his dream—and Jay's, too—to establish a co-operative clinic there in Grey Mountain, a practical experiment in preventive medicine. But he could not do it alone. He must have Jay's help. That was the goal Jay had set himself, for which he was preparing now—years of patient, poorly paid toil in the service of an ideal.

Before he was ready for Grey Mountain and his father, there must be another year of training as resi-

dent surgeon at the University Hospital; and even when that was over he would not be able to afford a wife. Least of all a wife who had a mother dependent on her.

There was no way out of the dilemma. No way at all.

The minute I heard Jay's step on the porch, I knew he shared my tenseness. I don't know how I knew, but my ears—like the rest of me—had taken on acuteness, sensitivity that was actually painful, responding to the slightest flicker of change in Jay's mood.

But there was something more I sensed tonight, even before I saw him. The half-tormented, half-ecstatic look of strain that had been on his face these last few weeks was gone. For some reason he shared only my excitement, and not my dread.

He grinned down at me, his teeth flashing white in the dim light of the porch. “How come the gardenia pallor?” he asked. “Don't tell me you're scared to graduate.”

So that was his line, pretending there was nothing at stake tonight but a roll of imitation sheepskin with a ribbon around it. All right, two could play this game. “Petri-fied,” I told him, managing a smile.

“You understand,” Jay said as we walked down the avenue, “that my reference to your gardenia pallor was not derogatory. You happen to be looking very, very exquisite tonight.”

See how he talked? That was Jay, his words always light and casual, with a sort of extravagant artificiality that contrasted breath-takingly with the tone in which he said them: a little husky, almost brusque, like a boy who speaks with extra toughness to keep his voice from breaking. And the look in his dark hazel eyes—the way he narrowed them so that they were just glints and shadows between the thick black absurdly curly lashes, as if he had to focus intensely to make sure he missed none of me. Another thing was the way he held his lips—such red lips for a man—held them tensely firm, but with their corners moving just a little so that I could see the deep clefts that must have been dimples once, appear and disappear in the lean planes of his cheeks. Oh, Jay—I can't write any more of how you looked, I can't bear it now—

But you see why I went to my graduation almost unaware of what was going on around me. I don't remember anything I did after Jay left me in the clamor of the Auditorium basement while he went to the hotel for Mother. Somehow I must have arrived at the proper

place beneath the swaying Chinese lanterns when my name was called, for I remember the fresh-pine smell of the platform mingled with the scent of roses when I caught that momentary glimpse of Mother and Jay down there among those faces.

I saw Mother's eyes shining with tears but her face soft with happy peace. Oh, I must keep it that way! She had been so brave, so cheerful,



He touched me with a doctor's hands. "Here, my dear." And he made me drink something bitter and fizzy he had mixed.

she was the loveliest person I knew. I would do anything for her.

Anything? Even give up Jay? My eyes went to him, there beside her. I felt the quick hot response my body always made to him. He looked far from peaceful, but again I knew that he did not share my torn sense of conflict. His smile was gay with a reckless sort of abandon I'd never seen on his face before. Again my own fear sharpened. Why was he so changed, so suddenly free from pain over the separation that was right upon us?

It was Mother and Jay who talked, walking to her hotel, Jay saying those sweet, gently kidding things to her that made her feel young each time she saw him. Then we had left her, and were walking on together, Jay's hand warm and strong on my bare arm. He led me

away, his firm footsteps and my quick heel clicks making their familiar counterpoint on the flagstones of the walk leading down to the river.

He said at last as we stood leaning over the parapet on the bridge, "Have you noticed anything different, tonight, about me?"

"Anything?" I echoed stupidly. I was not ready yet, to fight. Couldn't we have a little while out here above the river together in the light of the moon that always seemed to shine for Jay and me? So I pretended to study him, from sandy brush of hair paled by the moon, down the strong length of him, but that was foolish, for it only made me dizzy with love for him. "A—a new necktie!" I brought out in a sort of squeak.

"You don't do that very well," he said, half fondly, half impatiently. "That light touch."

"No. I guess I don't feel very light, tonight." My voice sounded tired and almost sad in my own ears. "What is it, Jay?"

He said, "Nothing much. Merely that I've solved our problem. Just that we can be married in a month, the day I finish my internship."

I opened my mouth, but he went on with a sort of angry rush. "Oh, I haven't forgotten your obligations to your mother, don't worry. You can take your job as you planned, and help your mother. The only difference is that you'll be living with me instead of with her. Is that okay with you?"

I DIDN'T dare think how okay that would be. I had to hang on to my control. "But, Jay, your residency isn't in the city. It's here." I held myself firm against the springing, leaping joy that was trying to get at me.

He shrugged. "You can't have everything. What's a \$25 a month job as resident surgeon compared with \$5,000 a year as assistant to Dr. Willard Fox of Park Avenue?"

I couldn't speak. I couldn't say, "It's not the money, Jay! When did you ever think of money before, about your work? Have you forgotten what this residency means as honor, as training to make your dream—and your father's lifelong dream—come true?" But I was too shocked to speak.

And he went on, a new callous frivolity in his tone. "Dr. Fox admires my bedside manner. Seems it's just what he needs for some of his patients who find his slightly marred by his gray hairs."

"Jay—" I tried to begin, but I still couldn't find my voice.

"But we'll be together," he said with sudden warmth, himself again.

I leaned against him, forgetting everything but the beat of blood in my wrists and temples, the rich aliveness stirring and pulsing through my whole body. He said against my hair, "A man's got a right to choose." And then against my neck, his lips hard and urgent, "I'm taking you, Carla."

"Oh, Jay, then take me!" I cried out, my voice coming again with wild strength. "Take me now! I'll go away with you anywhere, do anything you want me to, but not—"

He thrust me away. He said in a tone that was fierce and cold at the same time, mocking me: "'Take me, but not—' That's you, always, your brand of passion. Kissing me and giving me arguments. Surrendering yourself and setting the limits of your surrender. Telling me to take you and then saying how much of you I can have—"

He had turned away from me toward the shore from which we had walked, as if he would return there.

I had never been so hurt, so deeply wounded. And, of course, my anger came up to match his. I said coldly, "All right. Continued on page 59



Ma Perkins

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Now you can meet them face to face—Rushville Center's most beloved citizens, whose exciting private lives you listen to every weekday over NBC, sponsored by Oxydol



MA PERKINS, right, is sixty years old and is still an active citizen in Rushville Center where she runs a successful lumber yard. She is a widow with two grown daughters and a son who is now in the Army. Her family and friends always seek her out for her advice when they are in trouble and this shrewd, kindly, honest woman is usually right in her judgment of people. Not long ago, when her son-in-law, Willy Fitz, became involved with Zeno Mortimer, a wily individual, it was Ma who caught Zeno in his red-handed swindle and helped Willy clear himself. The citizens of Rushville Center were against Ma Perkins all through the Mortimer affair, because Mortimer had promised to put their town "on the map," but when Ma exposed him, she earned their respect and gratitude.

JOHN PERKINS is a bachelor, Ma's only son, a shy, intelligent, handsome young man who easily wins the affection of everyone he meets. Not long ago, a circus came to town and John fell in love with Jessica Herringbone, the daughter of a ringmaster. People in Rushville Center distrusted the circus folk and scoffed at John for going with the girl, but since Jessica met the approval of his mother, John paid no attention to the gossip and continued his courtship. Eventually the circus left Rushville Center and not long after, John joined the Army. He likes Army life, is making fine progress and wants to do all he can toward winning the war. He is still in love with Jessica and they plan to be married and settle down in Rushville Center when the war is over.





EVEY FITZ is Ma Perkins' elder daughter, a very unpredictable young woman with illusions of grandeur. Evey is a social climber and makes Willy Fitz, her husband, miserable whenever she tries to transform him into a social butterfly. She has been trying to teach him to play bridge this year and is quite disgusted with his slow progress. In spite of her social pretensions, Evey is very loyal and is quick to help all those she loves. She is a fine mother, a good housewife, and utterly devoted to her son, Junior. When Willy inherited some money a short time ago, she became snobbish and thought nobody in Rushville Center was quite good enough for her. But when her husband got into trouble she stood faithfully by his side, dropped her unbearable attitude and has now become a sweet, simple housewife.

SHUFFLE SHOBER, though not related to the Perkinses, is as much one of the family as anyone could be. He's Ma Perkins' oldest friend and partner in the lumber yard business. He's a lovable fellow with a wonderful sense of humor. He and Willy Fitz argue constantly about everything under the sun. Willy always gets angry—which is why Shuffle keeps leading him on. Shuffle is the most devoted person Ma knows. He is wise, too, in a salty, dignified way all his own. Shuffle was a friend of Ma's husband—in fact his best friend—and he feels that it is his duty to watch out for the family. This he has been doing all his life and Ma and her family not only love Shuffle but rely on his loyalty and good sense.



WILLY FITZ (left) believes that it is a very simple matter to make a million dollars. He manages the lumber yard for Ma Perkins, his mother-in-law, but she manages Willy. This is quite a task, as Willy, in his sincere but foolish way, is forever plunging into wild schemes. His latest fiasco with Zeno Mortimer should have taught him a lesson, but it didn't. Zeno talked Willy into investing his inheritance in a stock swindle and Willy was foolish enough to involve most of Rushville Center's citizens. When Zeno absconded with the money, Willy had the whole town down on his head. Willy and Ma caught up with Zeno in New York, but the swindler threatened to send Willy to jail if they exposed him. Much to everyone's surprise, Willy risked this and called Zeno's bluff. Ma was quite proud of him. Willy has no sense of humor and is constantly being teased by Shuffle Shober. He never has any money, but loves to talk as if he had.



LAURA TOOHEY (left) is a self-centered, unwholesome, scheming woman. Years ago, D. Pemberton Toohey fell in love with her because she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Soon after their marriage, Laura began to make life unbearable for her husband. And, because of her, he became involved in a scandal which disgraced him. Laura then divorced him and took custody of their son, whose life she has almost completely ruined. Now her ex-husband has come back again and wants his son. Laura believes that he is only after his son's money—and intends to prevent him from getting it. She is not as young and beautiful as she was and is desperately in love with Phil Becker, an evil young man. It is easy to hate Laura, but you pity her weakness and gullibility concerning Phil Becker, who is making a fool of her.

D. PEMBERTON TOOHEY came to Rushville Center many years ago, a broken and defeated man. Not much was known about his past except that he had been divorced and that his shrewish wife had received custody of their son. He soon met Ma Perkins whose help and inspiration put him back on his feet, and he started a small law practice. For years his one secret desire was to see his son. He finally went to New York because he heard the boy's habits were disgraceful. Ma advised against the trip because Toohey would be risking the dreams of many years. Toohey went anyway. When Toohey found out that his son was truly a wastrel, he collapsed from heartbreak. Ma Perkins left soon after for New York to see if she could not help D. Pemberton.





All Photos by Seymour

FAY PERKINS HENDERSON, Ma's younger daughter, married Congressman Paul Henderson and went to live in Washington. Her husband, a fine man, became involved with a crook named Burman. If Paul exposed Burman, it meant his political ruin. Ma Perkins advised Paul to risk his career rather than let a scoundrel go free. In helping the Army round up Burman and his gang, Paul was killed. When his sacrifice was made known, he became a national hero, but this did not lessen the tragedy for Fay, who loved him deeply. She returned to Rushville Center, where it was learned that she was about to have a baby. When the baby came, it was a girl, and they named her Paulette, in memory of her father. Fay misses her husband terribly, but Ma's understanding has helped her adjust herself to her new life.

Moment

"He'll hate you when he knows the truth!" Jean's conscience told her. But what began as a gay deception had become a force that ruled her whole life, and days passed while she kept her secret



This romantic short story by Madeline Thompson is based on an original radio drama by Dena Reed, first broadcast over station WBEN in Buffalo, New York.

ONLY today I was thinking how different my life would have been, if I had been born one year later! Because then I would have come to New York in the autumn of 1941, instead of in the autumn of 1940. And then, when I passed it, the showroom of Jupiter Motors would have been closed and . . .

Well, I wasn't born a year later and I came to New York in 1940—and with such high hopes! Oh, I knew other girls had come before me—girls just as pretty and just as talented as I was—and that they hadn't become great actresses. I knew that with one part of my mind, but the other part kept saying, "With me, it will be different."

It wasn't.

I did all the things hopeful young actresses have always done in New York. I lived in a rooming house in the West Forties. I spent hours every day, making the rounds of the agents' and producers' offices. I sat around in the Walgreen's drugstore, nursing a nickel coke, trying to pick up tips on who was casting. Finally, I got a job. I was cast as a parlor maid in a play which closed after three performances.

By that time, it was Spring and the theatrical season was practically over and I was penniless and without a job. If it hadn't been for Kay, I wouldn't even have had the fare back home to Marston.

Kay and I had begun rooming together in December. I never knew why she bothered with me, unless it was because I reminded her of

herself as she must have been ten years ago. She was only twenty-eight years old, but she always talked to me like a grandmother. She considered herself an "old-timer" on Broadway.

"When you've been around as long as I have—" she'd say and then add quickly, "only I hope you won't be—"

When we finally decided there was nothing left for me to do but go back home, Kay was frankly delighted. "You're too sweet to be kicked around in this town," she said. "You'd better go back and marry this Homer, or Horace, or whatever his name is, and raise a lot of fat, healthy babies."

"But I don't love Harold!" I sniffled. "If I loved him, I'd give up all this business about being an actress."

Kay's eyes softened, suddenly, lost their usual sparkling cynicism. "I wonder if you really would—" she said softly.

I knew what she meant. Once, Kay had been in love, but her dreams of becoming a great actress had been too strong. She and her John had quarreled—and parted. Now, he was J. K. Richards, a sort of modern Midas, with his brains and money invested in a dozen enterprises, among them the building and renting of some of the biggest electric signs on Broadway. And she was Kay Coster, an obscure and unsuccessful actress, who had even changed her name so that he would never know how her bright dreams had been tarnished by reality.

"Kay, I'm sorry," I said, putting my arm about her.

But she flashed on that glittering, brittle smile of hers and said, "Never pity a dope, honey." She pulled open the closet door and started throwing my dresses at me. "Come on," she ordered, "get your things packed. You're catching that three-thirty bus."

There was nothing I wanted to do less. I couldn't help thinking about all the people back home and what

of Folly



The next moment we were shaking hands. Looking into his gray eyes, hearing his deep voice, I could hardly breathe.

they would say. I could almost hear them whispering about my failure. I could even hear them sniffing—some of them—about my coming back to marry Harold, after I'd discovered I couldn't do better for myself.

None of this was true, but I knew they'd never understand. They wouldn't believe that the show I'd been in had not closed because it failed, but because the star and the backer had had a quarrel. They

would just smile and go right on believing I was a flop. I could never explain to them that there were hundreds of young girls like me for every small part that came up and that, sometimes, it took years before a young actress ever got a chance to show what she really could do.

That was the part that hurt most. I didn't feel that I'd had a real chance. I still believed in myself, in my talent, and it seemed so un-

fair to have to give it up, just because I didn't have enough money.

Kay plunked herself down on my suitcase and struggled with the snap. "There!" she said. "You're all ready. Powder your nose and let's go."

She chattered gayly, locking the door on our room—the room that was going to be hers alone, now. I could tell she wasn't as cheerful as she tried to sound. I guess she was torn *Continued on page 48*

A letter



"You seem to be with me, Jerry.
I can almost see you, sitting in
the big chair in the living room."

Ann

to my husband

JERRY DEAR:—

Tonight I can write you—tonight I can tell you all the thoughts that have been pent up in my mind since you went away. So far away, Jerry, leaving such an empty space where you used to be. It was hard to realize you were gone. I found myself reaching out for you, my lips forming your name. Then I had to tell myself, "He isn't here, Ann, isn't going to be here. It's all over—ended—the life you and he knew."

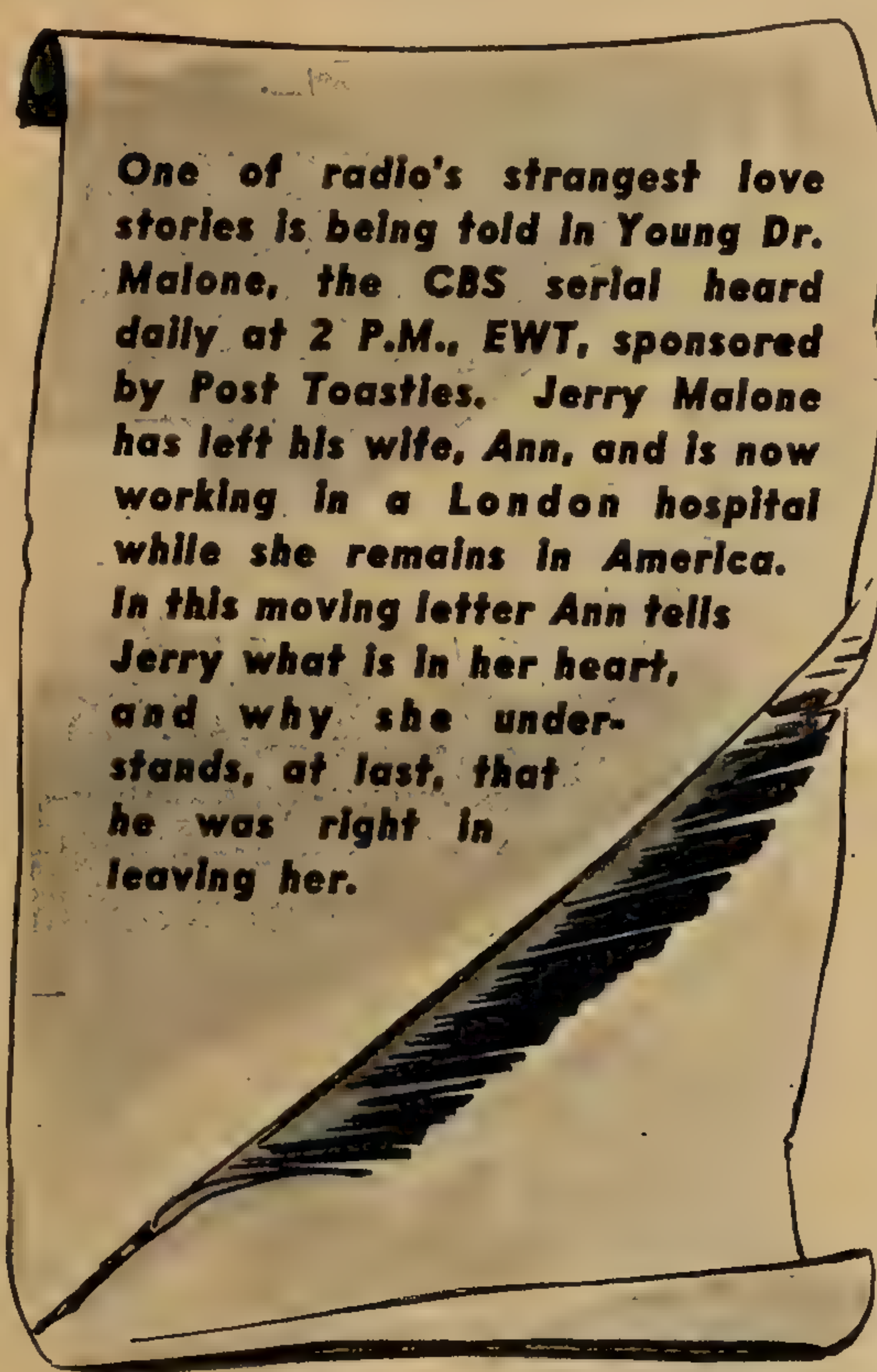
But tonight is different. Tonight there is a special reason why I can tell you all the things I felt when you left, all the aloneness, as if life and its meaning and purpose were completely lost. Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty, fallen off the wall.

Bun is away on a camping trip with his young pals and the apartment here in New York is quiet now. And yet it isn't really quiet. There are so many talkative little memories that seem close to me now. Memories I'll never let go of. Our home in Penrith, when we were all together. The time Bun was hit with the baseball and we didn't know if he could pull through. Sometimes my well-meaning friends ask me if it isn't hard to love an adopted boy. How little they must know of what love is. The Christmas Eve we sat sipping eggnog and regarding with so much pride the tree we'd decorated and the presents under it. That time you and I went on the picnic and the storm came up and we had to duck into that barn and the dog barked and how frightened I was. And that first time you went to New York and said it was "on business." I knew it wasn't. The woman's intuition they write about—it isn't just a myth.

I guess if any wife were to sit down and write to her husband, the way I'm doing now, her mind would catch at things out of the past, her own harvest of moments, trivial and unimportant to the world but terribly important to her. I guess between every husband and wife some memories are like golden links, holding them together, even against their wills.

When we were first married, our

love didn't mean to me what it came to mean later. You see, it was a young girl's love at the start. I thought you were the most brilliant, kind, understanding, ambitious young man there ever was. And I was Mrs. Jerry Malone, wife of young Dr. Malone, the physician. It was a world of tea and cakes and kisses. I never stopped believing those things, Jerry. But one's emo-



(Photo posed by Elizabeth Reller as Ann)

tions deepen with time. You learn about heartache and trouble, learn that they have to come, that they are a part of life, of happiness itself, that their darkness makes the light brighter.

But something else began to happen, something I didn't understand. It was cold, it sent chills through me. Maybe you know when that began—when you started to make those trips to New York, to play a little game I wasn't supposed to know about. But I did know something was wrong, and you were hiding the truth from me.

Long ago, before we were married, we rode one night in the car and talked about the future. Remember that ride? How you said our marriage had to be founded on

truth, that any deviation from it, even in little things, could destroy the whole foundation, tear down the house of love and leave it a shambles? And I told you that it wasn't only truth but faith, too. That our faith in each other had to be so strong we could never doubt. Two people before the fire of love, knowing that whatever else might happen, they would always have each other.

Yes, we knew all that. With our idealism—we were both pretty far gone idealists, Jerry—we said that no matter what happened to other marriages, nothing would happen to ours, to our faith in each other, our glistening cornerstone of truth.

Isn't it funny, darling, how easy it is to forget what you tell yourself you must never forget? For you forgot the part about truth, and I the part about faith.

Those trips to New York had been growing more frequent. And you became so preoccupied and uninterested in your home. I was lost, unable to comprehend what was happening. I hadn't admitted to myself there might be someone else. There were doubts and fears but I wouldn't allow myself to believe it could be true. But you were so casual and matter-of-fact about those trips. It's just what I always said, Jerry—men are most transparent when they're trying to be clever.

I don't think I'll ever rub out of my mind my horror after your breakdown, when Dr. Axland told me. Stood there with his back to me, his voice old and tired. "Jerry's got—it's a tropical disease. Not contagious, you see. Picked that germ up on the trip you and he took through the South—an insect bite. He's had it for months. There— isn't any cure."

OH, Jerry, why hadn't you told me? Why did you try to shut me out of your suffering? The doctor said it was because you'd wanted to spare me. But the pretending only made it worse—

He told me about Ingrid, too. A young doctor she was—terribly clever. Lived in New York. And that was the reason for the New York trips—Continued on page 72



As an exciting story by Helen Irwin Dowdey, read Elaine Carrington's popular radio serial heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EWT, sponsored by General Foods Corp. Illustration posed by Mary Jane Higby as Joan and John Raby as Harry.

When a

THERE are moments in everybody's life that have the shattering impact of a bombshell.

Before that moment, life has had a certain, expected pattern. The sun rises, the sun sets and one's day is completed happily or unhappily. Then suddenly a word may be spoken, an unforgettable face seen—and the pattern has exploded into fragments. Nothing is ever the same afterwards. For Joan, the bombshell was simply a newspaper headline.

It was a few days after the disturbing dinner with Phil at the Lodge. She hadn't felt well that morning and had forced herself out of bed to prepare Harry's breakfast. She always said she despised wives who lay late abed while their husbands fixed their own meals and, over his protests, she had gotten up to put the coffee on and start the water boiling for the eggs.

Later she remembered every detail with a photographic clarity. She was standing by the stove. Harry came in with the morning paper and the bottle of milk. He had on his new gray suit, and there was a smudge of shaving powder on his ear. He put the bottle on the refrigerator and unfolded the paper, saying, "Wonder what Hitler's up to now."

The paper crackled as he unfolded it, and then came such a dead silence that she turned to look at him. He was staring in frozen fascination at the front page. She looked over his shoulder. Words leaped up at her.

WIFE SUES SOCIALITE; NAMES "OTHER WOMAN"

"Mrs. Philip Stanley yesterday filed suit for divorce, naming Mrs. Harry Davis of Fox Meadow Lane, as co-respondent. Mrs. Stanley, the former Eve Topping, charges improper relations . . ."

Joan gave a half strangled cry. All the strength drained from her body and the room whirled dizzily. She felt Harry's arms around her, and then the sickening darkness closed down.

She came up out of it to find herself lying on the bed. Dr. Wiggan was bending over her. She

Girl Marries

All through her illness Joan lived again those days of scandal and tragedy. Had they been futile or had they showed her the way to new happiness?

caught a glimpse of Harry's anxious face, then the door was closed and the doctor's gentle hands were on her. She caught the strong pungent whiff of ammonia and her senses cleared.

Some minutes later, Dr. Wiggan said, "You've had a nasty shock, honey. But I've got good news for you that will make you forget all that. You're going to have a baby, Joan."

She looked at him unbelievably. "A—baby . . ."

"Yep. You're in good shape but we'll keep you in bed a few days to get over this. You just lie there like a good girl and think what you're going to name it."

"Harry," she whispered. "I want Harry."

She turned a stricken face to him. "A baby, Harry. We can't have a baby now."

His arms were strong and reassuring about her. "Of course, we can! Why, it's wonderful news, honey."

"But the scandal. I don't want my baby born in disgrace—"

"Don't talk like that. We've always wanted one. You ought to be so happy—"

"Happy!" Hysteria tore her words into broken, sobbing sounds. "How can I be happy when Eve has done this? My baby will be born under a cloud. Eve is saying that I—I'm bad and people will believe it. My baby—"

"Joan. Look at me." His hand found her chin and raised it, forcing her to look at him. "It's my baby, too, you know. That's my son or my daughter and I want it strong and healthy. You'll hurt it if you go on like this. Never mind about Eve. I'll attend to her. You attend to pulling yourself together and getting ready for our baby. Darling." His voice was deep and tender. "Don't you realize what this means? We've created something, out of our love, you and I. Something alive and binding that we can cherish and teach and learn from. Now you lie here and do what Dr. Wiggan says. I'm going over and talk some sense into Eve."

His quiet force calmed the hysteria and she lay back weakly on the pillows. Obediently she took the sedative Dr. Wiggan gave her. Through its thin haze she heard the nurse he had installed answering the constantly ringing telephone and



The newspaper crackled as he unfolded it and then there came such a dead silence that Joan turned to look at him. Harry was standing up, staring in frozen fascination at the front page.

doorbell. Everybody in town must have seen the papers by now. She turned her face to the wall and wondered how she would ever face the world again.

Toward noon Harry came in quietly. She looked at him in mute questioning. He shook his head.

"It's as you said. Eve is a sick girl. She won't listen to me or to anyone."

"But the charges she made—"

"She can't make them stand up in court and in her heart I think she knows it. But she doesn't care. All she wants is to hurt you and Phil in any way she can."

"Tell me what she says. I've got to know!"

IN a toneless, impersonal voice that revealed nothing, Harry told her. "Mrs. Ashbey told Eve that she found you and Phil alone at the Lodge in a compromising situation. She said you were in negligee—"

"Oh, my God! It isn't true, Harry! It isn't true!"

"Darling." His strong hands held her. "I know it isn't true. I'm only telling you because you'll have to learn it sooner or later. There's another so-called witness, too. A man."

"The one who said he wanted to use the phone?"

"Yes. His name is Bellows, and he's employed by the Catletts to work around their place up there. Mrs. Ashbey must have something on him and has persuaded him to say he found you two there alone in the dark, making love. It's a frame-up, but Eve wants to believe it's true. She's got hold of a shyster lawyer to take the case, probably for the publicity he'll get out of it. But I'm taking the case, too, and I'll make them eat their lies if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"Other people will believe it! Oh, Harry, I can't stand it!"

"Joan!" His tone was sharp as a surgical knife and, like the knife, it brought a healing pain. "This isn't going to be easy for you. I'd be lying myself if I said it was. You're going to have to listen to your name and reputation being torn to bits. You're going to have to testify before a judge and jury to the truth. You're going to know what it's like to be smeared in public. But you're going to have the courage to meet it. I'd die to save you from it, but I can't. Just remember this: We love each other. No one can hurt us as long as we have the strength of that love. Now say it. Say it after me—*no one can hurt us as long as we love each other.*"

Slowly, almost hypnotically, her lips formed the words. "No one can hurt us." Then she threw her arms about him. "Oh, darling, what would I do without you? Here I've been thinking only of myself while you—you have to go through it, too. You have to hear me talked about like a—*a common woman.* You have to defend me—your wife—in public. I'll be brave, Harry. You'll see. I'll be brave for you."

"That's my girl," he said huskily. "That's my sweetheart."

They held each other like two frightened children in the dark, determined not to show they were afraid.

Joan's days took on the unreal, kaleidoscopic quality of a nightmare. Things were done, words were spoken, decisions made over which she had no control. Only Harry was real. Always he was

Next Month

*The heart stirring
adventures of people
you'd like to know—*

read

PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY

*Beginning in the
September*

RADIO MIRROR

there, sure, steady, and protecting like a giant oak.

Mrs. Field came, almost beside herself with what she termed "the disgrace," bringing stories of the way the town seethed with talk. She left no comfort in her wake. Phil came, distracted and remorseful, as unsuccessful in his interviews with Eve as Harry had been. "I can't understand her," he kept saying. "She refuses to listen to me. I've told her she was only destroying something in herself by hating us, but she said she didn't care if she could destroy us, too. She's no more like the girl we once knew than a—*a witch.*"

Newspaper reporters hounded them for a statement, dissatisfied with Harry's "Mrs. Davis has no comment to make." Joan felt like a trapped animal every time the telephone rang. Julia King came, honestly sympathetic, and made her promise to have lunch at the Club as soon as she was well enough.

"You've got to show people you don't care what they say," she insisted.

And when Joan was well enough to go out again, the glaring spotlight of publicity enclosed her like a cage. Harry's prophecy that she would hear her name bandied on every tongue was only too true. When she went to the market, clerks whispered behind her back. Every time she and Harry left the house, it seemed as if a thousand eyes were turned on them as they walked down Fox Meadow Lane. From behind half drawn curtains or hastily opened doors, they stared with hostility, with pity, or with sly curiosity.

Through it all she clung to Harry's words about strength. *No one can hurt us.* She said them over and over. She tried to think of the new life growing within her, the miracle of love that now seemed, not a miracle, but another precious possession to be threatened, another hostage claimed by Scandal. What if the hearing was held, what if Eve won the suit—would malicious gossip forever after hint that her baby might—just possibly—not be Harry's too?

She would have shut herself up in brooding if it hadn't been for Harry. "We have to fight," he said. "We've got to show people you're innocent."

It was for his sake that she went finally to the Club for luncheon with Julia. The day held the first tang of fall, the dining space on the veranda was crowded with chattering women of all ages. Joan steeled herself and followed Julia to a table in the center, speaking here and there to people she knew. Most of them smiled and called greetings quite as if everything was as it had always been, but she felt the rush of whispering in their wake that was like a wind passing over high grass.

Julia had just given the order when Bertha Catlett came in with two girls Joan knew slightly. In her usual imperious way Bertha made for the table next to them. As she seated herself Joan caught her eyes.

"Hello, Bertha," she said. "How are you?"

Bertha stiffened. She looked through Joan as if she weren't there. Then in a loud voice for all the room to hear, she said to the waiter: "Another table, please. I can't possibly sit *here.*"

In the sudden waiting hush, Bertha and her friends moved to a table at the far end of the veranda.

Julia *Continued on page 54*

Hopelessly Happy



WHEN it's your job to write about celebrities, you're likely to become a little cynical on the subject. You develop your own scale of values. A super-celebrity is worth half a column of your precious type-space, but a middling-celebrity will fill no more than a paragraph.

As far as Dorothy Kilgallen was concerned, on that bright winter morning in January, Richard Kollmar was only a middling-celebrity.

"Young Man of Manhattan—This Week's Selection," she typed. "Bari-tone Richard Kollmar . . . Currently pleasing audiences in his first Broadway role in Knickerbocker Holiday."

She stopped typing then, and her pert face—the face of a very feminine and clever Brownie—was the picture of concentration as she turned over the page of notes she had jotted down as she talked to Richard Kollmar's press agent on the telephone. Then back to the typewriter:

"He's a bachelor, at present busily squiring Mary (My Heart Belongs to Daddy) Martin, Jean Rodney (the young producer), Ann Wisner (the society girl), and Brenda Frazier, who needs no introduction. He is 28, tall and dark. He comes from Ridgewood, New Jersey, where his father is on the school board. He loves to dance, wears conservative clothes, but likes gay mufflers and plaid socks, frequently orange . . ."

"Orange socks!" Dorothy thought. With a hundred and one colors to choose from, why should anyone pick orange socks?

That was about the extent of her



Dorothy has her newspaper column and radio program on CBS; Dick stars on Bright Horizon, but their chief interest is Baby Richard Tompkins Kollmar, Jr.

It looked as if Dorothy Kilgallen were invulnerable to this thing called love—but that was before she met Richard Kollmar

reflections on young Mr. Richard Kollmar.

It was a crowded, busy week later that Ann Ayers, who was Richard Kollmar's press agent, telephoned Dorothy Kilgallen's office. Dorothy often answers her own telephone, but this day—you can say it was pure accident, and nothing more, or you can give Fate the credit—she was out, and her young sister Eleanor picked up the receiver instead.

Miss Ayers was speaking for Mr. Kollmar, she announced; and Mr.

Kollmar wondered if Miss Kilgallen would have lunch with him so he could thank her for the piece she'd written about him in her column.

Eleanor, who had seen "Knickerbocker Holiday," and thought Dick Kollmar was about the handsomest person in existence, accepted the invitation for Dorothy. It is Eleanor's own secret how she managed to get herself included in the party too. Dorothy complained bitterly, of course, when she found out what Eleanor had done. She had no interest in Richard Kollmar, and knew perfectly well that she wouldn't like him. "He's just another deb-dater," she muttered resentfully. "And besides, I've another date for that day."

"You'll just have to break it," Eleanor told her. "Honestly, Dorothy, you won't be sorry. He's simply divine!"

Dorothy made a face. But she broke the other date.

Dick and Miss Ayers were already at their table when Dorothy and Eleanor walked into the dining room of the Algonquin Hotel. He stood up as the head-waiter led them over, and Dorothy saw with a shock of pleasant

By **DICK NOSSAMAN**

Continued on page 57

Radio's Families of Fun

Because their adventures are cheerful and gay—because you've heard them all every day during a single half-hour over NBC—and because they are truly American—Radio Mirror salutes Vic, Sade and Rush and The Bartons





Left, the Barton family is on a picnic, and if Dad ever finishes giving Bud his views on the proper method of fly-casting they'll sit down to enjoy all the good things to eat that Mrs. Barton and Bud's sister Midge are unpacking from that well-stocked hamper. (Posed by Dick Holland as Bud, Bill Bouchey as Mr. Barton, Jane Webb as Midge, and Fern Persons as Mrs. Barton.)

Above—on the porch of "the little house half-way down the block," Rush and Vic, his father, are busy with their favorite pastime, rummy—while Sade looks on. It's a moment you've often heard on their program, sponsored by Crisco on NBC at 11:15 A.M., EWT, and on CBS at 1:30 P.M.—(Specially posed by the cast—Billy Idelson as Rush, Bernardine Flynn as Sade, Art Van Harvey as Vic.)

CARELESSLY YOU CARED

*Bandleader Shep Fields composes Radio Mirror's Song of the Month—
a romantic ballad that's exactly right for moonlit summer evenings*

Words and Music by
SHEP FIELDS,
FRED NOBLE and KEN CURTIS

REFRAIN
SLOWLY

Care - less - ly you of - fered love, And trust - ing

p-mf

ly I shared, ————— Bro - ken dreams I

see, ————— Re-mind me how CARE - LESS - LY YOU CARED. —————

For jok - ing - ly you whis - pered vows a

kind heart might have spared. _____ Gone are

all our plans, _____ For dar - ling so CARE - LESS - LY YOU

1. CARED. _____ 2. CARED. _____

RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

Salads

FOR VARIETY



An attractive salad bowl is a cooling sight on a hot day. Above, diced lamb salad (or it could be made with other meat) is delicious and substantial.

APPARENTLY no one in the world is tolerant on the subject of salads. Either we think of them as one of the most delicious combinations of food in the world, or we eat them only under protest. There seems to be no middle ground.

Now, it's no secret that the man in your house is the one most likely to be in the anti-salad camp, which is a particular pity in these summer months when appetites lag and the feminine part of the household, at least, yearns for something cool and crisp and colorful—not to mention easily prepared. However, don't give up hope. The most determined enemy of salads needs their valuable minerals and vitamins as much as anyone else. Perhaps he will flatly refuse to sit down to a meal in which the salad is the main course, but certainly he can be lured, with a little thought and care, into partaking of a really well-made combination of the green vegetables which are now so plentiful, served in conjunction with a broiled chop or other hot meat.

There are so many ingredients for a basic salad recipe that simply by combining any two or more of them you have the makings of a perfect salad course. To mention a few: lettuce, romaine, escarole, chickory, watercress, tomatoes, peppers, radishes, onions, cucumbers. They can be arranged attractively in a bowl



Spinach is good raw with a sharp dressing, or as the basis for a unique hot salad, shown above.

or platter, with French dressing on the side, or cut into bite size and tossed in a large bowl with the French dressing until each leaf is well coated with the dressing. Then serve immediately, while still crisp and cold.

Using a tossed salad of this type as a base, you can have a variety of different changes by adding fish, meat, or hard-boiled eggs. One of the best is the—

Lamb Salad Bowl

2 cups cold roast lamb, diced
1 cup diced celery
1 cup minced green pepper
Apple slices

Place the diced lamb in a mound in the center of the bowl. Surround with a ring of celery, then with a ring of minced green pepper and arrange apple slices (core, but do not peel the apples) around the edge of the bowl. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing. Other leftover



Arrange a colorful combination of raw vegetables—and remember to serve them crisp and cold.

meat such as beef, veal, ham or chicken with fat and gristle removed may be used in place of lamb.

A more elaborate version of the meat-salad course is an aspic ring, a popular combination at Schrafft's restaurants. They use cold chicken breast, cut in Julienne strips, to fill the center of a tomato aspic mold, ringing it with lettuce, watercress, avocado pear slices and ripe olives, but there are many other combinations that can be used in this way.

Now just a word about dressing. There are a number of ways you can vary that old standby, French dressing, to add distinction to your salads. Don't worry, to begin with, if the price of olive oil is way beyond your budget. There are excellent salad oils on the market, and some grocers are even putting up their own combinations of peanut oil and olive oil, a blending which is very good and much less expensive than straight olive oil.

Try a dusting of mace in French dressing or mayonnaise for salads made of asparagus or cauliflower. Or a dash of curry powder in the dressing is good with any salad which includes meat. Lime juice gives a nice tangy flavor to fruit salad. Other ingredients which can be added to dressings for a different effect are prepared mustard, horseradish sauce, tomato catsup, chutney, chopped pickle, or grated cheese.

Spinach, long considered one of our "must" vegetables, is just as flavorful in a salad. It may be the main and only salad ingredient or it may be used *Continued on page 56.*

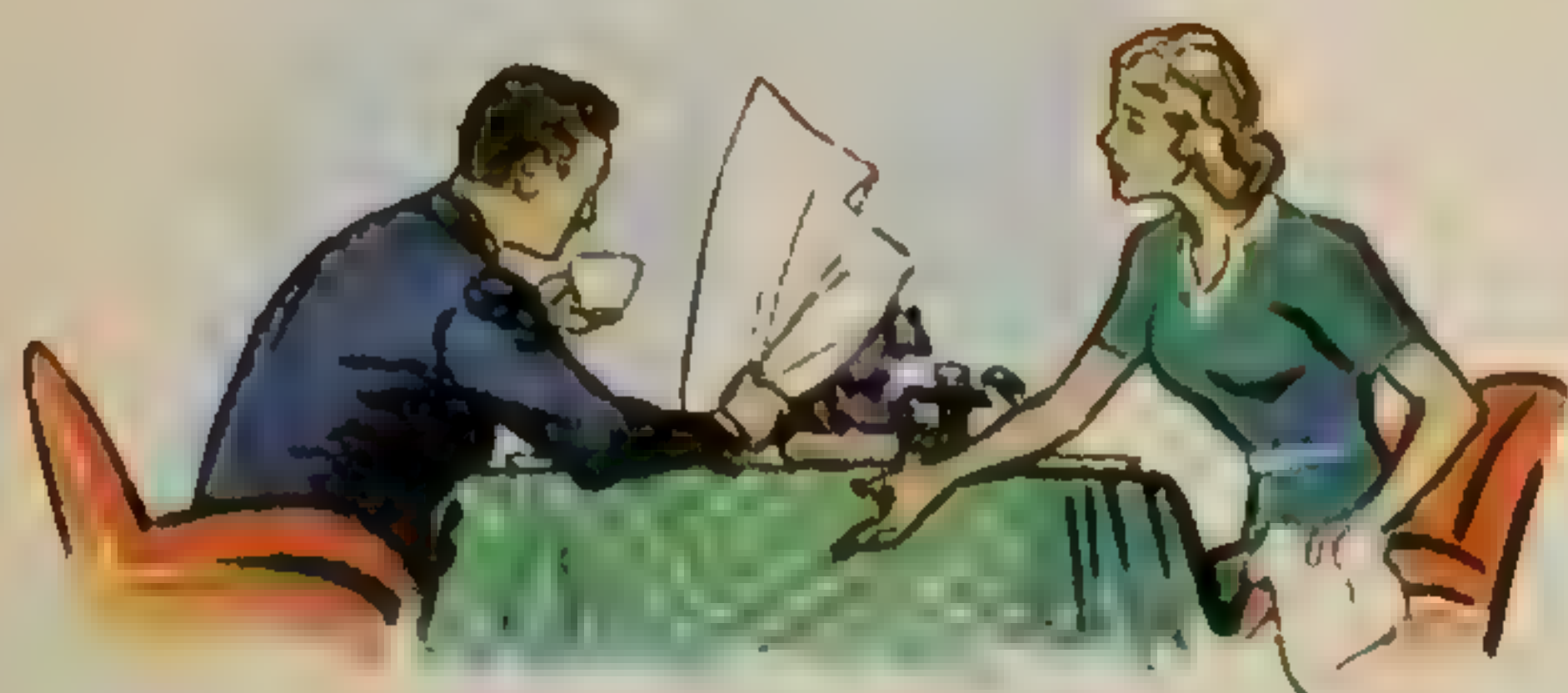


BY
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday show at 8:00 P. M., EWT, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

SHE MARRIED A DOCTOR

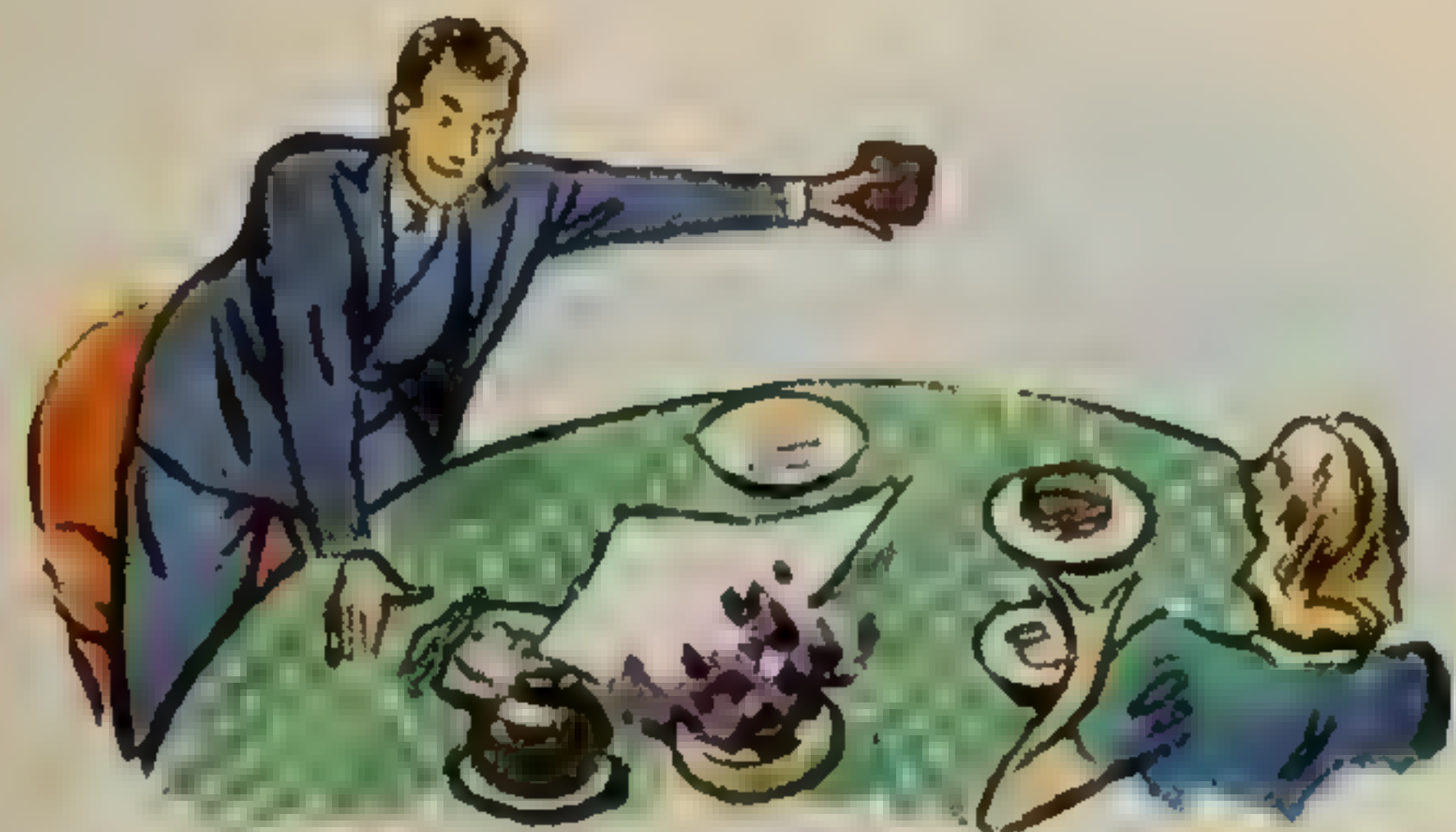


1 SHE: Dear, you look so *threatening*—and we said we'd *never* quarrel!



2 HE: What's threatening is this lack of vitamin C. We need lots of it—and *every day*, because the body can't store it up.

SHE: But I *always* plan my meals for vitamins—



3 HE: My dear, you have to plan especially for vitamin C. A food can be rich in other vitamins and have no C at all. It's scarce.

SHE: And besides, I read that it's easily lost in open cooking. What shall I ever *do*!



4 HE: Give us eight-ounce glasses of orange juice every morning, and we'll have all the vitamin C we need for the best of health—with a good start on A, B₁ and G, and calcium!

SHE: And nothing in the world *tastes* so good! Dear, you're wonderful!

THESE SWEETS SAVE SUGAR! In salads and desserts, or simply peeled and eaten, oranges satisfy the sweet tooth *without added sugar*. At home or soda fountain, fresh orange juice provides a quick and healthful *lift*. Mail the coupon for the free booklet of over 100 recipes.



From Natural Color Photograph

GET YOUR VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

Oranges make it the delicious way, too! In these times, the protective foods (fruits, vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meats and certain cereals) are *more important than ever*. Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C—and also give you valuable amounts of vitamins A, B₁ and G, calcium and other minerals.

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? Give your meals plenty of freshness by ordering oranges in larger quantities. *They are good keepers*. Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from over 14,500 cooperating California growers.

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Swinging to good taste

Paramount's singing star Betty Hutton and song writer Frank Loesser relax on the set of "Happy-Go-Lucky." Their good taste in music put them on top in Hollywood.

Pepsi-Cola's swell flavor is tops in good taste everywhere. At home or on the road—no matter where you are—you'll enjoy Pepsi-Cola's 12 full ounces, first sip to last. Only a nickel, too. Uncap a Pepsi-Cola today.



★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

DO YOU BELIEVE IN AMERICA?

By Kate Smith

(First broadcast on her program, Friday nights over CBS)

WHAT can I say to you about America?

Shall I tell you of grass in Salem and winds in
Portland and honeysuckle in Carolina?

Shall I tell you how days pass in America—

How men leave home at nine, return at six,

How children spend evenings at homework and occasional
movies and parties?

Shall I speak to you of bridge parties and dinners and
PTA meetings—

Of stars that can check the hours by planes

That wing tranquilly from city to city,

Of trees unscarred except by passing seasons?

Shall I tell you how the rivers sing the land to sleep

And how the birds are winter tourists in the south?

Shall I remind you of sidewalks marked for hopscotch

And parks with riding trails and playgrounds and zoos.

Shall I say that all these things are America,

And so worth dying for?

OR SHALL I perhaps say—

These things were once in Norway, all these things.

France once knew undisturbed stars and honest planes.

Dutch women and Swedish, Finnish, Polish, British—

Once spent their days in planning meals and caring for
children,

Before they became encircled by a ring of steel,

Before they were forced to their knees before the stern-
browed conqueror.

Do you need to be reminded of these things?

Do you believe in them—do you believe in that Democracy
for which your fathers died?

Then I ask you to invest in it.

I ASK you to buy United States War Savings Bonds,
United States War Savings Stamps!

Every cent you spend is an investment in the future.

Every cent is protection for your skies, for your children,
for your homes.

You are sending your sons and your husbands, but that
is not enough!

The shadow in Europe has lengthened across America.

We must all work together to help blot it out!

With faith in our convictions and our destiny

Let us unite to one voice—one thought—one aim,

And that aim, victory!

So give, America—give generously of your money and
your faith—

Give until the shadow creeps back to its own native
nothingness,

Give until our husbands and our sons return

And we are free once more to set aside the sword.

The whole future of America and the world is in our
hands—

Let's make it a glorious future and a glorious destiny!

Buy those Bonds, America, buy those Bonds!

Remember Pearl Harbor!

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

		Eastern War Time	
PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	8:00	CBS: News
		8:00	Blue: News
		8:00	NBC: Organ Recital
		8:30	Blue: The Woodshedders
		8:00	9:00 CBS: The World Today
		8:00	9:00 Blue: World News
		8:00	9:00 NBC: News from Europe
		8:15	9:15 CBS: From the Organ Loft
		8:15	9:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line
		8:15	9:15 NBC: Deep River Boys
		8:30	9:30 NBC: Words and Music
		9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00	10:00 NBC: Radio Pulpit
		9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
		9:30	10:30 Blue: Jean Cavall
		10:00	11:00 CBS: News
		10:00	11:00 Blue: News
		8:05	10:05 11:05 CBS: What's New at the Zoo
		8:15	10:15 11:15 Blue: Recital Period
		8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
		8:30	10:30 11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
		8:30	10:30 11:30 Blue: Revue in Miniature
		9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Eric Sevareid
		9:00	11:00 12:00 Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC: Sunday Down South
		9:10	11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
		9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Radio City Music Hall
		9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: Emma Otero
		10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
		10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC: Dinning Sisters
		10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: St. Louis Opera
		10:30	12:30 1:30 Blue: Josef Marais
		11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Spirit of '42
		11:00	1:00 2:00 Blue: Blue Theater
		11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC: Sammy Kaye
		11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
		11:30	1:30 2:30 Blue: Yesterday and Today
		11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
		12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Columbia Symphony
		12:00	2:00 3:00 Blue: Wake Up America
		12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC: Upton Close
		12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC: The Army Hour
		1:00	3:00 4:00 Blue: Sunday Vespers
		1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
		1:30	3:30 4:30 Blue: This Is the Truth
		2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
		2:00	4:00 5:00 Blue: Moylan Sisters
		2:30	4:30 5:30 Blue: Olivio Santoro
		2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
		3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow
		3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
		3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
		3:30	5:30 6:30 Blue: Pearson and Allen
		4:00	6:00 7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
		4:00	6:00 7:00 Blue: News from Europe
		4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC: Victory Parade
		4:30	6:30 7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
		4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: We, the People
		4:30	6:30 7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids (July 12)
		4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
		5:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: World News
		5:00	7:00 8:00 Blue: Tommy Dorsey
		5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
		8:00	7:00 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
		8:00	7:30 8:30 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
		5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
		5:45	7:45 8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
		5:55	7:55 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
		6:00	8:00 9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
		9:00	8:00 9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
		6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		9:15	8:15 9:15 Blue: The Parker Family
		6:30	8:30 9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater
		6:30	8:30 9:30 Blue: Till We Meet Again
		6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
		7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
		7:00	9:00 10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour
		7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
		7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
		7:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Suspense
		7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC: Joe and Mabel
		8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
		8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra
		8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC: 3 Sheets to the Wind



ONE-THIRD OF A TRIO . . .

Gladys Swarthout's voice is beautiful, and Deems Taylor and the stories he tells are interesting—but there's another member of the Prudential Family Hour cast who does a lot toward making it a show worth listening to. His name is Jack Smith, and he's a young fellow who sings a solo along about the midway point of the show. His songs aren't highbrow, but he does them with a vigor and freshness that make you want to join in and sing too.

Jack has been working on radio shows for quite a while. Back in 1931, when he was sixteen years old and a junior at the Hollywood High School, he happened to hear that Bing Crosby's Rhythm Boys were winding up an engagement at the Coconut Grove. The news gave him an idea, and he and two classmates plunged into arduous rehearsals. Luck must have been with them, because although they'd had no previous professional experience, and had sung together only for the fun of it, when they tried out for the spot left vacant by Bing's departure—they got the job.

Not only that, but the pay was \$75 a week, which seemed like a fortune to high school boys who had been used to struggling along on allowances of two or three dollars.

Jack and his friends kept the job for a full year, singing at the Grove six nights a week and going to school in the daytime. After they graduated, their next stop was New York, where they got off on the right foot by landing a job singing on Kate Smith's program, no less. Since then the trio has been on many big shows, with Jack doing the solo work.

Jack was born in Seattle, but was lucky enough to have a father who was a graduate of Annapolis and thus was stationed in Honolulu while Jack was a boy. All the time he was growing up, Jack used to worry seriously about what he was going to do or be when he reached man's estate. "Don't worry," his father kept telling him. "You'll find the right work at the right time." Which proved to be perfectly true. Singing was the right work, and the right time, to the minute, was when Jack and his friends went to the Coconut Grove to audition.

Jack is married to the niece of the late Victor Schertzinger, the movie director. Her name is Victoria, after her uncle, and she was his favorite niece. Although she's not an actress, she did some movie work in her uncle's pictures when she was a child. Jack and she met just about the time he began singing in public, and they fell in love at once, but they weren't married until 1936, after Jack had become established in New York radio.

MONDAY

		Eastern War Time	
P.W.T	C.W.T	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
		8:00	9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
		8:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
		8:30	9:00 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		10:15	9:00 10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
		1:45	9:15 10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
		9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
		10:30	9:15 10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
		1:00	9:30 10:30 CBS: Stepmother
		9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
		9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
		12:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
		9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
		8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
		10:15	10:00 11:00 Blue: Second Husband
		8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC: The Bartons
		8:15	10:15 11:15 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
		8:15	10:15 11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
		8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
		11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
		8:30	10:30 11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
		8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
		11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		8:45	10:45 11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
		8:45	10:45 11:45 NBC: David Harum
		9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC: Words and Music
		9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Big Sister
		9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		10:00	12:00 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
		10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Woman in White
		10:15	12:15 1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
		10:15	12:15 1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
		10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
		10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
		10:45	12:45 1:45 MBS: Don Norman
		10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
		4:15	1:00 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC: Light of the World
		12:30	1:15 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
		11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
		11:30	1:30 2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
		11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
		1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
		11:45	1:45 2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
		11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
		2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
		12:00	2:00 3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
		12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
		12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: News
		12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
		12:30	2:30 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
		12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		12:45	2:45 3:45 Blue: Joe Rines Orch.
		12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		1:00	3:00 4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
		1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		1:15	3:15 4:15 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
		1:15	3:15 4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
		1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Spotlight on Asia
		1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: News
		1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
		2:00	4:00 5:00 Blue: Air Corps Band
		2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
		2:30	4:30 5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
		2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC: The Andersons
		2:45	4:45 5:45 Blue: Secret City
		6:30	6:00 Blue: The Lone Ranger
		3:10	5:10 6:10 CBS: Ted Husing
		3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
		3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
		3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
		3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
		8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
		7:30	6:00 7:00 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
		8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:30	9:30 7:30 CBS: Vaughn Monroe
		5:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
		9:15	7:00 8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
		5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
		8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES
		7:30	8:30 Blue: True or False
		8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
		5:30	7:30 8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
		5:55	7:55 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
		6:00	8:00 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
		9:00	8:00 9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
		6:30	8:30 9:30 Blue: Your Blind Date
		6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC: Doctor L. Q.
		7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Freddy Martin
		7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
		8:15	9:00 10:00 Blue: Lum and Abner
		7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC: Contented Program
		7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC: Hot Copy

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:00	8:30 Blue Texas Jim
	9:00	9:00 Blue BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
10:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
10:30	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:15	10:00	11:00 Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Down Brush Creek Way
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Concert Orchestra
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Jerry Wayne
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
6:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou (July 7)
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Are You a Missing Heir
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: What's My Name
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Nature of the Enemy
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Duffy's Tavern
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Cheers from the Camp
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: This Nation at War
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Meredith Willson
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
8:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Lum and Abner
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: A Date With Judy
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



AN UNCANNY SCOT...

Not many folks are indispensable, but it's hard to imagine what the Fibber McGee and Molly program would be like without Bill Thompson. Bill has so many different voices that he regularly plays the "deef," rug-cuttin' Old Timer, the hen-pecked Wallace Wimple, Horatio K. Boomer, and the "Grik," Nick Depopolus—plus other characters as they come along.

All of Bill's various voices are the offspring of a voice he uses little these days, but which is his favorite of them all. It's the embarrassed, half-boy, half-adult voice of a very young man.

Bill's acting ability is an inheritance from his parents, old-time vaudeville performers, but his double-register voice is the result of patriotism. He was five years old when America entered the first World War, and he applied his talents as vaudeville's youngest song and dance man to selling Liberty Bonds. He did such a thorough job campaigning the country that he sold two million dollars worth of the bonds—and lost his voice in the process. It took two years of throat exercises to recover his voice, and when he became older he discovered that he possessed two distinct pitches, being able to jump from bass to tenor with no effort at all. Doctors diagnosed the phenomenon as a result of having lost his voice at such an early age. It was a lucky accident, because his two voices, added to his natural comedy sense, have made Bill what he is today.

Bill entered radio in 1932, after winning an audition with a comedy sketch he wrote, produced, and acted in. He was on Edgar Guest's NBC show, master of ceremonies on the Breakfast Club, and on Club Matinee before Fibber hired him, four years ago, to play Nick Depopolus. He developed his other characterizations later.

Of Scottish descent, Bill takes his ancestry seriously and is a student of Scottish history and customs. He has a valuable collection of Scottish books, and another of prints showing the tartans of the different clans. Playing the bagpipes is as easy for him as whistling.

Straight-faced and serious-eyed, he's still a constant clown and is always entertaining the McGee troupe with his impromptu comedy acts. All he needs is a make-shift curtain and an audience of one, and he can be a whole Punch and Judy show by himself. He's a mainstay of the "warm-up" put on for the studio audience just before the show goes on the air, because he owns a trunkful of masks, Mack Sennett police equipment, odd headgear and ten-cent-store toys to serve as properties for his pantomimes. Whenever there's an extra commotion in the corridors of Hollywood's NBC everyone says, "Bill Thompson's around with a new trick." And that's usually exactly what all the noise is about.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:00	8:30 Blue Texas Jim
	9:00	9:00 Blue Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
10:30	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
10:15	10:00	11:00 Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Concert Orchestra
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Children Also Are People
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
	5:00	6:00 CBS: EDWIN C. HILL
	6:00	6:00 Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: United We Sing
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Old Gold Show
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Quiz Kids
	7:00	8:00 NBC: The Thin Man
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Uncle Walter's Dog House
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Junior Miss
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Those We Love
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Quizzicale
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
8:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Lum and Abner
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Morgan Beatty
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Clark Dennis
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:15	10:00	11:00 Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Down Brush Creek Way
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Pin Money Party
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Heirs of Liberty
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Maudie's Diary
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: How 'm I Doin'
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Death Valley Days
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Post Toasties Time?
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Raymond Scott
5:45	7:45	8:45 Blue: Dorothy Thompson
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Big Town
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Lum and Abner
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time (July 9)
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



DEBUTANTE IN RADIO . . .

Joan Alexander, who plays Mrs. Humphries on the CBS serial, Woman of Courage, is a rich girl who made good. With a background of finishing schools and luxurious European travel, she refused to be just a deb and turned herself into an actress instead. And without the help of anyone, either, she proudly announces, except her mother, who always sympathized with her ambitions and encouraged her in them.

Joan's childhood desire was to be a concert pianist, but when she began going to school she became so interested in sports that she spent all her time playing tennis, swimming, and riding horseback instead of practicing. When she grew up she was sorry, but it was too late then, so she transferred her ambitions to acting. Fresh from school, she attacked Broadway. One of the first producers she met was going to put on a play called "Are You Decent?" He needed money, and Joan told him she would get all the women's clothes for the cast for nothing if he'd give her a part. She had no idea where or how she would find the clothes, but the producer agreed to her proposition and she had to deliver.

Somehow, by pleading with all the shops where she had ever bought clothes for herself, she fulfilled the bargain—and then left "Are You Decent" a few weeks after it opened to play in dramatic stock companies because she knew she needed experience in a wide range of parts.

Joan has traveled all over Europe, but insists that the biggest thrill of her life came when she auditioned against a hundred other girls for a radio part she wanted very much—and got it. And she's proud because she often works for a certain radio producer who heard her first audition and said she wasn't any good for radio.

She's dark and medium-tall, with a great deal of poise and a friendly smile. Her eventual ambition is to marry and have a house in the country with lots of children; but she admits she wouldn't make a very good housewife because she "loathes" cooking and in fact doesn't take much interest in food even when it's ready to be eaten. Her greatest extravagance is horses—she owns one, which she rides whenever she gets a chance, and would like to possess a whole stable full of them. She doesn't wear much jewelry, just her mother's engagement ring, which her mother gave her on her sixteenth birthday.

The character Joan plays on Woman of Courage is pretty unpleasant—not a person you'd care to have move in next-door to you—but Joan doesn't specialize in that sort of part. The list of radio programs she has worked on in the last few years would take up another half-column of type.

No, she isn't married. She lives by herself in a small, beautifully furnished New York apartment.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:15	9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Clark Dennis
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
10:15	10:00	11:00 Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold's Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Southernaires
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
	5:00	6:00 CBS: EDWIN C. HILL
6:30	6:00	Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Irene Rich
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
7:30	9:30	7:30 NBC: Grand Central Station
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: Gang Busters
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Meet Your Navy
	7:30	8:30 NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Dinah Shore
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Plantation Party
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: How 'm I Doin'
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: People Are Funny
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Manpower and the War
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
		8:00	CBS: The World Today
		8:00	NBC: News
		8:15	NBC: Deep River Boys
		8:30	NBC: Dick Leibert
		8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley
		8:45	Blue: News
		8:45	NBC: News
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Happy Jack
	8:15	9:15	CBS: Caucasian Melodies
	8:15	9:15	NBC: Market Basket
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Garden Gate
	8:30	9:30	NBC: Hank Lawson
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Andriani Continentales
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Encores
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Jones and I
	9:30	10:30	NBC: The Wife Saver
	9:45	10:45	NBC: Betty Moore
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: God s Country
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: America the Free
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: Four Belles Quartet
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Ilka Chase
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Paul Lavalie Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: U. S. Marine Band
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Brush Creek Follies
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Canadian Air Force Band
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Music for Listening
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Air Youth for Victory
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Campus Capers
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Down Mexico Way
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: Doctors at Work
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: In a Sentimental Mood
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: News, Alex Dreier
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Dance Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Golden Melodies
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Ink Spots
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Three Suns Trio
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Message of Israel
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Tillie the Toiler
	6:30	7:30	NBC: Ellery Queen
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: The Green Hornet
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Hobby Lobby
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Swap Night
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Summer Symphony
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:45	8:45	9:45	Blue: James MacDonald
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Voices in the Night
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Ted Steele Variety
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: News of the World

Jean Tennyson, star of the Wednesday night show, Great Moments in Music, over CBS, in the lovely costume for her operatic role in "La Traviata."



Prima Donna, 1942 Style

TIME was when you thought of an opera prima donna as a lady who spoke broken English, tipped the scales somewhere around two hundred pounds, and flew into artistic rages at least once a day. But radio and the growing realization that there are just as fine voices in this country as ever came out of Europe have changed all that, and today's typical operatic soprano looks and acts a good deal like Miss Jean Tennyson, star of the CBS program, Great Moments in Music, Wednesday nights.

Jean is as American as corn flakes, and proud of it. She was born in Chicago, and although she studied extensively in Europe she never lost her mid-western accent. She got her start in musical comedies and revues, and doesn't mind admitting it a bit. Blue-eyed and flaxen haired, she looks exactly like what she is: an American girl with a sense of humor who comes from Norwegian stock.

The sense of humor crops up in the stories Jean tells about herself. In Europe, she studied for several months with Mary Garden, the famous opera star of earlier days. With Garden, she toured the continent, and on the train between cities Garden taught her a specially intricate type of solitaire. "I always play this solitaire before I sing," Garden told her, "and if I can make it come out I know I am going to have a big success." Well, Jean tried and tried, but she never could win the game, and

she never had anything more than a moderate success wherever she sang. But one afternoon, just as the train was coming into Basle, she won—and that night at the opera house she had the biggest success of her career up to that time.

"And do you know," Jean says, "I've never dared to play that particular kind of solitaire, from that day to this?"

Most of Jean's time is spent studying roles for her Wednesday-night broadcasts. Most opera singers know only a certain number of roles, and it's a real job to learn a complete new one every week. Now that the program is broadcasting lighter music—operettas and musical comedies instead of grand opera—for the summer, you'd think Jean wouldn't have to work so hard, but she says just the opposite is true, that the lighter roles are harder to get just right than the classical ones. She likes to study her music in bed. The actual rehearsing is done first with a voice coach and then in the studio.

On Thursday, the day after the broadcast, Jean says she does nothing at all except listen to the radio. She likes radio better even than she used to before she herself began broadcasting. And her favorite programs, believe it or not, are not the highbrow musical ones, but the comedy shows like Fibber McGee and Molly and Charlie McCarthy.

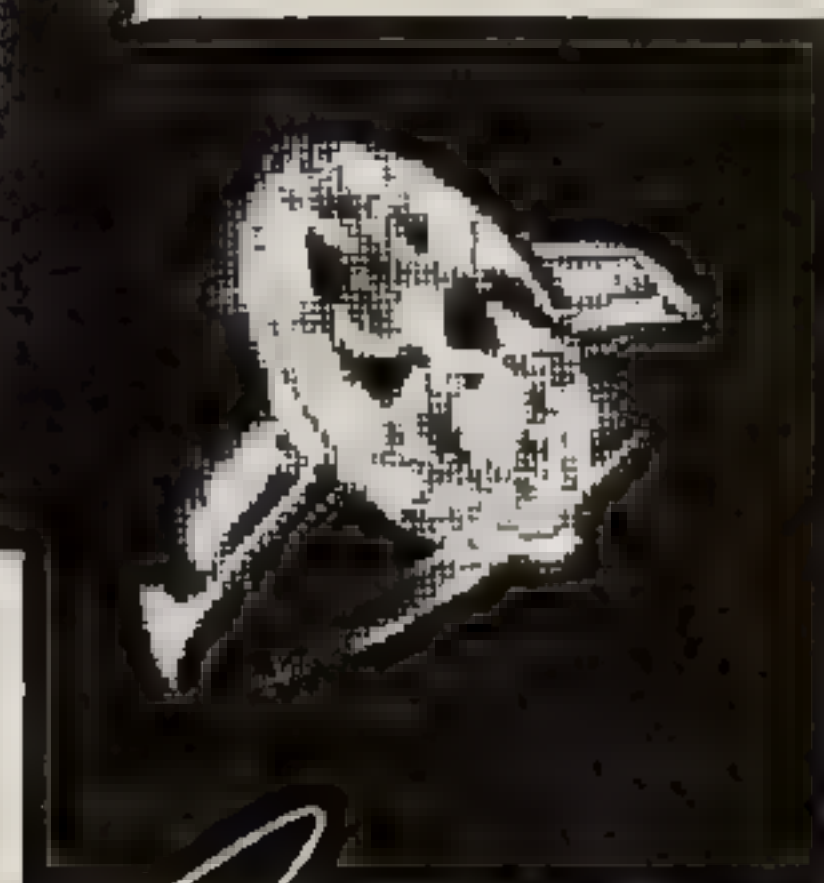
In private life, she's the wife of a New York business man.



ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream *every* day. Pond's is so light and silky *my skin just loves it*—and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(right) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.



ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

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She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!



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She *rinses* with more Pond's—for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues it off again.

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Moment of Folly

Continued from page 29

between wanting me to go home to safety and a real fondness for me that made her hate to see me go.

Mostly because Kay had been so brisk in speeding me on my way, we got to the bus terminal a full half-hour ahead of time. I hated the thought of sitting quietly in that white-walled, echoing waiting room, so I insisted on checking my bag and taking one last walk along Broadway.

ON a side street we passed several theaters, looking strange and out of place in the hot afternoon sunlight, and I almost burst into tears because I would never again walk into the dark stagedoor alleys and smell the musty odor of the empty theaters and wait with a huddle of anxious actors for a chance to read a part.

"Cheer up, baby," Kay said. "This'll look lots better from far away."

"If only I could stay longer," I said. "Just a week. If only I could get a chance to show what I can do—"

There was a mist in my eyes, and I stopped before a show window to blink it away before Kay noticed it.

I concentrated on the cars in the window, big, beautiful, shiny cars and, suddenly, seeing them only made things a little worse. "If I'd been a success," I thought, "I could have that car—or that one—or even both."

Kay touched my elbow. "Come on Jean, you'll miss your bus."

"I don't care," I said.

"Well, you can't just stand here," Kay said.

And then I saw him. Maybe it sounds a little silly, but as my eyes met those of the tall, broadshouldered young man standing beside one of the Jupiter Specials, I stopped breathing. Just stopped, and then began again, very faint. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before. And, somehow, I knew I just couldn't walk away from that window.

Kay pulled my arm gently, but I hardly knew she was there. The young man was coming closer to the window and he was smiling.

I don't know where the idea came from, but all at once, everything got all wound up in my head and I was moving toward the door.

"Where are you going?" Kay cried. "Your bus leaves in five minutes."

"Let it go," I said. "There will be others."

"Jean, don't be a fool," Kay said. "That man is beginning to notice you."

"He'll do more than notice me," I heard myself saying. "I'll show you whether I'm an actress or not!"

Kay moaned as I opened the door and smiled at the middle-aged salesman who came hurrying toward me.

"Good afternoon," I said in my best stage diction. "I'd like to see Mr.—oh, I've forgotten his name. That gentleman—over there."

"Mr. Weatherbee?" the salesman

scraped his heels. "Certainly. I'll get him for you."

The next moment, we were shaking hands, Mr. Weatherbee and I. Anyway, that's what I was doing outwardly. Inwardly, I felt as though I had gone to pieces and again it was hard for me to breathe.

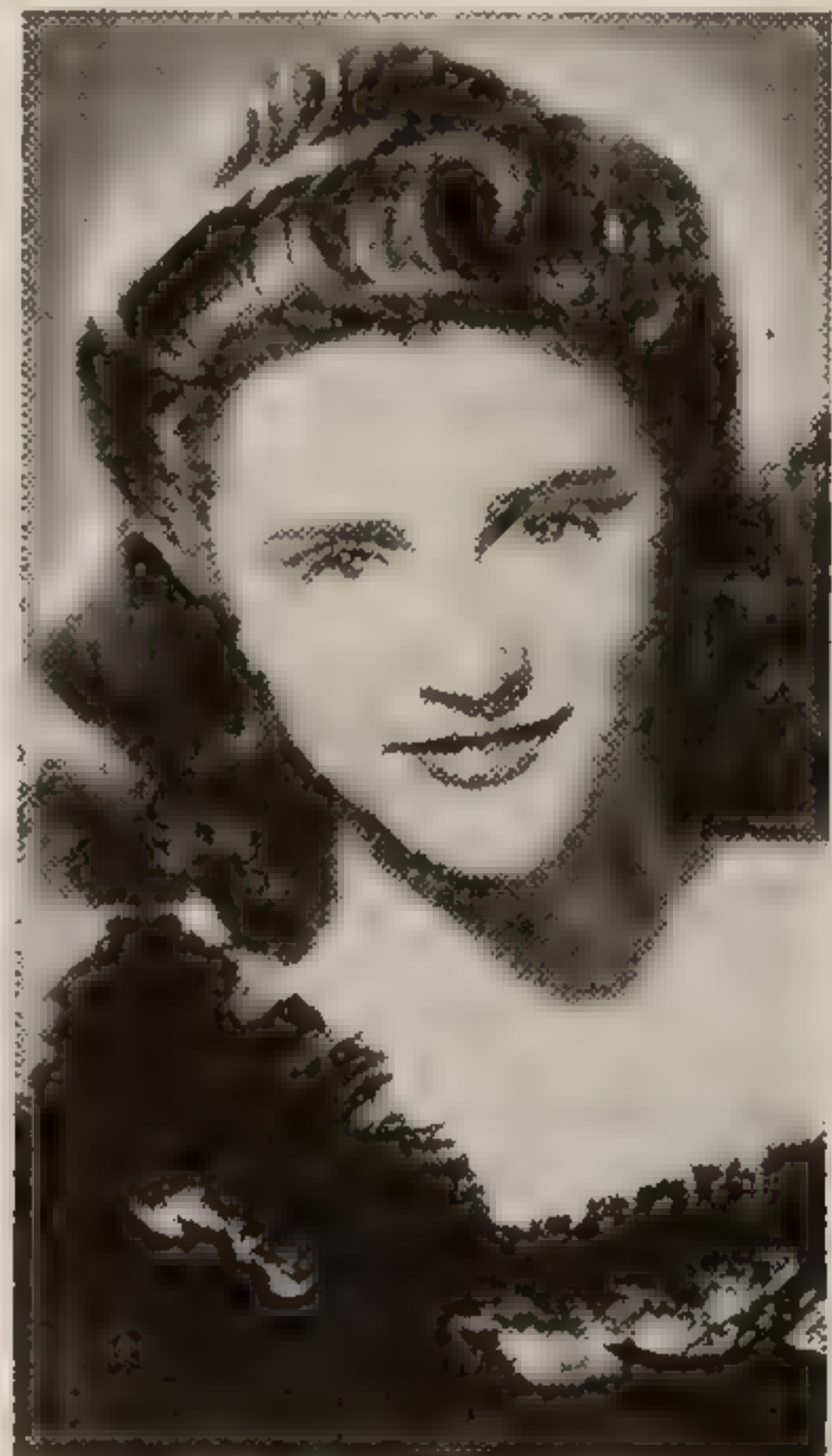
His voice was rich and soft. "Good afternoon," he said. "Just what sort of car were you looking for?"

It was an effort, but I forced myself to stop looking into his gray eyes. As I said before, I don't know where the idea came from, but now that I had started it, I couldn't stop.

"I—you see," I stammered for a moment. "My name is Jean Layton, Mr. Weatherbee. And this is my friend, Kay Coster. I—well—I'm thinking of buying—several cars."

Kay pinched my arm in her surprise and Mr. Weatherbee's gray eyes crinkled with delight. He bowed toward Kay, but his smile was for me.

"I'm very happy to know you, Miss Layton," he said. "If you could tell me what sort of business the cars would be used for—well—I could—"



Say Hello To—

TRUDY ERWIN—who sings on Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge on NBC Wednesday nights. Musical ability runs in Trudy's family—her father played the piano and violin and her mother sang and played the piano. She was born in Los Angeles a little less than twenty-two years ago, and was president of her high school glee club. An offer to sing with a Los Angeles trio brought her enough money to help pay for her college course at the University of Southern California, and led naturally to movie and radio work in Hollywood. Her first trip out of California was when she came east with Kay Kyser. She hates cities, prefers a hike in the country to a stroll on Fifth Avenue, and loves to ride horseback.

"Oh," I said quickly. "My uncle wants to buy new cars for six of his salesmen. I—I'm afraid I don't know very much about cars, really, but Uncle feels that I know people better than he does. That's why he sent me to—well—sort of look around and find someone trustworthy with whom he can deal."

"Hmm," Mr. Weatherbee said. "I guess your uncle would want the business coupe. There's one right over here." He led us to a car. "By the way," he smiled, with his hand on the hood, "I don't believe you mentioned your uncle's name?"

It was a direct question and there was no evading it. I searched my mind for a name and found none. Not one. Then I caught sight of a big sign across the street, and a name sprang to my lips. If I had stopped to think, I never would have uttered it, because it was the name of the man who owned the sign—and also the name of the man Kay had once loved. I suppose I thought of it because, only a bare hour before, he had been in my mind as I talked to Kay.

"He's—John K. Richards," I said. Beside me I heard Kay give a little gasp of dismay, but Mr. Weatherbee seemed impressed. "Oh!" he said. "J. K. Richards!" He gave the syllables a special importance.

Kay said, "I—I don't suppose you

know Miss Layton's uncle, do you, Mr. Weatherbee?" I could almost hear her praying.

"I've heard of Mr. Richards, of course," Mr. Weatherbee said. "Who hasn't?" I was glad he had turned to the car and didn't see the relief flooding Kay's face.

He showed us all the features of the Jupiter coupe, but I'm afraid I didn't listen very attentively. All I heard was the rich, deep voice that, somehow, seemed to be speaking to something far inside me. It seemed to be whispering, "You can't go away, now. You can never go away, now." For, in those few minutes, I had discovered what it was to be completely and wonderfully alive.

"I'm sorry we haven't a coupe for demonstration," I heard Mr. Weatherbee saying. "But I can take you for a run in the sedan."

"Uh—fine," I said.

He smiled into my eyes. "I don't mind telling you that this order comes just in the nick of time for me. Sales have been falling off—and I'm afraid the manager's been making up

his mind to fire me." He grinned happily. "But it will be all right, now. I'll call up for a sedan to be sent around. It won't take a minute."

"Jean!" Kay said, as soon as he was out of ear-shot. "Are you crazy? Of all the low down tricks! Six cars! Wouldn't one have been enough? Poor guy—you could almost see him figuring out his commissions."

It was like a shower of ice water. She was right. I hadn't been thinking of anything but myself. I hadn't realized how cruel the joke was. I had merely followed my instinct, which told me I must get to know this man, somehow, anyhow.

"How awful!" I said. "Kay, let's get out of here."

It was too late. He was back already and, in a few moments, we were all standing out on the sidewalk by a Jupiter sedan. He opened the car door and bowed to Kay.

"No thanks," Kay said. "I've got some shopping of my own to do. I'll see you back at the hotel."

In a way, I was glad Kay didn't come along. I thought it would be easier to tell him alone that the whole thing was a hoax. But it wasn't easier, at all. As we drove up on the West Side Highway, I tortured my mind for some way to begin. And I couldn't find a reasonable way.

What could I say? That I was so vain and wanted so much to prove what a fine actress I was, that I had just walked into the Jupiter showroom and started this business? Or that I just wanted to miss my bus? Or, most preposterous of all, that I had looked into his eyes through a plateglass window and found myself drawn to him as though he were a

Continued on page 50



"A whole week's Polish wear—
and not a single chip" *Mrs. Stringer*

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magnet? How could I say that?—even though it, more than anything else, was the truth?

I had to say something. He had been talking to me for a long time, mostly about the car, but a little about himself, too. We were out in the country, now, and the late sun slanting over the Palisades lit up his profile and my heart sank as I looked at him.

"You'd be very disappointed, if you didn't make this sale, wouldn't you?" I asked, as a beginning.

HE LAUGHED softly. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I don't think it would begin to compare with how disappointed I would have been if you hadn't come into the showroom this afternoon. At least, we've met now." He grinned down at me and I felt terrible. "Of course," he said, "I'd like to make the sale. You see, I don't think we'll be selling cars very much longer—defense priorities, you know—and I'd sort of like to finish up in a blaze of glory."

"Mr. Weatherbee," I began again and it almost choked me. "I—there's something I've got to tell you."

"Right now?" he asked. "I'm just about to invite you to have tea in one of the nicest Inns on the Hudson. And—it would make it lots simpler to invite you, if you'd call me Lance."

"All right—Lance," I said. "Look Lance—I—I can't buy the cars."

He smiled, which was the last thing I expected. "I understand," he said. "After all, you don't know anything about the coupe, do you?" He turned into a wide, sweeping driveway that led to one of the most charming Inns I've ever seen. "Now, let's not talk business, any more. Let's just have our tea and enjoy the sunset, hm?"

And I thought, why not? The whole thing would be over soon enough and I'd be going back to Marston and I'd never see Lance again. But I could have this moment, this short space of happiness, to remember.

Only it wasn't over as soon as I thought it would be. Instead of turning back, when we left the Inn, Lance headed north again and drove for miles and miles into the gathering darkness, and then eastward until we reached the seacoast. Nothing would do but that we have dinner on the terrace of a Yacht Club—on his expense account, he explained—and dance together, all alone under the moonlight, to the music that floated out to us from the dance floor inside.

And the longer we danced, the more I wished I hadn't been such a fool, the more I wished that we had met differently. We belonged together. I knew that as soon as he took me in his arms and guided me into a slow, lilting waltz. The music and his arm around me and his cheek softly touching my forehead—all these things made me feel as though I were dreaming a dream I couldn't bear to end.

"Lance," I whispered finally, "we'd better get back. Your boss will be angry with you for keeping the car out so long."

"Not for such a good customer," he said.

"But, Lance," I said. "I told you I can't buy the cars—not even one—"

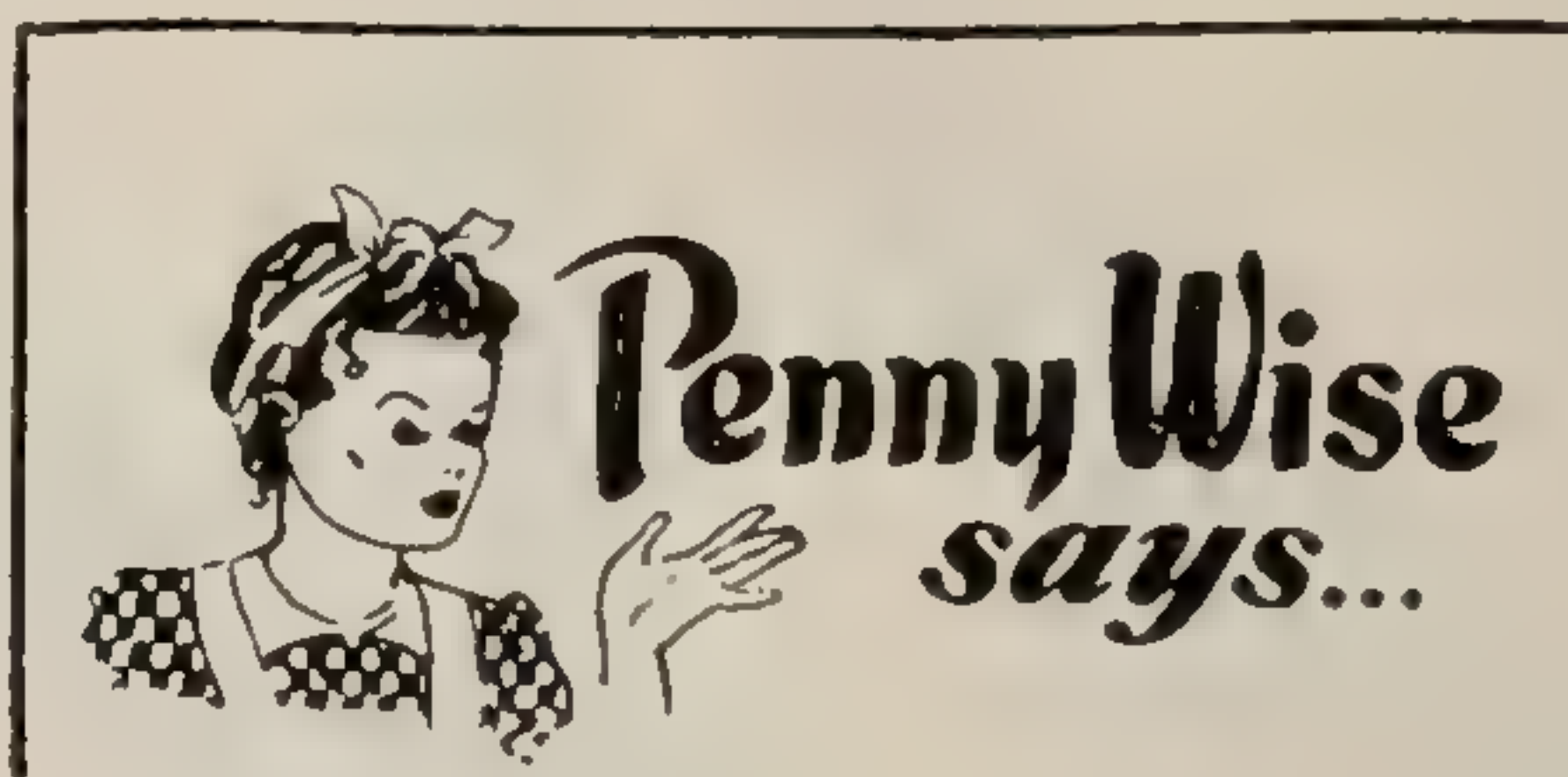
"Ssh," he whispered, brushing my ear with his lips. "No more business talk tonight. I'll pick you up in my coupe in the morning. Then you can really judge."

Continued from page 48

On the way home, I tried several times, but he wouldn't listen. He said the evening was too lovely and we were having too nice a time to spoil it with mundane things. I suppose it was my wanting so much for him to like me that made it so easy to fall in with his mood. Although I knew I was only fooling myself, I let my head drop to his shoulder and sank back into my dream.

"What hotel?" he asked quietly.

"Hm?" I whispered. Then I sat up. Hotel? I thought of the shabby brownstone house where Kay and I had been living. I couldn't bear to let him see that. "Oh," I said, "hotel—the—Pierre." The next moment I hated myself. I should have let him take me back where I belonged and then told him everything. But I couldn't. Let him leave me at the Pierre, I thought, and then I'd never see him again, never.



"Pinching Pennies is Practical Patriotism"

TO keep coffee fresh and flavorful, store it in the refrigerator—and buy no more than a week's supply. You'll use less coffee per cup if you follow these simple rules.



Invest the pennies saved in WAR SAVINGS STAMPS. Uncle Sam can use every cent you can spare from your household budget. Encourage your husband to cooperate with any plan for pay roll savings that his company may institute for WAR BOND purchases. War Needs Money!

"I'll call for you at ten," he said, while a uniformed flunky of the Pierre held open the door. Then he was gone and I watched his car as long as I could see it.

It was late, but I walked all the way downtown and across. I was completely miserable—and yet strangely happy. Even though I would never see him again—for I told myself I would take the first bus in the morning—this afternoon and evening was something for me to treasure.

Kay was in bed, reading, when I opened the door of our room. "Well," she said crossly, "that was a fine trick you played. And why you had to think of John Richards—!"

"I know," I said. "I'm ashamed of myself. It was just as if I was under some kind of a spell."

"That poor guy, thinking he's going to make a big sale! And if John Richards ever found out about it, he'd—I don't know what he'd do."

"He won't find out," I assured her, sinking miserably to the floor beside the bed. "I'm going to leave tomorrow, and never see Lance again, and nothing more will happen at all."

"Lance!" Kay said in a different tone. "So it's got that far, has it?"

"Oh, yes," I almost sobbed. "Don't be angry with me, Kay. I—I think I'm in love with him and I don't know what to do—I—"

Kay just stared at me for a moment. She frowned. Then her face softened. "Well," she said quietly, "I guess I understand. And I guess the most sensible thing *would* be for you to take the bus tomorrow morning. But—" and she smiled a little—"it wouldn't be quite fair of you to run away and leave him wondering what had happened. Maybe you'd better stay a little longer, and tell him you haven't any uncle that wants to buy six cars."

I looked up, wanting to think she was right, eager to snatch at any excuse to see Lance again. "Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Yes." Then she added sternly, "But you've got to tell him."

"Oh, I will. I will!"

It was easy to make that resolution when I wasn't with Lance. But the next morning when he met me in the lobby of the Pierre, and his gray eyes were smiling into mine and his hand was warm and possessive on my arm, everything just fell into bits again and I couldn't think of anything but that he was there with me and that I never wanted him to go away.

So I didn't tell him that morning, or that evening either, when we went dancing again. And I didn't tell him the next day, or the next. I kept putting it off, grasping at as much happiness as I could store into those few precious days.

KAY was wonderful. She let me wear her evening clothes and helped me do my hair. She even gave me taxi fare to get to the Pierre, when I was pinched for time between dates. I think she rather enjoyed my excitement. But she never let me go without telling me that I ought to confess my duplicity to Lance.

"The longer you wait," she said, "the harder it will be to tell him. Tell him tonight."

"I'll try," I said, fastening the zipper on the black lace dress I'd borrowed from her. "I tried last night, Kay, honestly. But he began talking about his boss and how wonderful this sale was going to be for him and—I—I just couldn't."

"You'll have to find a way, baby," Kay said. "This can't go on forever this way, you know."

"I wish it could," I said sadly.

"Well," Kay sighed, "wishing won't help. And, now, scram out of here. I want to get dressed. I've got a date."

She sounded so happy that I turned to look at her. Her eyes were bright, not with that hard brilliance they usually had, but sort of soft and shining. She looked about ten years younger and very lovely, glowing.

"Why, Kay," I smiled. "You're all excited—like a girl going to her first dance. Who are you going out with?"

"Oh—just a date," Kay said mysteriously. "You're going to La Cabana,"

Continued on page 52

"Romance and lovely skin just seem to go together"

MARLENE DIETRICH

Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

"It's Romance—love—that any woman really wants," this famous beauty says. And shows you how she cares for her own million-dollar skin. Try this gentle Lux Toilet Soap Facial—let it help you win the soft appealing complexion beauty that wins Romance—and holds it!

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LOOK. LOVELY
SKIN WINS!

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COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

aren't you? Maybe we'll see you there."

La Cabana is a very small and noisy night club that's always crowded with lots of people who all seem to know each other. When we went in, several people waved to Lance, but he didn't stop to talk to anyone.

Somchow, he was more serious that evening. He sat opposite me and, for a long time, he hardly spoke at all. And suddenly the fear leaped into my mind that he knew I wasn't J. K. Richards' niece, that I didn't have any money to buy cars, and that he'd stopped caring about me because I had deceived him. Just then our eyes met, and he smiled into mine.

BUT that one instant of fear had taught me a lesson. I know now that no matter how terrible it would be to tell him about my deception, it would be a thousand times worse if, through some accident, he discovered it himself. All at once I was quite calm. I opened my mouth to speak—

Before I could say a word, Lance was looking across the room, his face lighting up. "Why, there's your uncle now! Did you know he'd be here?"

"My—" It was all I could say. For coming toward us were—Kay and a tall, handsome man with tanned face and brown hair just beginning to gray at the temples.

"Lance!" I cried. "Lance, I've got to tell you—before they get here. I made it up—it wasn't true—"

There wasn't time. Mr. Richards and Kay were standing beside us, and Mr. Richards was saying in a deep voice, "Well, having a good time, Jean?"

And this must be the Lance Weatherbee you've been telling me about."

I was weak with relief. Dimly, I realized that Kay must have done this for me. She had swallowed her pride—the pride that had kept her all these years from ever seeing or speaking to John Richards—and had gone to him with the whole story.

Kay winked at me while Lance and Mr. Richards were shaking hands, and then she said, "How about dancing with me, Mr. Weatherbee, and giving Jean a chance to talk to her uncle? You've been monopolizing her so much the last few days, you know, he hasn't really seen her at all."

"I'd be delighted," Lance smiled, and they left the table.

Mr. Richards' smile disappeared. "Well, young lady?" he said severely.

I was frightened—and yet there was a queer kind of exultation inside me. Something told me Mr. Richards didn't really intend to expose me, no matter how stern he tried to look.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Richards," I said. "I suppose Kay has told you all about me and the way I—I pretended to be your niece."

"Yes, she told me. She mentioned that it all started as a matter of professional pride—that you wanted to

Continued from page 50

prove you were a good actress."

"I guess that wasn't really the reason," I said shamefacedly. "It was really because I saw Lance and—fell in love with him, just like that. All at once. It was crazy, but I felt I had to meet him. And now—"

"And now you're afraid to tell him the truth," Mr. Richards finished.

"Y-yes," I said hesitantly.

"I don't blame you," Mr. Richards said in a business-like tone. "Not because he isn't going to make a sale he'd counted on, though that's bad enough when you're trying to make a living, but because anybody can see he's interested in you—and no man likes to have a girl he's interested in make a fool of him."

"I haven't made a fool of him!" I flashed back hotly, angry because to me Lance was perfect and I resented having anyone call him a fool.

"Now, don't get mad," he said. "Because I'm not. I really owe you a debt of gratitude. If it hadn't been for you and your—er—method of getting to know young Weatherbee, Kay probably would never have let me see her again. And—" he was quiet, almost somber—"I wouldn't have liked that."

"You're—"



Say Hello To—

WARREN HULL—Parks Johnson's new team-mate on Vox Pop, Monday nights over CBS. Warren has been on the stage and in movies, and has done practically everything you can do around a radio studio, from producing and directing to sweeping the floor. He was born in Gasport, N. Y., a little town near Niagara Falls, in 1903, and attended both New York University and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, where he won a scholarship but passed it up so a more needy student could use it. His first roles on Broadway were in musical comedy. He's married and has three sons. Until recently his hobby was automobiles, but now he's thinking of taking up the first job he ever had—building bikes.

"Kay's the only girl I've ever wanted to marry," he said simply. "I know she loves me, too. Or she used to, at least. But we quarreled because she wanted to be an actress and I insisted that if she married me she'd have to give up her career. We were both young idiots."

"I'm so sorry." It was a relief, really, to talk about other people's troubles. "Maybe it isn't too late now."

His eyes came back to me then, and he said briskly, "That's what I've been thinking. I'll make you a proposition, young lady. Kay thinks a lot of you. If you can persuade her to give up the stage and marry me, I'll buy those six cars."

My memory flew swiftly back to the few times that Kay had spoken of John Richards. Instinctively I knew that it wouldn't take any great persuading to get her to marry him. She was tired of the life she had chosen for herself, and many times she had bitterly regretted the one she had thrown away. Only pride had kept her silent so long, because she'd never stopped loving John. So it would be easy for me to keep my part of the bargain he had suggested. But—

Suppose he did buy the cars from

Lance? I couldn't go on pretending forever to be John Richards' niece.

All at once, I saw myself in a new light—saw how foolish I had been. And not only foolish, but cheap.

"No, Mr. Richards," I said clearly, "I can't accept your proposition. I don't think it will need any persuading from me to get Kay to marry you. And I've decided to tell Lance the truth right now."

I didn't see the expression on his face, because just then Kay and Lance came back, and I looked directly at Lance as I said:

"It isn't true that I'm Mr. Richards' niece, Lance, or that he asked me to shop for cars. I never saw him before tonight. It was all just a trick—just play-acting."

Lance smiled. Then he said to John Richards:

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say she'd tell me of her own accord?"

For an instant the whole room blurred in front of my eyes. Then it was clear again, and Lance was saying, "I knew from the first. John's been a customer of ours for years—buys all his cars from us. I was pretty sure he wouldn't send a niece around shopping for him, so I called him up and asked. He said you were

an impostor, and to throw you out. But I—" He leaned closer to me. "I didn't. I knew that no matter if you'd pretended to be someone you weren't, it was for a good reason—and that sooner or later you'd tell me."

"Oh, Lance!" I said. "How could you be so sure?"

"Because I love you," he said. And in front of everyone, he kissed me.

We were married a few weeks later—and so were

Kay and John Richards. And Lance and I have had a year of the most perfect happiness.

I thought of all this today, because this morning Lance went away. He is a Naval Reserve Officer and this morning he was called to duty. And as I watched his train pull out and I saw his face through the train window, my mind went back to the first time I had ever seen him.

I walked home from the station, deliberately walking past the old showroom of Jupiter Motors. The store is empty, now. It has been empty for months. I stopped by the window. That was when I thought how different my life would have been, if I'd been born a year later.

I WOULD never have met Lance, because there would have been no cars in the window to make me envious and no one standing on the other side of the plateglass, smiling at me.

It isn't going to be easy—waiting for Lance to come back.

This morning, I was unhappy and afraid. Now, I'm not afraid. All this will be over and Lance will come back. I know he will, just as surely as I knew I had to go in and meet him, that day.

Keep 'em pretty

Keep your fingernails pretty, with Dura-Gloss. In these busy days, Dura-Gloss is better than ever. Its extra *sparkle* and *life* make you feel proud and confident. The way it *stays on* your nails is a real joy when your hands are hard at work. And the fact that you get this superlative finger-tip cosmetic for only 10¢—that's a big help, too, when you're buying War Bonds. So keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss!



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so much*

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When a Girl Marries

Continued from page 34

stood up. "Come on, Joan," she said clearly. "This club isn't the same since they started admitting such insufferable prigs."

With her head held high and her chin set, Joan walked arm in arm with her out of the utterly silent room.

Joan would never have told Harry about it, but Julia did, indignantly sparing no details.

And Harry listened in silence. When Julia had finished, he thanked her, said no more until she had gone. Then he came back from the door, abstractedly rubbing his thumb against the gleaming bowl of his pipe, his eyes brooding. "Harry . . ." Joan said.

HIS gaze came back to her, and resolution tightened his lips. "Joan," he said, "after this is all over, how would you like to leave Stanwood?"

"Leave? You mean—really leave? For good?" Joan faltered.

"Yes. Look, honey," he said quickly. "I've been making some inquiries. Old Mr. MacDonald, up in Beechwood, is retiring to move to California; and he wants his law office taken over by a younger man. How would you like to move up there away from—all this?"

In the silence that followed, Joan heard her thoughts saying wildly, instinctively, that she *would* like to go away—more than anything else in the world. Go away and never see, never think of, Stanwood again. But that was cowardice, she knew. She said weakly, "Harry—your practice here. You've worked so hard to build it up."

"There are things more important than my practice, and your happiness is one of them. I'm not going to have you enduring things like that business with the Catlett woman today. Let's go away and make a fresh start."

She had better control of herself now, and she took his hands. "Darling, you're so sweet. I won't let you give up your practice here just for me. I can stand Bertha, or a hundred like her, as long as I have you. Let's not decide now. Wait till after—the hearing."

After the hearing. All their lives were focussed on the hearing. The date had been set and each, in his own way, prepared himself to meet it. Over and over Harry had Joan describe every word and every movement of that fateful evening at the Lodge. What time she arrived, what Phil said, where they were sitting when Mrs. Ashbey came, what they were doing when Bellows knocked at the door. "I know it's tedious and painful, honey," he said, "but I've got to know every small detail. It's your and Phil's word against Mrs. Ashbey's, unless I can make her contradict her own statements when she's on the stand by hammering home the truth. The same with Bellows. And you and Phil have got to have the whole scene fixed so clearly in your minds that

Eve's attorney won't have a chance to shake you. Now tell me again, what was the first thing Bellows said?"

Over and over she described the room at the Lodge, the lamp, the fire, the table. Phil came often to the house and he too went over the testimony times without number. It was like some grim, grotesque rehearsal. Only this was no play. This was a battle—for Harry, for herself, for their unborn baby. Sometimes afterwards she was so gripped by violent nausea she would have to spend hours lying on the bed, weak with nervous exhaustion.

From Eve herself there was no word. Phil brought them secondhand reports. "She won't see me," he said. "But she's tearing around like a crazy woman. She's drinking a lot, and I hear she got picked up the other night doing eighty miles an hour down the river road."

"Poor thing," Joan mourned. "You can't hate her. You can only pity her with all your heart."

"It's strange. It's like the real Eve were dead, and this girl is some poor, distorted ghost of her. When all this is over I'm going to make a settlement that will keep her secured the rest of her life, and then persuade her to go

"Dear Mr. Davis:" she read, "I am sure that under the pressure of new and rather unusual circumstances, you will find yourself too busy to give full attention to the handling of my legal affairs. So, as of October fifteenth, I am transferring my law business to the firm of Black and Hammill."

It was signed by one of Stanwood's leading businessmen.

"One of our more self-righteous citizens," Phil said angrily. "He's fearful that the breath of scandal will touch his precious hide."

"It's the third such letter I've received since this thing started," Harry said with a stony face. "I'm losing clients right and left."

"Then let's go!" Joan burst out. "Let's get out of here. I can't stand for you to be hurt like this! Oh, darling, let's take the place in Beechwood!"

"I think you'd better," Phil said quietly. "Much as I hate to see you go, I don't think you've got a chance here for the success you deserve. It's a damned shame, but Stanwood's a pretty narrow little place."

"All right," Harry said and pulled Joan to him. "I'll start making the arrangements. We'll go—after the hearing."

It was at midnight that night that the call came. The telephone shrilled in the darkness and Harry leaped to answer it.

"Eve's been hurt," he said when he came back. "Automobile accident. They want us at the hospital right away. I

think—it's pretty serious."

Quickly, fumblingly, they dressed, and drove to the big white building near the edge of town. An attendant led them down the quiet corridors to a dim-lit room. Joan had a confused impression of white-clad figures around the bed, and Phil standing rigidly at the foot. Then she saw Eve.

Her face was as white as the bandages swathing her head. Her long black hair lay limply on the pillow. Only her eyes were alive. They glowed with a sort of feverish fire as she tried to smile.

"Glad you got here," she whispered huskily. "I've got—something I want to say."

"You can't stay long," a doctor whispered. "She's very weak."

Joan gently touched Eve's hand. "Yes, dear. What is it?"

"I want to make a statement." The words came low but steady. "Somebody write it down and then I'll sign it—or whatever I'm supposed to do. All that case against you, Joan—it's a lie."

A sort of stirring rustle went through the room. Phil gripped the rail at the foot of the bed until his knuckles showed white. Harry whipped out a pencil and a note-



THE MINUTE MAN SAYS . . .

Lend your dollars to Uncle Sam. Invest to the limit in War Stamps and Bonds every pay day. If you need your money before your Bonds mature you can cash in your Bonds, any time 60 days after issue date. Buy Bonds regularly through the Pay-Roll Savings Plan. It's the Victory Habit! Start buying Bonds, today.

away. Maybe she can find herself again—and happiness."

IT WAS a new Phil Stanley speaking—a mature and thoughtful man, instead of the careless playboy. He was no longer defeated and bewildered. He had a job now, in the defense plant, and he talked enthusiastically of his work. One of Joan's few satisfactions these days was to see the growing understanding between him and Harry. They were friends now, and sharing adversity and trouble was a bond among the three of them. It made her feel that not all was lost; out of pain such as this, a fine thing could grow. And sometimes, lying on her bed, Joan saw happy pictures of herself and Harry as they used to be, enriched by the stirring life under her heart, and Phil as friend to them all. And then a picture of the hearing would come—the judge, the jury, the witness stand and the newspapers—and blot out everything else. . . .

One night when Phil was there a special delivery letter came for Harry. They watched him read it. They watched his jaw set and his lips tighten, as he angrily crumpled it in his fist.

"Harry! What is it?" Joan took it from him and smoothed it out.

book, and bent lower. Joan choked back a sob.

"When Mrs. Ashbey told me—I believed her. She brought that man Bellows, and I believed him too. Now I know they were lying. I've known it a long time but I—I wanted you to suffer. She found you two up there by accident. It was true—what she said about investigating the lights. But she saw her chance. She hated you, Harry—she wanted to make you pay. . . ."

A nurse held a glass to Eve's lips. She sipped, then moved her head weakly away. Her voice was getting lower and they could all sense the will that was keeping her talking. "She got hold of Bellows. She's got—got something on him, I don't know what. But enough so he'd do what she said. She told him to go to the Lodge with the story about his car. She wanted another witness. I know this is true because she—she taunted me with it the other day when I was weakening. She said—it was too late—to back out now. . . . Forgive me, Joan. I'm sorry. . . ." The words trailed off and the doctor moved up beside her.

"You'd better go now," he said. "All but Mr. Stanley, please."

Joan stopped quickly and kissed the white cheek. As they left the room she looked back. Eve was holding tightly to Phil's hand.

IT WAS the next day before they knew Eve had died three hours later.

Shock and its reaction enveloped Joan like a thin veil through which she saw the world dimly and from a distance. The aftermath of what had happened filtered through to her as if it had no relation to herself. She knew she should be glad and grateful that the newspapers carried the story of Eve's retraction at great length and that her name was cleared; she should be relieved at the news that Mrs. Ashbey and Bellows had hurriedly left town and she was beyond their reach forever. But she wasn't. She felt only benumbed.

From the bed where Dr. Wiggan ordered her for an indefinite period, Joan supervised the packing of their belongings and plans for their removal to the cottage at Beechwood. For a little while she had been tempted, now that the scandal was over, to suggest to Harry that they stay here in Stanwood. But a wisdom that she could not quite define kept her silent. It had been for her sake that Harry initiated the move, but she knew now that he himself was looking forward to it. In Stanwood there would always be, for them, the dirty memory of unhappiness; the scandal was past, but the dregs of it remained.

It was much better to start afresh.

It was late November when they moved. She had never seen the new cottage until Harry drove the car up the gravelled driveway that ran beside the tree-shaded lawn. The house was white frame, and set back from the main road. A hill rose steeply and protectively behind the outbuildings, and the place looked peaceful and quiet as if no strife had ever been known here.

"It would be good to live here," Joan said. "Really good."

"Well," Harry said cheerfully, "that's just what we're going to do."

"Are we?" She gave a wan smile. "I can't believe I ever will. I feel as if somebody will, but not me."



"I'm Going Back to FELS-NAPTHA..."

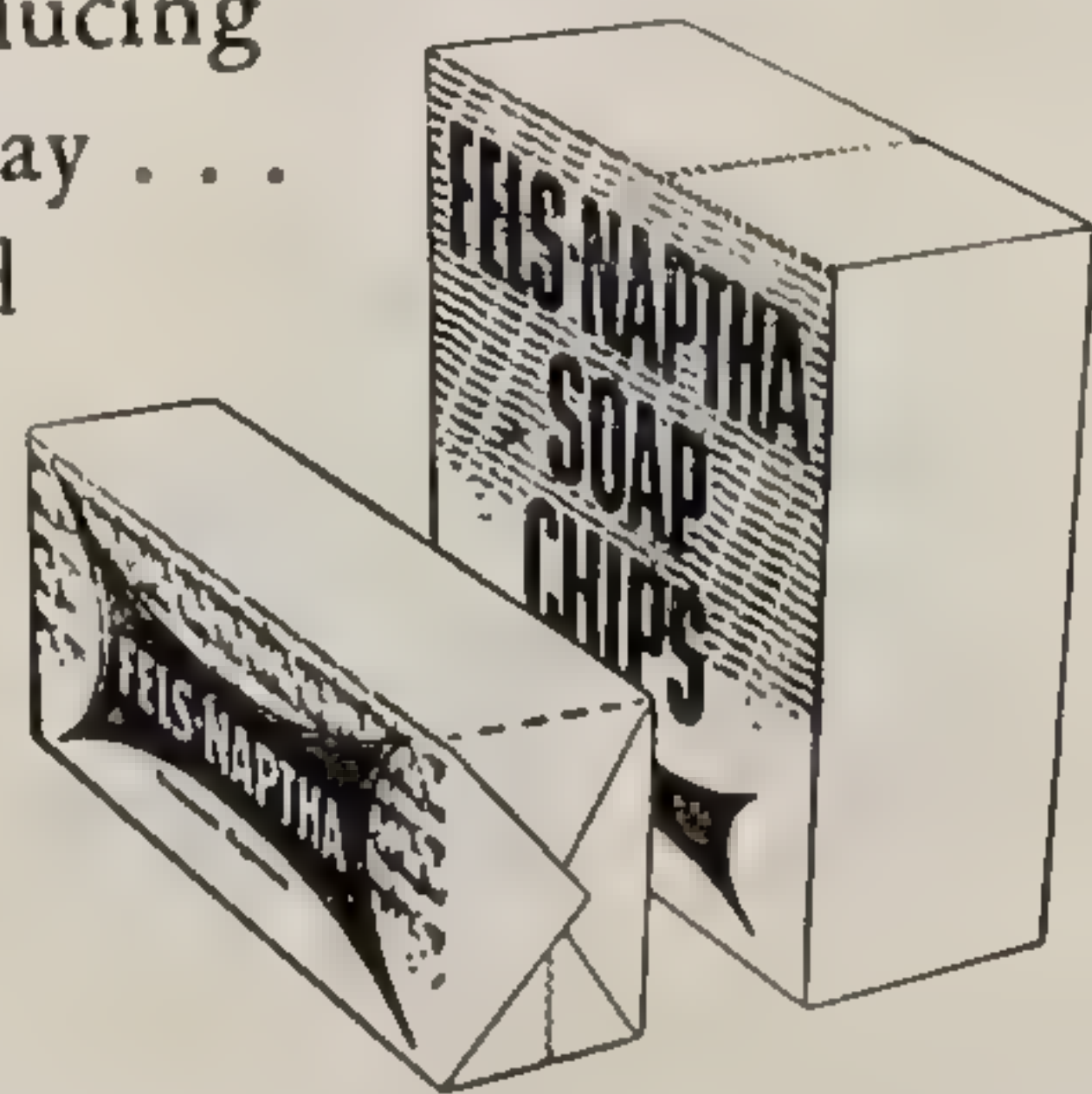
. . . . Dad's shirts lasted longer than this. They stayed white, too. Mother *always* used FELS-NAPTHA soap . . . can't remember why I changed . . . too much bargain-hunting, I guess. Well, this shirt's no bargain, now . . .

the Golden Naptha Soap"

The way things are today, *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap is, more than ever, a *real bargain*. There's no better—or safer—way to dislodge ground-in grime, or remove destructive perspiration stains. The Fels combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap does a thorough job—in a jiffy—without harsh, ruinous rubbing.

This young woman will find Fels-Naptha a better soap than she remembers. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing the wear and tear of washday . . .

By the way—have you tried *today's* Fels-Naptha Soap?



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

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BOMBER FACTORY...



I CAN'T AFFORD
TO SLOW UP A
SINGLE MINUTE--



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WHAT DAY OF
THE MONTH IT IS,
SO BELIEVE
ME...



I NEED MORE
COMFORT NOW
THAN EVER.
AND WHEN I
HEARD --



THAT 3 OUT OF
EVERY 4 WOMEN
VOTED MODESS
SOFTER* I GOT
A BOX QUICK!



GLAD I DID?
YOU BET!



LOOKING FOR EXTRA COMFORT? Try Modess! You'll soon see why 3 out of every 4 women in a nationwide test voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying!

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Modess softer**

LOOK! GIRLS, IT'S THE NEW Boudoir BOX!

AT LAST A BOX
THAT DOESN'T
SHOUT "SANITARY
NAPKINS"!



All that shows on your closet shelf is a charming print pattern. Only Modess has it! And Modess gives you the Boudoir Box for both Regular and Junior size napkins. Still another reason to buy Modess—quick!

"How you talk, honey! Come on, I want to show you the inside. You'll love it."

She did, and she busied herself as much as she was able in unpacking and arranging the furniture and making the acquaintance of the house. But the feeling of impermanence, of being here on borrowed time, never left her.

The night her baby was born Joan knew why. For the baby, clamoring for life two weeks before it was expected, took them all by surprise. And before Dr. Wiggan, driving in frantic haste from Stanwood, could arrive, Joan nearly died. . . .

The last rays of sun had faded into thin, pale gold. Joan sighed and stirred. The play she had watched from her balcony seat was over. The curtain was down and she felt she had learned a lot.

Her thoughts that had been muted by illness were clear as crystal now. The chain of circumstances she had believed to be accidental were, in reality, started by herself. Had she not tried to hang on to an old life at the same time she embraced a new, none of this would have happened. When a girl marries, something is over. One can't cling to it and carry it along into the thing that is beginning. She had tried to, and that was her mistake.

She and Harry had lost their honeymoon days, their time of discovery, forever. That was as it should be. Trying to re-capture that was like trying to clutch at youth when youth is gone. She remembered the Sunday she had been so restless and upset because Harry worked all day. She had wanted him to be the careless, boyish lover when, already, he had been a man willingly and eagerly working that she might be secure. How wrong she had been, and selfish.

What they had between them now was mature and deep-rooted. The storm had struck at them and spent

itself, and still they were together, unbroken. If she ever got well she would tell Harry that. She would show him that she, too, was wise. If she ever got well. . . .

The door opened and Dr. Wiggan came in. "Surprise you? Well, I'm early today—drove out with Harry. What are you looking so pensive about?"

"I've been thinking. I've been learning things."

"I always say there's nothing like a good, long spell in bed for learning things. Now, Joanie, if you'll just move this way. . . ."

The examination was long and thorough. Finally the doctor moved away and started putting on his coat. "I've got good news for you, my girl." His kindly face beamed at her. "Keep on like this and you'll soon be up and around."

"You mean—you mean I'm going to get well?"

"I mean in a month or so you'll be planting bulbs in your garden, and taking care of your baby, and running around like you always have."

"Oh." The word was like a prayer. "Oh, Dr. Wiggan, call Harry!"

When Harry came in she didn't have to tell him. He read the news in her face, and gathered her close. "My darling," he said. "My little wife."

"I've got a lot to tell you, Harry," she whispered. "A lot of things I've learned—about us and about marriage and about—life."

"Tell me later, darling. We've got plenty of time. Just let me hold you now. . . ."

"Yes," she thought happily, "we have plenty of time." Plenty of time to show him she was no longer a girl. She was his wife and the mother of his son. She was a woman now.

For further happenings in the lives of Joan and Harry Davis, tune in *When a Girl Marries*, over NBC, Monday through Friday, at 5 P.M., EWT.

Salads for Variety

Continued from page 40

in combination with other things. It is also fine for hot salad.

Hot Spinach Salad

2 lbs. spinach
1 grapefruit or 2 oranges
4 tbs. French dressing
2 tbs. minced scallions (optional)

Wash and cook spinach, drain and keep hot. Peel grapefruit and divide into sections, removing skin. In small skillet, heat grapefruit sections and scallions in French dressing. Add to spinach, mix quickly and serve while piping hot.

Salads, of course, are a wonderful way of using up those little bits of left-over vegetables which are much too good to throw away. It's easy to combine them and mix them with dressing, but for variety, why not try a chilled vegetable platter, using some cooked and some uncooked ingredients? Cooked and chilled string beans, Julienne carrots and beet slices with sliced tomatoes, green peppers, parsley and radishes are an attractive assortment, and there are dozens of other combinations that will occur to you. Vegetables that can be served raw as well as cooked are spinach, carrots, or cauliflower. If you have

any trouble making a selection, just remember that our leading dieticians say that all the colorful foods are good for us. Thus, any combinations that are rich in eye appeal will be just as desirable from a flavor and nutritional standpoint.

But if you'd rather serve your left-over vegetables hot, try "planking" them as a method of adding new interest. Simply arrange the cold cooked carrots, beets, peas, beans and so on, in rings or mounds on a plank (a heat-proof platter or plate will do just as well), dot lightly with butter and place in the oven until the food is piping hot and the butter has browned slightly.

Another trick to make the vegetable plate more interesting is to add hot hard-boiled eggs with bread and butter sauce.

Bread and Butter Sauce

1/8 lb. butter or margarine
2 tbs. bread crumbs

Melt the butter in a small skillet, stir in the bread crumbs and let them brown, then pour while piping hot over the hard-boiled eggs and vegetables.

Hopelessly Happy

Continued from page 35

surprise that he wasn't too handsome after all. He looked—well, good, that was the word. And although his hair was dark, as she'd said in her column, it had a faint tinge of red to it that she liked.

Then, after the introductions had been performed and they had all sat down, she deliberately looked at his ankles.

Yes. Those socks *were* orange. "Did you knit them yourself?" she inquired sweetly.

Dick Kollmar laughed, and he looked speculatively at Dorothy's off-the-face navy blue hat. To any masculine eye it seemed that every variety of fruit and vegetable in the world was represented in the miniature garden on top of that hat.

"Do you," he asked, "grow your own hats?"

In spite of herself, Dorothy chuckled.

THE luncheon wasn't at all what she had thought it would be. There was no pointless prattle whatever. Instead, there was a great deal of stimulating talk, frequently lightened by the humor that flamed in Dick's brown eyes—talk about the stage, about Broadway, about books and people and the things that were happening in the world.

Before that month was out, Dorothy and Dick had met for two more lunches, but neither date was mentioned in her column. That should have struck Dorothy's friends as suspicious in itself. They knew well enough how determined she is never to let her personal partialities influence her in choosing material for that column. But not one of them suspected.

Perhaps they simply didn't think Dorothy was the romantic type. You can hardly blame them. After all, she was the supreme example of the modern career-girl. She'd spent years covering murder trials for her newspaper, and for that same newspaper she'd made a sensational flight around the globe. In Hollywood, where she made a picture, and on Broadway in the course of her column-writing, she had met eligible bachelors by the dozen—and had gone blandly on her way, not caring. It looked very much as if she were invulnerable to this thing called love.

She wasn't—but she had her own notions about it. She had seen too many light loves, too many infatuations that ended in the divorce courts, to trust the first thoughtless promptings of her heart. She would wait until she was sure.

Before that time, though, "Knickerbocker Holiday" went on tour, taking Dick with it, and it was early summer before he was back on Broadway. He pulled into Grand Central late on a warmish afternoon, and while the red-cap loaded his bags into a taxi he stood on the sidewalk, listening to the New York noises, smelling the New York smell. To an actor, back after a long tour, they are the most exciting sounds and smells in the world. Particularly if that actor is young, and in love, and has spent the last three months planning what he'd do his first evening in town.

But when he'd gone to a hotel and bathed and changed, he wavered. Three times he picked up the tele-

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4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is! You can use it before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
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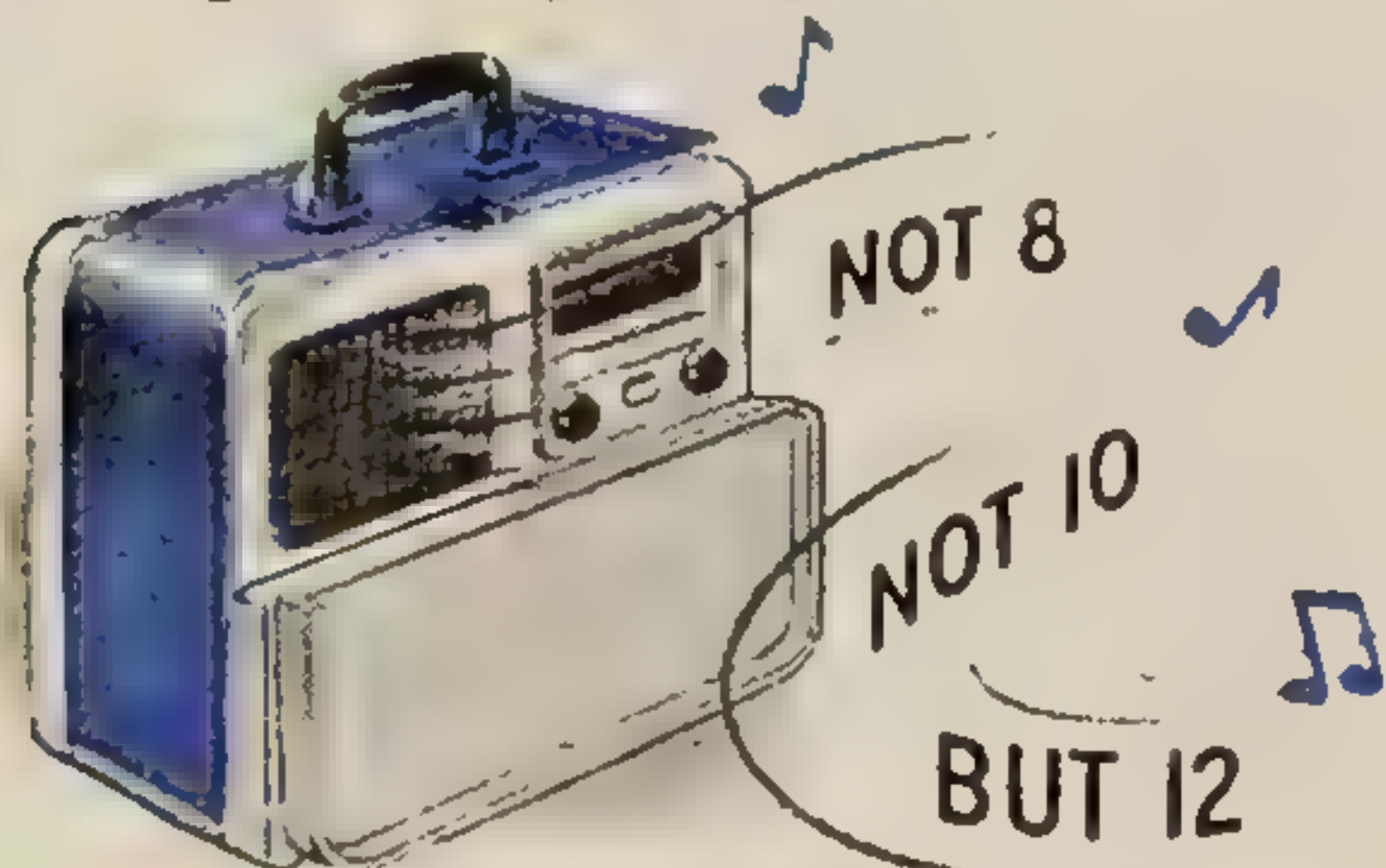
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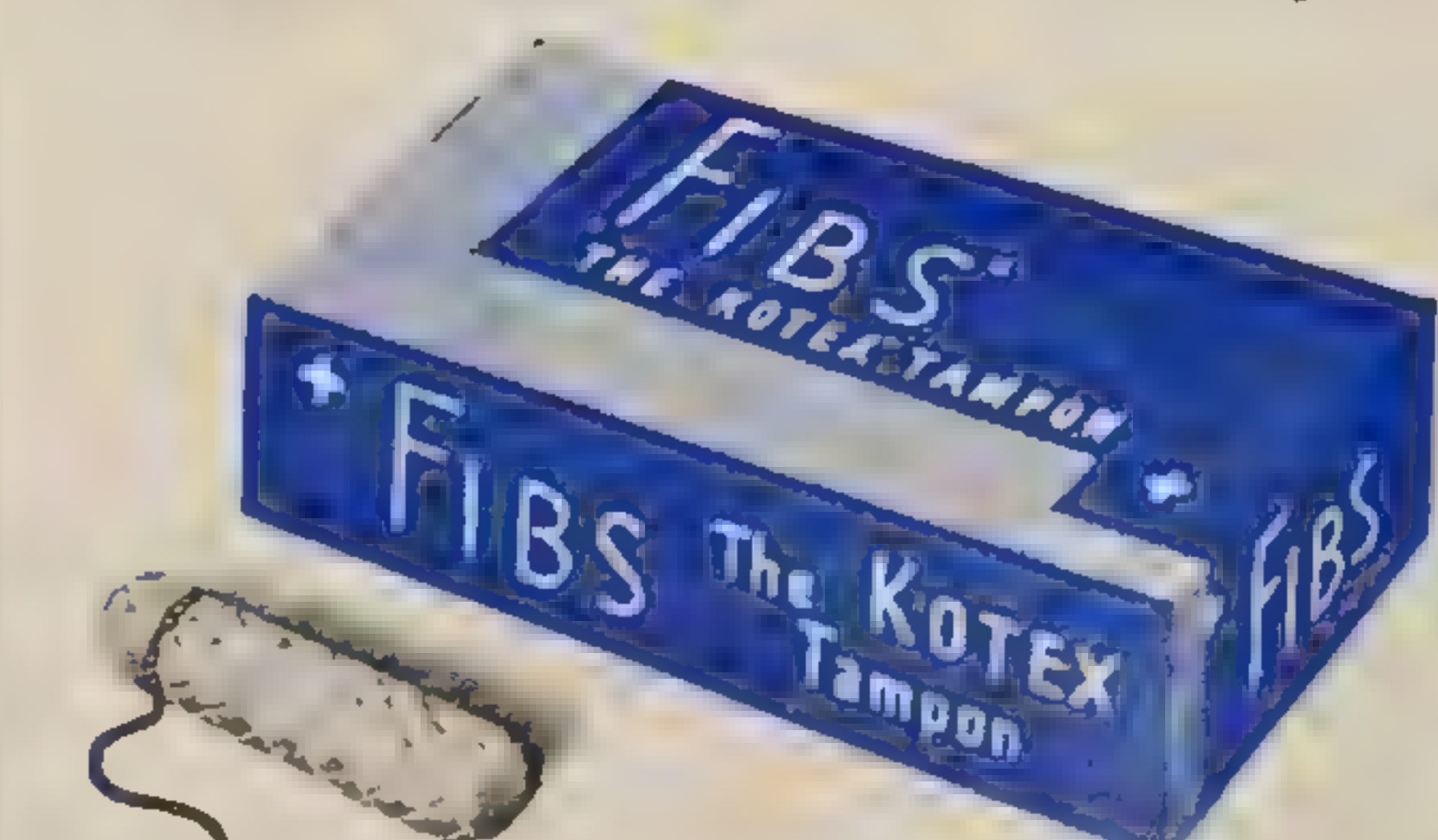
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(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

phone and put it back again. He should have written. It was too late in the afternoon to call a girl like Dorothy and say—just like that—“Look, will you have dinner with me tonight?”

On the fourth try he set his jaw and dialled the Kilgallen number. The line proved to be busy, and for five minutes he paced the room undecided whether to be relieved or disappointed. Finally he tried again—and Eleanor answered. Dorothy had already left, and wouldn't be back until late, she said.

WELL, that was that. He went to the Stork Club, and stood at the bar sipping a drink. The Stork was about as usual—crowded with people who had famous names, and with people who rather wished they had them. Suddenly his idle survey of the room was halted by the sight of a girl in a pink candy-striped dress. Dorothy! And sitting at a table all alone!

Dick put down the glass so abruptly that some of the liquid spilled out. Dorothy caught sight of him as he came toward her, and smiled a welcome.

“I thought you were on tour!” she exclaimed.

“I have been, but now I'm in town for a while.” He stood over her, beaming idiotically, and went on in a too, too casual voice. “As a matter of fact, I tried to call you this afternoon. I know a wonderful new place to eat, where they have a little orchestra that plays Viennese waltzes...”

“Sounds nice...”

“It's early yet. If you—”

“I couldn't now, Dick,” she put in quickly. “This is going to be a birthday party for a friend.”

“We could go now, before it gets started,” Dick urged. “And you could telephone later with excuses. Your hostess wouldn't mind, maybe.”

Laughter wrinkled Dorothy's tip-tilted nose. “But maybe she would,” she said. “You see—I'm the hostess!”

But the next night there was no birthday party, nor anything else except just the two of them, going together to a hotel where they danced every time the band played. That was all right for the first date but for the second they went to a quieter place, where they wouldn't be known. And for the third, they went to a movie, and for the fourth just for a walk in the park.

For two such modern people, it was a curiously old-fashioned courtship. Dorothy lived at home, with her family, and when Dick called for her it wasn't like meeting a girl who lived alone or with a roommate in an apartment hotel. While Dorothy dressed, Dick would sit in the living room, chatting with her father, Jimmie Kilgallen, who was a famous reporter long before Dorothy ever read a newspaper, or with Eleanor. He was a friend of the whole family.

It was on their sixth date that Dick proposed. On the air and in plays, he had rehearsed and enacted a thousand proposals, but for the first and only real one of his life he stumbled, and reddened, and got words twisted, and finally concluded bluntly:

“So what do you say—yes, or no?”

“Yes!” said Dorothy, and added an ominous, “But—” before Dick had had time to catch the breath that had rushed out of his body in a flood of relief.

“But what?”

“Well—this may seem old-fashioned,” Dorothy explained, “But after all, we've only been out together a few times and... and I want to be sure. And I've always thought that Dad... I mean, you ought to...”

“You want me to ask your father?”

Dorothy blushed. But she nodded.

“What if he doesn't like me? What if he thinks, like a lot of people, that actors aren't very reliable, and—”

“Dad won't judge you as an actor,” Dorothy said softly. “He'll judge you as a man.”

Which is exactly what Jimmie Kilgallen did. His exact words were: “If you're good enough for Dorothy, you're good enough for me.”

On April 6, 1940, Dorothy Kilgallen became Mrs. Richard Tompkins Kollmar. Eleanor, whose insistence that Dorothy keep a luncheon date some fourteen months earlier was really responsible for the wedding, was maid of honor. It was a formal ceremony, with bouquets and telegrams from all over the nation.

Of the ceremonies at St. Vincent Ferrer church, Dick, in typical bridegroom fashion, remembers little. All he recalls is that “it took an hour and fifteen minutes.”

The following day, in place of the Kilgallen column in her New York paper there appeared this notice: “Miss Kilgallen is on her honeymoon.” The item appeared for a week. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kollmar were in Cuba. They had planned on a longer stay, but one week was all the time Dick could get off from his hit Broadway show, “Too Many Girls.”

A good many Broadway romances end, literally, with the wedding bells. The Times Square cynics who were waiting for the rift that often occurs when a woman has both husband and career have been disappointed by Dorothy. And when the word got around last spring that the Kollmars were expecting a baby, the skeptics went into seclusion to live on a diet of their own words.

The baby was born on July 11th. Dick thought it would be a girl. “Maybe with a vegetable-garden hat,” he laughs.

But Dorothy had been certain it would be a boy. “I even expected him to be wearing orange socks,” she says... and she was right about everything but the socks. The eight-pound boy was given his father's name, Richard Tompkins Kollmar, Jr.

ON the surface, the child hasn't made any difference in the lives of its parents. But one look at Dorothy playing with young Richard in the nursery of their Park Avenue home is enough to indicate her chief interest. Her heart is more in the nursery than in the night clubs where Broadway news is made. She was trained in the newspaper school of doing a job right, and being a mother, she feels, is the most important job in the world.

“I want to learn all I can about babies,” she explains, “so I'll know everything there is to know about the next one.”

Meanwhile, Dorothy carries on with her daily newspaper column and her radio program. Skeptics, watching Dick rush home from his Bright Horizon CBS show, and from guest-star appearances on other networks, have finally given the Kollmars up as a pair of Manhattan's real people. The reason? Only real people can be so hopelessly happily married.

My Heart Will Follow You

Continued from page 21

I withdraw the offer, if it doesn't come up to specifications."

He turned back, swiftly, his face penitent. But before he could speak, I said, "Just to keep the record straight, I'll tell you that I was not drawing any lines on what I would give. There were no limits, not this time. I was drawing lines about what I could let you give. I was ready to come to you without marriage, but I was not ready to let you throw away your career. I was not ready to let you give up the plans you and your father have had so long for starting a clinic in Grey Mountain. I was not ready to let you do the thing that would make you bitter and regretful all your life."

AND then I turned to go.

But he seized me with passionate strong hands. "Darling, listen. You've got to listen to me." Did I say before that he was casual? There was nothing casual about even his words now. "I love you." I think it was the first time he had put it into words and they came hard even now. "You love me." He almost groaned it. "I've been out of my mind ever since I met you, wanting you. Maybe you don't know what that does to a man, but I thought— Oh, was I wrong, dear? I thought you felt the same way—"

"Oh, you weren't wrong, Jay! I do. Oh, I do." I was all his again. I couldn't have left him, now.

"Then why do we do this to each other?" His voice grated harshly in my ear. "Why do we let anything stop us having each other? Why?"

I knew the answer, but I could not have spoken. His hands were hurting my shoulders with their fierce grip, and I welcomed pain.

He went on savagely, "We've got to take our happiness. Now, while we can. What's the use of sacrifice in a world that's going mad around us? Our only chance is to think of ourselves and let the devil take the hindmost."

I might have given up then to the urgency in his voice and in my own body, but for those last words. They did something to me, made things too clear.

Almost in spite of myself, I was stiffening, drawing away, feeling chilled. I said, "Jay. You can't mean that. You can't mean you'd let the devil take your father, and take those poor farmers who have counted on you to help them get decent medical care for their kids—you can't let the devil take them, Jay!"

Maybe in trying too hard to convince myself, I was too eloquent. Maybe I sounded theatrical, self-righteous, stinging him to answer: "Yes. Sure, I do. They'd look out for their own chance first, wouldn't they, if they could? Well, I want mine. And I say we've got a right to grab our chance while the grabbing's good."

"I don't believe it," I told him. "This isn't you talking. Not the man I love."

I see now how that infuriated him. He turned away, jerked away. "All right. It isn't. Because you don't love me. You never have. If you had



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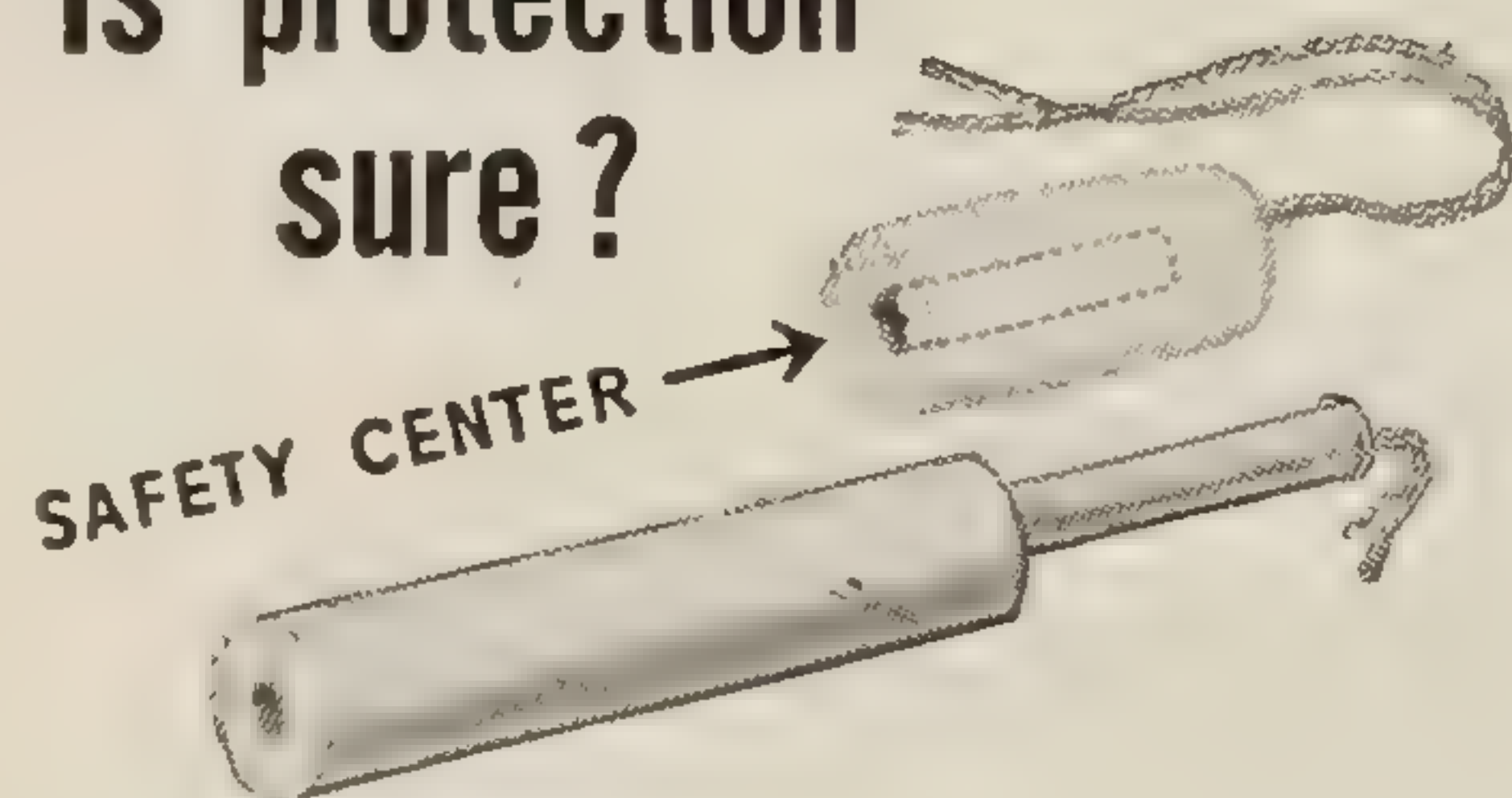
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felt about me as I did about you, you couldn't let all that high-sounding stuff about principles stand between us—"

There was something about that sentence that suddenly finished everything for me. He had spoken of our love in the past tense.

I felt numb. All the wonderful rich flow of life had dried up. It was as if I hadn't known the surging violent temptation that could make me forget the training of my childhood, the conventions and morals of my background. Now I felt as shriveled and tight and dead as any spinster I had ever known.

I said quietly, "Perhaps you are right. Perhaps we were both—mistaken."

And there wasn't a thing either of us could do about it. We seemed to walk home in a nightmare from which we could not extricate ourselves. I stood on the front porch of Mrs. Grayson's boarding house and watched Jay walk away, quickly and deliberately. If he had looked back, I would have called him, begged him not to go. And if I had called out, perhaps he would have looked back, and stayed. But neither of us could break the paralyzing spell of our misery.

I went back into the house, and the next morning I took the six o'clock train home with Mother as I had planned. Only when I had planned it, I didn't really believe I'd ever follow out the plan. I had thought I'd try, and some miracle would stop me, would let me stay. I had not dreamed it would be so easy to get on that train and go away from Jay.

Oh, but there was nothing easy, after that!

Do you know what it is to be in the city and never feel relief from loneliness? Do you know what it is to try desperately to succeed in your work when a thousand leaden weights seem to drag at every nerve and muscle of your hands and brain? Though how I'd have lived without that job I can't imagine. By burying myself in it, by pretending that nothing else existed and had any importance in the world, I lived each hour through. I even made myself fairly useful at Wendell, Incorporated. Indispensable, according to Mr. Martin who was the chief of our department, who also hinted I was personally indispensable to him as well.

Oh, yes, I had dates. Not as many as I could have had, for it seemed that being thin just made me into the stylish clothes-horse type that many men in the city like very well. Shadows around brown eyes make them look larger and my kind of dark

hair goes well with what Jay called "gardenia pallor," which by now had become permanent.

Yes, I had dates enough to satisfy my mother, who could not have borne the knowledge that my life had stopped. I don't know, now, whether she was fooled, and after a while it wasn't very important to either of us. Because the dates stopped, as did every device for filling time. I needed every moment I could spare from work to spend beside my mother's bed. We had the best consultants, but they were not good enough. Nothing could be done. She died, Mother did, before another June had come around. Less than a year since I had made my sacrifice, it had become a futile, bitter mockery.

I had thought life was hard, before.

But now it was as if I woke up from a nightmare and found reality incomparably worse than the dream. What had I to live for, now? My work? How could I ever have thought that counted? Other men? I looked at them and I held it violently, unreasoningly against each one of them that he was not Jay.

My life was intolerably empty, like my apartment. I tried to fill each moment, as I filled my apartment, with people or with their voices which I could bring flooding around me with the twist of a knob on the radio dial.

I know now I was drowning out a voice that was trying to reach my consciousness, a voice that would tell me something I dared not know. But you can't dodge your own thoughts forever. One night it caught up with me by way of the very sound I had summoned to crowd it out.

I had paused in the living room just long enough to sew up the hem of my slip before the house phone should announce my current date. The radio voice was murmuring as usual. I hardly heard the genial tone of the announcer making his introduction but suddenly I was hearing the next voice. The words didn't count, but they were something like this . . . "main difference between now and a year ago for me comes in the morning. Being an art student I was a late riser. I got up when I woke up and took plenty of time over my coffee. But now—well, you folks out there who still set your own alarm clocks, you'll never know till you hear the sound of that reveille . . ."

I didn't hear any more of what he said. I just kept hearing the voice, heard it long after he had stopped and the announcer had continued the program, announcing another soldier. It wasn't that the first soldier's voice was like Jay's. It wasn't. It was



Say Hello To—

ELSPETH ERIC—the girl you love to hate when she plays Diane Carvell on the Big Sister program over CBS. She doesn't always portray villainesses on the air, though; you've heard her in roles ranging all the way from comedy to tragedy, from adolescents to old ladies. Elspeth's father was a doctor, and no one in her family ever acted, but from the time she was a child in Chicago she's always had dramatic ambitions. Like so many talented people, she divides her time between radio and the stage; unlike many others, she's never been in the movies. She likes to ride horseback, and didn't even get discouraged not long ago when, as she says, the horse made a left turn without putting his hand out, and threw her.

slower, a drawling Southern voice. But it shared one important thing with Jay's: youth, and with it the troubled, searching urgency not quite concealed by the commonplace words about small matters; the quest of a young man for his future.

Queer how far-off the war had seemed to me till then. But now it was immediate, of my own generation. It was this unknown boy's war—and Jay's. That boy, like Jay, had built and studied and learned and planned for his future. But the war had reached out and snatched him from his world, hurled him into something that had nothing to do with his preparation and his dreams—into something that might turn to death before he had known life.

I knew then that I had been wrong! That was the knowledge I had been fighting. This was what I had tried to escape. Jay had been right when he said that happiness in this crazy world must be grabbed while the grabbing is good. I had not let him grab it. And now it was too late. But was it too late?

ALMOST before the thought had come to me, I was at the telephone, learning that there was a train for Granite Canyon in half an hour. It meant a wait of three hours to connect with the local to Grey Mountain but—

I was on that train. I waited half the night at the tiny station of Granite Canyon, but I felt no drowsiness. It seemed to me that my heart pounded so frantically the whole night through that it could pound no harder when I turned into the maple-lined street and saw the big rambling yellow frame house with its weather-beaten sign swinging from a pillar of the porch. It gave me a shock, that shabby black sign. There was only one name on it, the gilt letters tarnished and worn off at the edges; JAMES DAWES, M. D.

I would not let myself draw any conclusion from that. I would just stand here a moment on the porch, trying to get my breath.

The door opened and a bent, tired looking woman came out leading a little boy. A voice boomed out after them: "You tell that husband of yours if he doesn't hold out a quart a day of his cow's good milk for this kid, I won't give him my vote for Grand Vizier of the Lodge—"

"He'll do it, Doc," the woman said, smiling back over her shoulder. The boy dragged at his mother's hand, looking back too and beaming.

They loved him. I didn't need to see him to love him, myself. The voice was enough. Different from Jay's, heartier, surer, more freely affectionate, but with the same vibrant depth. But when I saw him standing there in the doorway, big and tall, his eyebrows twisted quizzically at me, my love turned to pain. He was like Jay, so like him! The same wide shoulders, only a little stooped, the same square face, even the same deep-cleft line down the lean cheeks and the same thick clipped brush of hair above the high broad forehead, only silvery instead of sandy red. Oh, this could be Jay when he was older. If only I could have a chance to love him then—

"I'm Carla Blair," I murmured. The eyebrows lifted a little more, and his head tipped a bit to one side, waiting. The name meant nothing to him.



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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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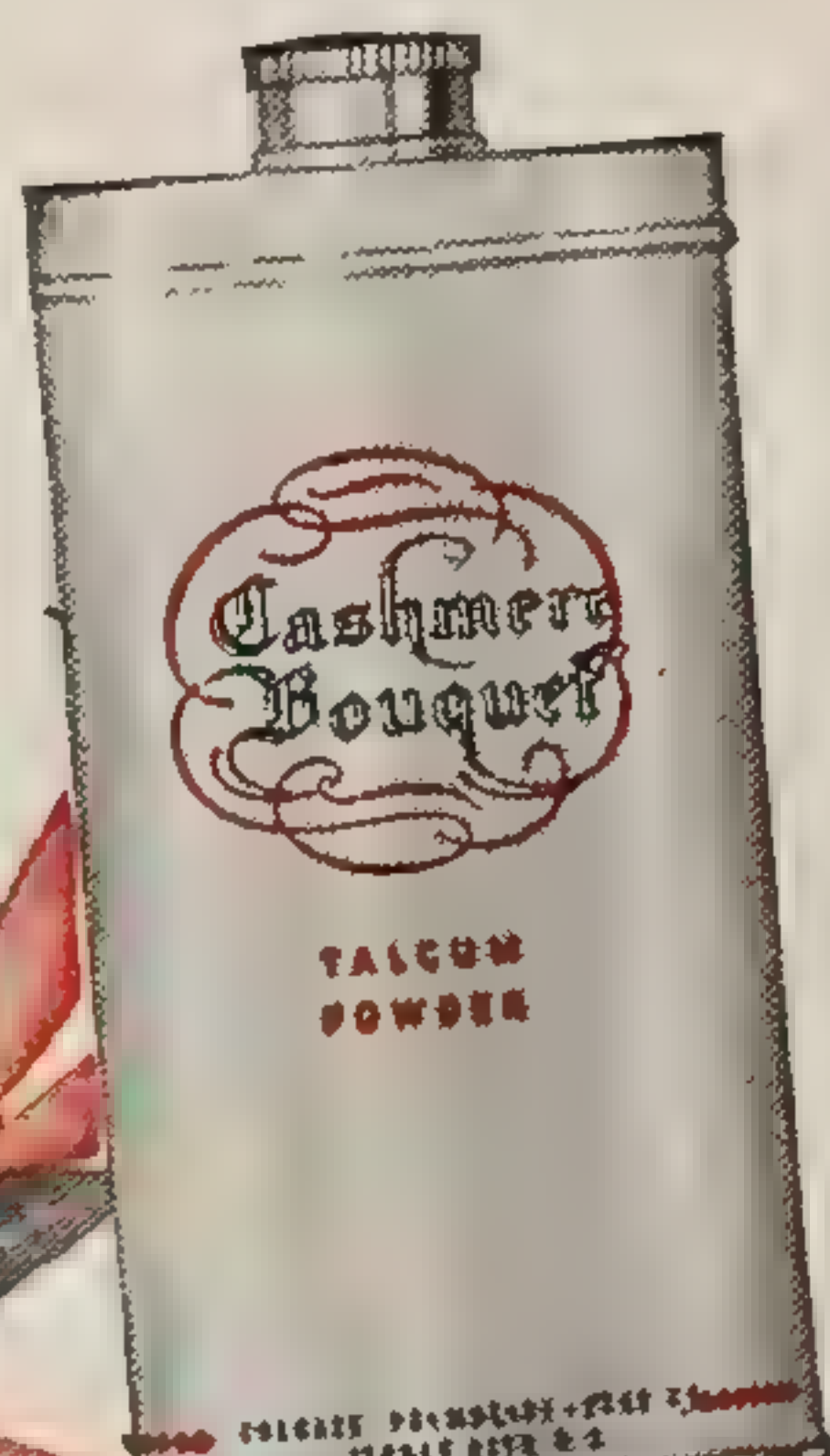
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"I—I'm not a patient," I explained, hesitantly.

"You don't look like a patient," he said, smiling.

"I—I wanted to see your son." I found Jay's name impossible to say.

"My son?" The smile fell away from his face. "Jay?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes. Jay. Is he—here?"

He shook his head. Then with a sudden lighting of his eyes he asked, "Did you expect him to be? Did he tell you he was coming home? That he—maybe he has a furlough?"

But the hope faded from his eyes as he saw mine, heard my voice. "Furlough!" Then I was crying out wildly, "Oh, I knew it! I knew I was too late!" And I was weeping, just standing there with the tears streaming down my face, feeling the room begin to whirl around me, physically sick with despair.

HE touched me with a doctor's hands. "Come, my dear." He led me to the old worn black leather sofa and laid me down, then held my head while I drank something bitter and fizzy he had mixed. He said, "Just rest here a while and then we'll go along home and have a cup of coffee."

"Home. . ." He had called his house my home, as if it were mine as well as his—and Jay's.

The yellow house did seem like home to me. Something about its scent—compounded of stray medicinal odors from the office, of baking bread and cakes and cookies, of soap and clean clothes fresh from the windy line, of ferns and begonia and ivy and geranium in the sunny bay window—all mixed together into an indefinably right atmosphere for home. I felt as if I could have picked out from any group the round old wrinkled Mrs. Rainey as the housekeeper who had brought Jay up. I recognized Jay's dry wit, his reserve and careful manners in her tart speech and twinkling eyes. I sat drinking coffee and eating buttered crusty coffee rolls and imagining the numberless meals Jay had eaten in this same walnut paneled dining room. While I drank and ate I heard the news of Jay. It was brief enough. He had been deferred only long enough to finish his surgical residency, and he was now in a camp in the Southwest.

The voice was gentle, the eyes—hazel eyes like Jay's—were kind and did not question me, but I gave the answers I knew he wanted. I held back only one thing. I could not tell him that his son had ever dreamed of giving up the clinic for a job with a society doctor. That made the end a little vague. "I—I failed him somehow, I guess. We quarreled. And—well, our parting was pretty final."

What he read into that I couldn't tell. But in his eyes there was no reproach, only the wisdom that comes from years of helping human beings who are suffering. He said, "I see. I can understand now why Jay was—the way he was, this year."

"The way he was?"

"Yes. Unlike himself, the boy I'd known. Tired, almost bitter, as if the flavor had gone out of things for him; even his work. Not that he didn't distinguish himself," he added in a quick flash of pride. "He did. I had plenty of assurance on that score. But he himself hardly seemed to care about his record. He asked further deferment from the draft board to start our clinic and when it was dis-

allowed I had the feeling that didn't matter much either, nothing mattered. I often wondered if there was a girl. But never before had anyone counted that much in his life—"

Somehow it made it a million times worse to know this was the way he was, that he had waited all his life for the girl he wanted—for love, and then had it denied him.

"Oh, damn!" I cried out. "Damn my ideals!"

Dr. Dawes did not look shocked. He did not question me. He simply placed his hand on mine. After a moment he said, "That's right, swear at it, cry it out, anything."

Nothing could have helped me so. I spent the weekend there, the first night lying and weeping as tempestuously as he could have wished, and the next deeply and soundly asleep. For in between I had been getting acquainted with Jay. Not the young Dr. Jay Dawes, but the beaming baby Jay of the days when the clefts in his cheeks had been outright frank fat dimples; then the tall strong boy with the dimples made deeper by the tight-held corners of his mouth in a shy smile; and then the serious graduating boy whose mouth was still and grave and whose eyes were luminous with dreams and purposes. Oh, how could I have doubted the ideals, the integrity of that boy grown into a man? How could I?



AVOID WASTE ON THE LITTLE THINGS.. SPEND FOR THE BIG THINGS. WAR SAVINGS BONDS

Out of that shame I wrote to Jay. "I shall never forgive myself," I told him, "but I am asking your forgiveness. I should have known that you were right—that nothing in all the world counted as much as the love we had for each other. How I could have dared to set myself up as a judge of right and wrong, or to tell you how to live your life, I can't understand now. And it is too late, I guess, to ask for the love that I deserved to lose. But I am not asking for love, Jay. I'm writing only that you may know, if it should matter to you now at all, that I believe in you, and always shall, forever."

I MAILED that letter late in the night, feeling drained of emotion, dull and hopeless. Perhaps he would resent this message, coming too late for anything but regret. Perhaps he would not even care enough to resent it, for maybe his first hot anger had changed to cold indifference. Probably it would be less than meaningless to him now that I should suffer over a mistake that was still big to me but had shrunk to nothing in the perspective of his life. If he answered, it would only be from the kindness taught him by his father, the courtesy drummed into him by Mrs. Rainey.

But like all women who love, I couldn't keep down my hope. Back in the city, I counted the hours till I could hear from him. Twenty-four, maybe even thirty-six before the

letter could reach him; then if by some wild chance he wrote a reply at once, it would be that long again before I received it.

But it was less than thirty-six hours later that I came home from work and looked with crazy longing, as I had each day I had been in the city, at the mailbox, and found the telegram. I felt suffocated as I tore it open and read the wonderful words: "I have so much to say and only one way of saying it. Listen in tonight eight radio station WRXY."

It told me everything—and nothing. I felt a queer mixture of sensations: disappointment, wonder, suspense—dread. What did it mean?

Would I hear his voice tonight?

The thought made me weak. I told myself how absurd my excitement was. The nation's networks were not used for personal messages of love. But that was the implication of the telegram.

I NEVER left the radio from the moment I reached my apartment, as if my sitting there would bring a national program on the air a minute sooner. When it did come, there was a sudden stillness inside me and the voice seemed very far off, saying, "Fort Raymond calling . . ."

My fingers gripped the chair arms so tightly that hours later I felt the ache. "Tonight some of the boys are going to get a few things off their chests—the kind of thing they wouldn't be caught writing in their letters home but figure you ought to know about your army." He introduced a corporal who spoke with such a heavy accent that I was glad it took all my attention to follow his description of his former army service in Czecho-Slovakia, his escape from a Nazi concentration camp, and now his feeling about being in a free army which had a chance to win against the forces that had crushed his country's freedom. Tears came to my eyes as he finished his halting words. But was this it?

The announcer introduced another soldier, a sergeant whose diffident words barely suggested the prosperous beginning he had made in business, given up to put his ability into an army office for \$58 a month. "And that's a lot more than I need," he ended brusquely. Again I was touched. But was this all?

A nurse from the camp hospital said that all she wanted was a chance to serve, the farther away the better. "And the worse conditions are when we get there the more I'll love stepping in and helping to clear them up," she finished with a little giggle. I envied her from the bottom of my heart. She might be serving right beside Jay, passing him the instruments he needed, being where he wanted her, always ready. Maybe that was what Jay wanted me to hear: the words of a girl who was not afraid to be what a man needed. Oh, no! Jay wouldn't take this way of telling me! But wouldn't he, maybe, after this year? All through the songs from Gilbert and Sullivan sung by the next boy, I kept wondering. Could it be—

But the announcer's voice was coming now—"hard time getting these fellows to talk, it seems they'd rather say it with scalpels, but one broke down today and admitted that they sometimes take a few minutes off from what goes on in other people's insides to think what's going on in



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their own heads. Anyway, you can be sure we were mighty glad to make room on this program for Lieutenant Jay Dawes, M.D. . . ."

They say the broadcasting companies make sure there's never a moment of dead time on the air when nothing is going on. But I thought I was waiting an hour for Jay's voice to begin, an hour that was impossible to bear.

But I was still there, when that slow, rather hesitant voice came on: "Like other fellows in this thing, I had my plans for the future. Good plans, they were, I see now. But for a while I came near throwing them over, even before the war came along to do it for me."

Somehow I got my breath then, hearing the familiar, slightly husky sweetness of Jay's deep tones. My ears stopped ringing and I heard these incredibly beautiful words: "But for the influence of one person, I would have thrown them over—and my principles along with them. The world didn't look so sane even then, and it made a good alibi for anyone who wanted to look out first for Number One and let the devil take the hindmost."

My heart, oddly enough, did not stop beating through those sentences, but seemed to take on strength and steadiness. I felt deeply calm, for the first time in a year.

"But I've been thinking since I've been here," he went on, earnestness coming through his husky voice, "that it was this very alibi that brought the world to its crazy state. It was because men were able—and willing—to practice that devil-take-the-hindmost philosophy that we are in this mess. It's the reason we have to fight, and I hope it's what we're fighting. Now that I see it that way, I can work a lot better. The most I can hope for all other men in the service is that they can know, as I do, that someone is waiting who expects the best from them. Then they cannot fail to put their best into this fight."

That was all. If you heard it, perhaps it seemed just one more young, solemn, rather trite attempt of a boy to find himself in a job that was not of his own making. But to me it was the answer to everything.

No, not everything. Did he love me?

If he had loved me, wouldn't he have wired, "Come here immediately so that we can be together?"

I had to know. Almost before the announcer's voice took up the program I was grabbing clothes out of the closet, stuffing them into my bag. I did not telephone for information. I knew I had to go to that airport and just sit waiting till a plane was going my way.

BUT the phone called me. Only habit sent me to answer it. It hadn't occurred to me that this might be Jay himself.

The shock of hearing his voice—so much farther away than it had seemed on the air—sent me reeling.

"Carla! You heard?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "Yes, Jay. And now I'm—"

"I didn't want to call you on the phone, dearest. I didn't intend to. I hoped I could tell you everything the—the way I tried to, on the air. But I was afraid you might not understand, so—"

"I understood, almost." But now I understood everything. He would not have called me unless he still loved me. And then it struck me that there had been something strange in his words just now. In quick apprehension, I said:

"You didn't want to call me? Why, Jay? Why?"

"Because—hearing your voice—I knew how hard it would be for me to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?" It was almost a whisper.

"Yes. You see, dear, I'm—we're all—leaving very soon for—for what they call an 'undisclosed destination.'"

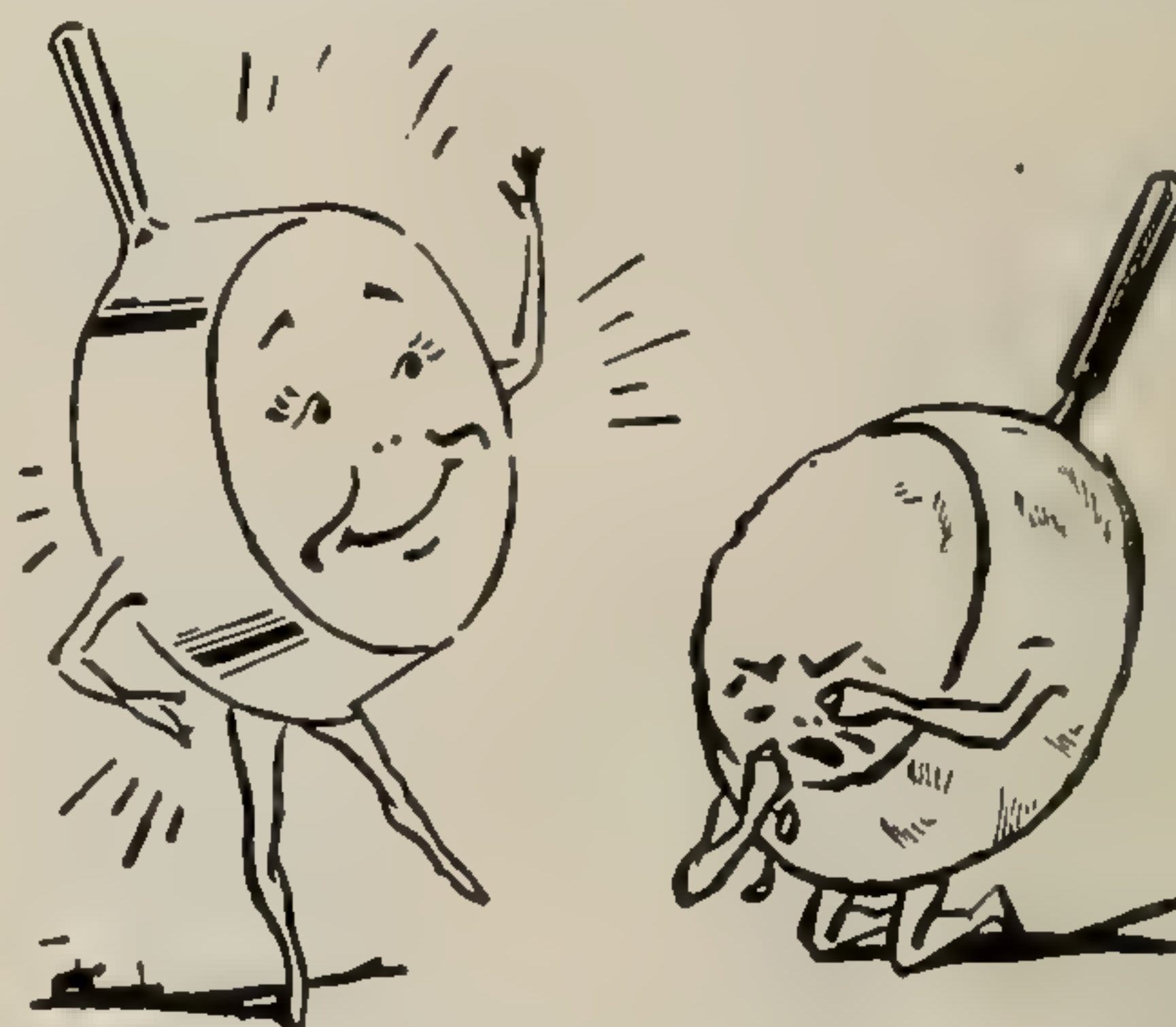
But the phone was slipping out of my hand. A roaring in my ears drowned out his voice, as if a thousand airplanes were closing in on the city.

"Carla!" Dimly I caught the tone



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of command. "Listen, darling. Listen to me. I'm glad to go, now. You've given me the one thing I needed to take with me, the one thing I've wanted for so long. Be happy about that, and I will be. Until I come back. Because I will!"

I have obeyed. I have been—perhaps not happy, but content. Happiness is a word which anyone who is sensitive to the sufferings of others must give up for the duration. But contentment can grow and bloom inside the heart that is at peace with itself. It gives me strength to meet each day, whatever it shall demand of me, and to face the future, whether it holds disaster or happiness. Which-ever it is, I can take it.

I guess that is as much as any American can ask, these days.

Helpmate

(Continued from page 14)

though all those imaginary conversations had really taken place. Linda had never felt that she knew anyone as well as she knew Steve Harper. He was a composer! He had created that beautiful music that she had heard and that still sung in her head.

The day outside was somehow sunnier when Linda and Steve came out of the church. Linda had faint hope of catching up with her family now. And just to walk along with Steve, this way, and make up for all those imaginary conversations . . .

Then suddenly a flying figure approached them.

"Isn't that your little sister?" asked Steve.

"It's Holly, all right. Dad must have gotten worried and sent her—"

Holly came to a sudden stop, breathless, her eyes alive with curiosity as she looked from Linda to Steve.

"Oh, Linda," she said, "Dad got tired of waiting and sent me—how do you do, Mr. Harper. I'm Holly Emerson, Linda's sister. I didn't know you two knew each other. I've seen you in church every Sunday for the longest time. I've always wanted to talk to you—"

Steve and Linda burst out laughing. A rather pleased expression came into Holly's eyes as she watched them. So her big sister was finally waking up, was she?

"Hello, Holly," said Steve.

"I'm sorry I've kept Dad waiting," Linda said.

"Oh, it'll be all right now, Linda—now that there's a good reason—have you invited Mr. Harper home for dinner?"

"Holly!"

"I just happened to meet your sister in church when she came back for her gloves and—"

"You don't have to explain things to me, Mr. Harper. I understand everything. I'll run ahead and tell Mother and Dad you're coming."

LINDA and Steve were still laughing when they came in sight of Irene and George Emerson waiting expectantly on a street corner. But one glance at George Emerson's face sobered Linda. She shouldn't have kept her father waiting. He acknowledged Linda's quick introductions gruffly, and though Irene made several attempts to be cordial, Steve said good-bye as quickly as possible to the Emersons and to Linda. Just that. Good-bye.

Linda explained hurriedly that she had returned to the church and heard Mr. Harper playing—playing one of his own compositions. That was what had delayed her. She was sorry. Somehow, Linda didn't want to enter into any discussion of Steve with her father. But Holly refused to let the subject of Steve Harper rest there. There were so many things she wanted to know. What was Mr. Harper playing? And if he were such a fine musician couldn't he give her lessons instead of Mrs. Hannon? And wasn't it exciting about meeting a wonderful genius like Mr. Harper? And didn't Linda think he was good looking?

Linda tried to keep up with her young sister's questions but finally she was overwhelmed.

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"You know as much about him now as I do, Holly," Linda insisted. "He's so interesting," Holly sighed. "Didn't you think so, too, Mother?"

"Well," said Irene, "Linda said his music was so beautiful—"

"It was, Mother."

"Women! I don't know what those long-haired fellows have that appeals so much to you—" George Emerson grumbled.

"He's not long-haired," Holly exclaimed.

"Maybe not," said Emerson. "But I could tell he was different. I don't like the way he looks at you when you talk to him."

"How does he look?" asked Linda.

"He doesn't—that's the trouble," Emerson said. "He kind of turned his eyes away. A man only does that when he feels guilty about something—got a bad conscience."

A chorus of protests greeted him. Even Irene thought that was ridiculous.

"The way you glared at him, Dad," Linda said quietly, "I don't think anybody could have looked at you—unless they glared back. Steve Harper felt your dislike."

This time Emerson glared at his daughter.

"What's everybody defending him for? You'd think he was a somebody—the way you're jumping at me—"

"Dad!" Linda couldn't keep a little anger from creeping into her voice. "Steve Harper is somebody! He's a composer. And some day he may be famous—"

George Emerson took his daughter's arm and looked at her searchingly. The sincerity in her voice must have worried him.

"Come now, Linda," he said more calmly, "Remember Harper's no kid. He must be near thirty. If he had any real stuff in him he wouldn't be hanging around this town, playing the church organ. He'd be somebody by now. You can't deny that."

"Dad—please!" There was an edge in Linda's voice.

Emerson tried to laugh.

"Isn't this fantastic? Here's a fellow you just met—he's got a future like a zero—I never heard you stand up for Ed Somers the way you're standing up for him."

"Ed Somers doesn't need anyone to stand up for him, Dad. Besides, well—besides—there's no comparison," Linda said lamely.

"I should hope not!" Emerson exclaimed. "You mustn't under-rate Ed. Just because he isn't the soulful type—he's got a lot of soul in him just the same. A sound, honest, one hundred percent—while this Harper—we won't discuss it any further!"

Emerson took Holly's arm and marched toward the house. And Linda and her father didn't discuss the young musician composer any further. But all afternoon, at the Emerson household, there was an air, an atmosphere of subtle tension which everyone tried to hide. Linda quarrel with her father about a stranger? It was unthinkable.

Linda was careful not to mention Steve Harper's name in her father's presence for the next few days. Not that Linda didn't think of him. She wondered about those imaginary conversations Steve had had with her. What had he said to her—what had she said to him? Linda was amused at her efforts to piece together those

conversations. About music, they must have been, mainly about music . . . and about themselves. It was amazing how well she knew Steve—in her mind now she always called him that—and how little she knew about him. And to think they both had been raised here in the same town—in Axminster. But then, Dr. Stratton would know, would be able to answer many of her questions. Just thinking and wondering made her happy.

But happiness is a mood, too, and Linda's mood changed gradually. Irene Emerson watched her daughter anxiously. Could it be the young man Linda had met on Sunday morning—the young man to whom George had been rude? Could her daughter, Linda—cool, aloof, beautiful Linda—have fallen in love? It would be dreadful if it were that young man—the young man George seemed to have taken such a dislike to. Irene tried—carefully—to bring up the subject of Stephen Harper, but Linda avoided it.

AND one evening Irene tried to persuade Linda to accompany her parents to the movies. But Linda preferred to stay at home. After George and Irene left, Linda sat out on the porch alone, gazing into the darkness and occasionally looking up at the flicker of the street lamps. She no longer tried to hide her thoughts from herself. She was thinking of Stephen Harper. He had



told her on Sunday that he'd walked by the Emerson house a thousand times in the last five years. A thousand times. Would tonight be a thousand and one?

Linda suddenly sat erect and leaned forward. A man was walking down the street, approaching through the darkness. Yes. It was Steve. Linda felt that he came almost by the power of her wishing, and for a moment her heart beat a rapid recognition of her happiness.

Steve approached slowly, uncertainly, peering up at the porch from the sidewalk.

"Hello," he called softly.

"Hello!" Linda rose swiftly and walked down the stairs.

Steve waited, outside the pool of light.

"I just happened to be walking by," he began.

"You just happened?" Linda hid her smile.

"No," said Steve suddenly. "I just said that because I'm a coward. I've been approaching this street for the last hour and a half. I kept thinking that you were sitting on the porch, and I kept thinking that I mustn't walk on this street. It would be like trespassing—on sacred ground. And it's just an ordinary street—in an ordinary town—"

Steve broke off suddenly, as though

he had embarrassed himself, but his eyes never left Linda's face. Would she laugh at him? Act superior to him? He seemed to find the right answer in Linda's eyes.

"But I'm not an ordinary fellow," Steve said. "I may be cowardly. I may be stupid sometimes. I may not know how to make a lot of money. But I don't think I'm ordinary."

"You're not," Linda said. "Not if I'm to judge by the music I heard."

"You still like it?"

"I still hear it," said Linda.

Steve's face seemed suddenly to grow gayer.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" he asked.

Linda nodded. They started down the street.

"Lucky thing for me your father wasn't sitting on the porch with you," Steve said. "He'd have heard me say hello and called the police."

"He's not that bad," Linda protested. "He's really very kind and generous—"

"All successful men are kind and generous," Steve said brusquely. Then, almost as though he were anxious to break away from that subject, he said, "Your name is Linda."

Linda laughed. "It has been for a long time," she said.

"I've known it for a long time," Steve said seriously. He turned and looked at her. "Linda . . . You know, I wished this would happen tonight."

"Did you really?" Linda looked away.

"Yes." Steve paused for a moment, then went on with his rather unusual manner of rushing his words, as though he were afraid he might not get a chance to say them. "Yes," he said. "That's why I was so timid about coming down this street. I didn't want to come up to your house and call out and hear nothing—except my wish laughing in my face."

Linda turned and smiled at Steve, her eyes luminous in her face. She had wished it, too. And here they were, walking along together. It wasn't an extraordinary evening. Neither warm nor cold. Yet never had Linda felt herself so light and buoyant and alive.

AND how easily they talked! They might have been friends for years, these two, except for the eagerness with which they wanted to find out about each other. Steve's music—and Linda's dreams! Steve's fears—and Linda's hopes! It was an effort for each of them to speak casually, to hide the truth. So they talked—about Dr. Stratton, about the town—and about the music Linda had heard.

Then Linda remembered the time—it was time to turn back. Linda felt rather than saw the hurt, disappointed expression that came into Steve's face and eyes. They retraced their steps in silence.

Steve finally cleared his throat.

"Do you think I'll ever see you again?" he asked.

"Yes," Linda said. "I think so."

"I mean—not accidentally. I mean—I'm asking you for a date."

"I was wondering if you would," Linda smiled.

"Tomorrow?"

"All right."

"I—I won't be able to take you out, or anything," Steve hesitated, then went doggedly on. "I haven't got much money, but—I—I think I ought to make that clear—but—when shall

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I call for you?"

"What time would you like?"

"I'd like to call for you right now—and let the date carry through for the next hundred years." Steve tried to laugh. "Suppose I call for you after dinner."

"Suppose I invite you to dinner—will you come?" Linda asked. Then she added firmly, "You must come. We usually have dinner at seven. Come earlier if you like. Oh—I see Mother and Dad are home. I'll see you tomorrow night—at seven—earlier. Good night, Steve."

"Good night, Linda."

LINDA turned and ran lightly up the stairs. Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful evening! She tried to seal her elation within her before she faced her father and mother. She forced her steps to slowness and closed the door with a casual air. George Emerson looked up with a scowl. Linda kissed her mother and smiled at her father. Let them see her happiness if they wanted to!

"That was that Harper fellow you were saying goodnight to, wasn't it, Linda?"

"Yes, Dad."

"You went for a walk with him?" George Emerson tried to make the question sound conversational.

"Yes, I did."

"You didn't say anything about him coming over—and your planning to go for a walk with him," Emerson said.

"I didn't—plan it," said Linda lightly.

"I don't get this at all, Linda," Emerson's voice took on a deeper tone. "Your mother was quite disturbed. Now, I know you're not a child, but just the same, you should've shown a little more consideration—you must have known we'd be upset if we came home and found you were gone."

"I'm sorry, Dad. Sorry, Mother."

Linda met her mother's eyes and smiled. Dad did so love to grumble. Well, he'd have to learn to get over it sometime. Linda leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a moment.

"How did it happen you went for a walk with Harper—if you didn't know he was coming?" Emerson asked sharply.

"Now Dad—he was just passing by—"

"And I suppose he whistled and you went for a walk with him!"

"That's exactly how it happened," Linda said quietly.

George Emerson rose from his chair. "I told you before, I don't like Harper," he said. "And the fact that he came skulking around here to-night—"

Irene got up and went to him.

"George, choose your words a little more carefully," she said.

"No," he answered. "I'm afraid Linda wouldn't understand what I'm driving at. I don't like Harper. I don't know anything about music, so I'm not saying he won't turn out to be the greatest composer in the world. But I am a man who knows people—and I don't care for his character, and your going off for a walk with him—"

Linda got up, too.

"I like Stephen Harper," she said. "I know something about music and I'm not sure he's going to be the greatest composer in the world. But I am your daughter and I think I know people, and I like his character and I enjoyed walking with him and

I take back what I just said."

"That's better," George Emerson said. "You ought to."

"Oh, I mean about not being sure that he's going to be the greatest composer in the world. I think he is." Linda's eyes shone.

Emerson looked at her helplessly. "You're out of your mind, Linda," he said.

Linda smiled and shook her head. She turned to her mother.

"Mother—we're going to have company for dinner tomorrow night," she said.

"We are? Who?" asked Irene.

"Stephen Harper."

LINDA dutifully kissed her parents and went upstairs to bed. So much to think about! Of course her father would dislike Steve Harper—at first. It was the traditional dislike of the solid man of business for the artist. It was the suspicion of the man of sense for the man of talent. Oh, Linda understood. It was a mixture of jealousy and distrust of the magic which some men have that enables them to compose music, paint pictures or write great books. A man of sense—like her father—achieved happiness and wanted that happiness for his children. That's why he couldn't bear to see his daughter attracted by the magic of a man he instinctively could not understand. But he would understand. Linda was confident of that. Steve . . . Steve Harper . . .

And Linda felt quite proud that she had guessed correctly. At dinner the next evening her father was carefully polite and pleasant to Steve Harper. It was thrilling for Linda to watch him sitting there, with her whole

family. Steve whose very awkwardness and shyness had a special charm. The table looked so lovely. The dinner conversation was so pleasant. Linda felt a sudden rush of gratitude toward her family—her father, her mother who had tried so hard for her sake, her sister, Holly, who looked at Steve with adoration and put him at his ease.

After dinner, George Emerson was perfectly willing to discuss even music. Linda listened as Steve tried, a little embarrassedly, to explain his latest composition—an idea he had gotten while walking with Linda the night before. Night Talk, he had called it. And when George Emerson insisted on hearing it, Steve went to the piano.

Linda stood beside the piano as Steve played. She couldn't explain the thoughts that raced through her mind, the rapid beating of her heart. For the moment she forgot everything else in listening to the music—the music that Steve had written because of his walk with her—the music he had written for her!

"It's wonderful, wonderful," she kept repeating to herself.

And later that night, after she had said good night to Steve, Linda knew that no matter what her father said, no matter what anyone said, nothing could ever change her mind about Stephen Harper. . . .

But George Emerson had different views. He refused to admit what was apparent to every one who saw Linda. He refused to realize that the change that had come over his daughter, her gayety, her joy, her new radiance, was caused by one thing—love. Linda's love for Steve Harper.

For days on end he talked—not only to Linda, but to his wife, to Holly, to Dr. Stratton—even to Steve himself. It just couldn't be! It couldn't happen! His lovely, gracious Linda who had gently turned down every eligible young man in Axminster! She couldn't be in love with a piano player—no matter how good he was!

BUT it was true. Steve and Linda both knew it in their hearts for a long time before they said it to each other. Steve worked so hard. Each meeting with Linda was fresh inspiration for the emotion which he poured into his music—the music Linda loved so much. And then one day it happened, quietly, simply, surely.

Steve and Linda had gone to the park for the afternoon. And there, sitting on a park bench, Steve had told Linda the story of his life, his father, mother, his hopes and dreams and ambitions. Then—all at once, they had fallen silent, and Steve was looking into her eyes.

"I love you," he said slowly. "I've been in love with you for a long time. I've said it in my work. I've said it to the sky—to the trees—buildings—I've said it to the memory of my mother—with the memory of my father approving—and now I've said it to you."

Quietly—as if to still the sudden rapturous turmoil within her, Linda said.

"I'm in love with you, too, Steve."

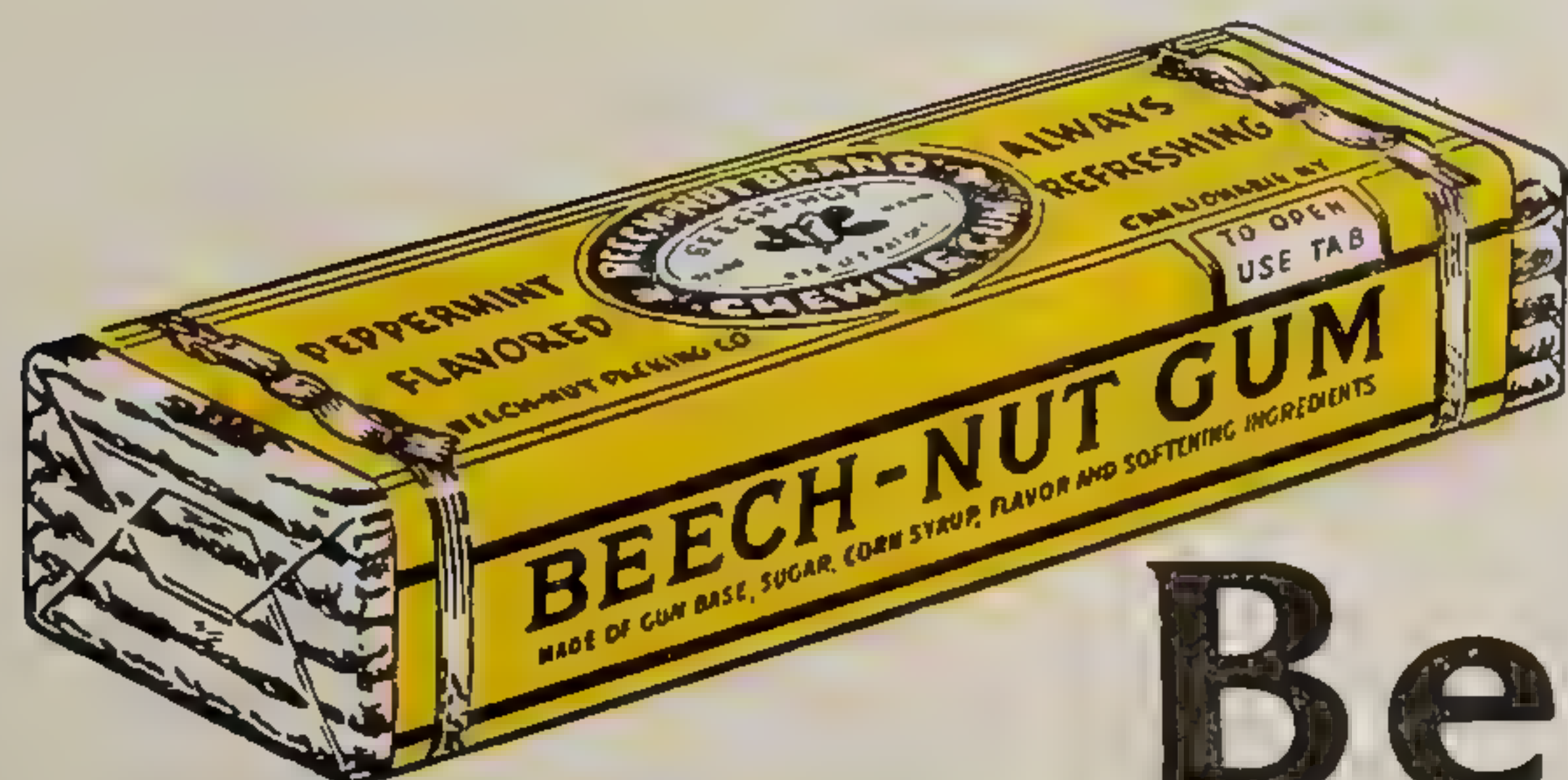
It was not until then that they kissed—at first wonderingly, tentatively, almost afraid to believe such happiness could be theirs, but later with a wild rapture which left them both shaken and awed.

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MENTHOLATUM

That night Linda told her parents. George Emerson flew into a towering rage. He argued, pleaded, then belatedly. But Linda would not, could not listen.

"I'm sorry, dad," she kept repeating, "but I love Steve. Our lives belong together. I love you, too, but I must go where my happiness lies. Try to understand that, Dad. Please try."

But George Emerson was not an easy man to convince. How could this penniless musician provide any kind of happiness for his lovely daughter? She was just mad, infatuated, carried away. It was his duty as a father to put a stop to this.

But love—the kind of love that existed between Steve and Linda—couldn't be stopped. Slowly, bitterly fighting all the way, Emerson finally realized that he was losing his daughter. He did not want to lose her love, too. So in the end, reluctantly and still firmly convinced that Linda was ruining her life, he finally gave in to the idea of her marrying the young composer.

Linda felt that her father's attitude toward Steve would change with time. But most important of all, she felt wonderfully happy. The days went by swiftly and joyously. She saw Steve every day, and every minute she was with him convinced her of the rightness and wonder of their love for each other.

The preparations went forward for the wedding. It was to be a church wedding—a great social event in Axminster. George Emerson had insisted on that—just as he had insisted on exacting one promise from Linda—that she would come home the moment she realized she had made a mistake in marrying Steve.

"That's an easy promise to make, Dad—and to keep," Linda bent over and kissed her father's cheeks. "Because I know—far from being a mistake—this is the smartest thing your daughter Linda's ever done. I've waited, Dad, many years to fall in love this way, with a man I believe in so completely, whose love for me is as deep and honest and unselfish as my own. . . . Steve and I know we're not making a mistake. We're going to New York—and soon, soon, the music of Stephen Harper will be known all over the land."

George Emerson pressed his daughter's hand.

And so they were married, amidst the congratulations and good wishes and head-shakings of the Emerson friends and neighbors. . . .

NEW YORK . . . Linda had visited the great city on several occasions. And Steve had lived there for a while—several years ago, when he had ventured to the city to try his fortune. But then he had been alone and lonely. He had felt himself a failure and returned to Axminster.

"But I can't fail now," he said exultantly. "Oh, my darling, beautiful Linda—"

"Hold me close, Steve," she whispered.

"Forever, if you like, darling." Steve brushed her eyes and hair with his lips. "Forever . . . you're not frightened, are you, my darling?"

Linda smiled up at Steve. "Just for a moment, I was," she admitted. "I don't know why . . . But suddenly Mother and Dad seemed so far away . . . And you weren't quite real."

Steve's arms tightened about her. "I don't like that," he said.

"But you're very real now," she said, "especially when you put your arms around me."

Steve Harper . . . her husband . . . They arrived in New York in the morning. It was all so exciting and new. Steve and Linda wandered about the city, drinking in its splendor and magnificence. Then they took a subway downtown to the Washington Square district where Steve had lived when he was in New York before.

"There's Washington Arch," Steve said "And there's the park." He laughed ruefully. "I wore out quite a few of those benches, myself."

"Is that where you wrote your music?" Linda asked.

"That's the trouble," Steve said. "I didn't write much music. I just used to move from one bench to another, being unhappy—and wondering why the city didn't make me a hero."

Linda pressed Steve's arm against her.

"It'll be different now, darling," she said.

Linda was amused and delighted that the apartment they finally decided on should be in the same house, facing the park, that Steve had lived in on his last visit to New York. It made it feel more like home, somehow. There was singing in her heart

PIES AND CAKES FOR A SOLDIER'S PLEASURE.. BONDS AND STAMPS FOR A SOLDIER'S POWER



as she rearranged the furniture of their new home and unpacked her things and Steve's.

It was during their first week in New York that Steve began to work. It was an idea he had gotten while walking in the park with Linda . . . the park . . . New York . . . if only he could weave what he thought and felt about the city into music!

Linda watched and listened as Steve worked. She waited for those moments when he would turn to her with a new idea, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Listen to this, Linda," he would say. "Listen—does this give you the feel of the park—the excitement—the color—"

Linda listened. It was beautiful, Steve's music. But then there would come moments when Steve's hands would crash down on the piano in discouragement.

"It won't go," he would say, "it just won't go. I'm afraid, darling, I married you under false pretenses. I'm not a good composer, after all."

But Linda just laughed at his fears. He was an artist, he was moody and easily discouraged. That's what she was there for—to give him faith and hope and encouragement. Oh, yes, Steve was a good composer. The world would acknowledge him as a great composer some day. . . .

The days passed. Wonderful, glorious, terrible days for Steve and Linda Harper. Their money was running low. But that didn't matter. All that mattered was for Steve to finish his symphony. If it were good—and it had to be good! If it were accepted and played by the New York Symphony Society—and they just had to accept and play it! Then Steve—her Steve—would be famous.

Steve worked, and Linda watched and waited. By the time he had finished each section of the symphony, she knew every note by heart. In the evenings, she would take the score and play it at the piano—inexpertly, perhaps, but bringing to it a heart full of love, a heart full of faith.

THEN came the day when the symphony was finally completed.

Together, they wrapped the score carefully, and mailed it with a letter to Ivan Jacoby, famous conductor of the New York Symphony.

"Now we've got to celebrate," said Linda gaily. "My wonderful Steve—oh, I'm so happy, so proud—"

"Take it easy, darling," Steve said. "Jacoby hasn't read the score. He'll probably think it's terrible—"

"No, no. Just take me in your arms and hold me, darling. You've got to believe in yourself as I believe in you."

Steve's arms went around Linda. "You're the wonderful one," he murmured. "If anything good ever comes out of Steve Harper, it's because there's a Linda Harper."

That evening Steve and Linda went to one of the charming little restaurants in Greenwich Village. Their celebration dinner, Linda called it. Linda's gayety and excitement were so great that she didn't notice the change that seemed suddenly to come over Steve. He just lowered his head and left his food untouched.

"What is it, darling?" Linda questioned him with her eyes.

"There's someone here—someone who just came in—excuse me a moment, Linda—"

Steve rose from their little corner table, but it was too late. Linda looked up to see a girl, smart and charming, beautifully dressed, rush up to the table.

"Steve! Oh, Steve, when did you get back to New York? You're mean not to have called me. Steve!"

Steve tried to back away.

"Oh, come now, darling, don't try to make believe you've forgotten. It's so good to see you, Steve—" the girl went on.

"No, of course I haven't forgotten. How are you, Agnes?" Steve's eyes turned to Linda. "Agnes, I'd like to have you meet my wife!"

The girl turned to look at Linda. "Your wife! How charming! Now I understand. How do you do, Mrs. Harper."

"Linda—this is Agnes Corey."

"Just an old friend," Agnes said.

"Yes," Steve said. "Someone I knew in New York before—"

"How nice," Linda said. She tried to smile. This girl had called Steve "darling!"

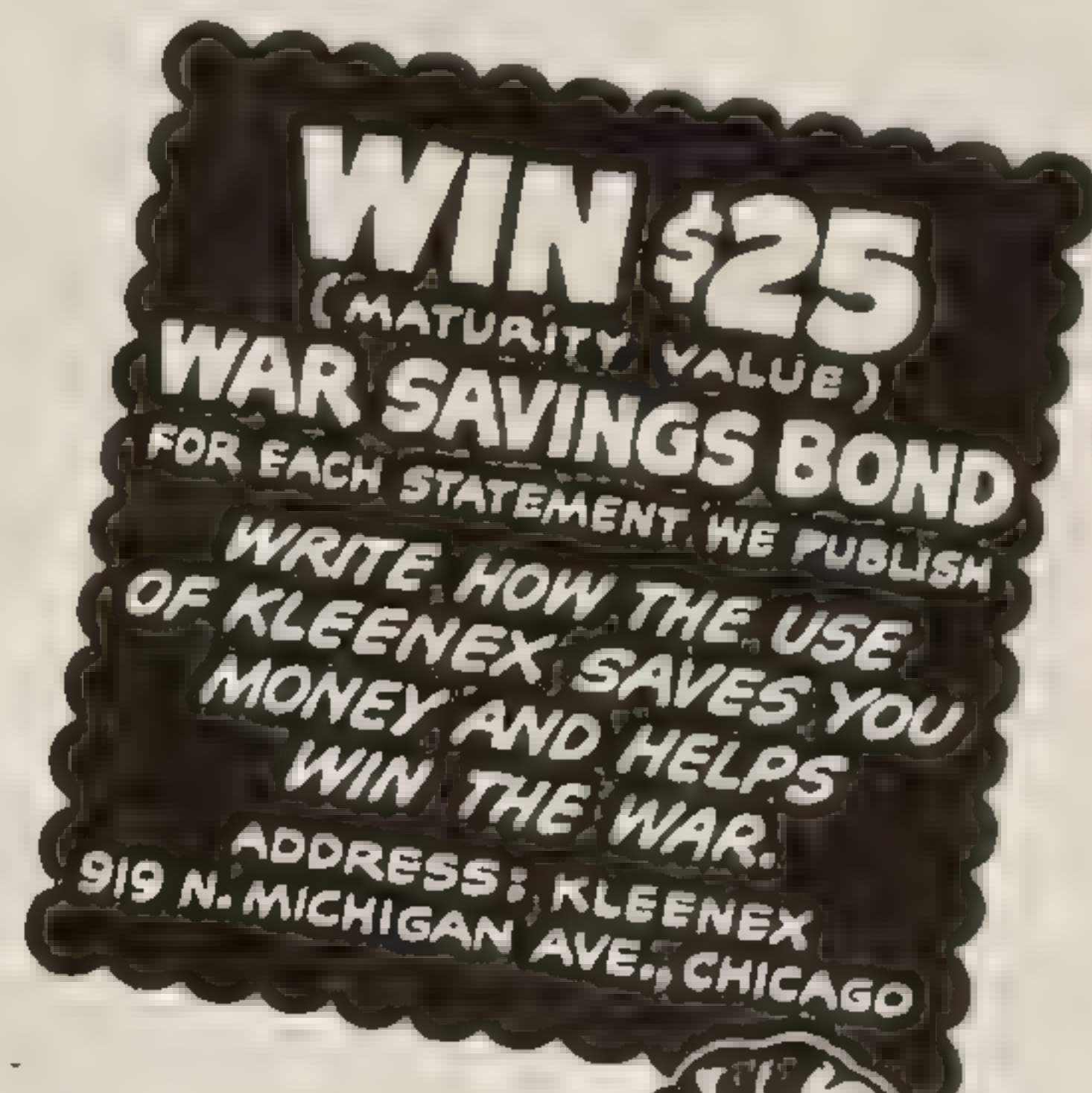
Thus for the first time Linda hears an echo of her father's warning. What has Agnes Corey meant to Steve in the past; more important—what will she mean to his future? Be sure to read the final instalment of this enthralling serial in the September issue of Radio Mirror.

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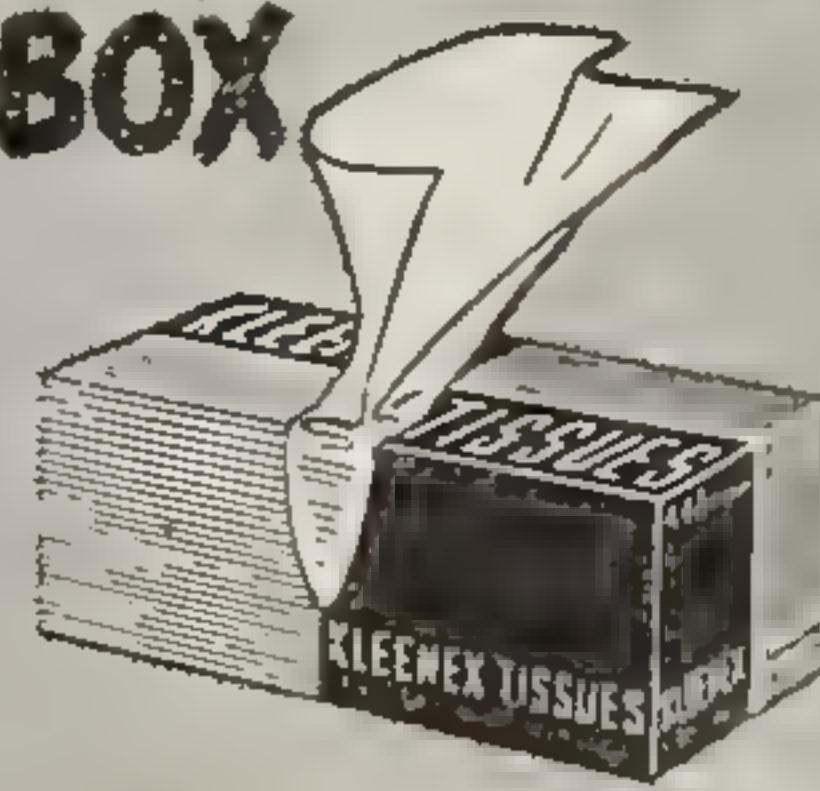
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A Letter to My Husband

Continued from page 31

because she was helping you, she was giving you the serum injections which might help you. I had met her once, when she came to Penrith, but I hadn't realized—what she meant in your life. Only when the doctor told me about her, I knew—woman's intuition again, Jerry—I knew she was in love with you.

IT was after that I saw you in your room, Jerry. For one moment the shadowed world seemed brighter. That was when you asked me to help you, to stay with you and help you. I was about to speak and say I would always stay with you but you said, "I'd be lost without you, you know. You're my only hope—Ingrid."

Ingrid. You thought I was Ingrid. My heart was breaking then. I was trying to understand. And I knew—I knew that whatever happened, the only thing that really mattered was your getting well. If Ingrid could help you, where I couldn't, then I wanted it that way.

You seemed to improve after that. You came to know who I was. But you didn't really know, Jerry. The closeness, the love, the romance—the things that had been our whole life—they were gone. The doctors tried to explain it to me then—it was an amnesia—a forgetting—not of the mind, but of the heart. Intellectually, you knew I was your wife. But emotionally, I meant nothing in your life at all.

Through all that terrible time, when I was so worried about you, and about our marriage, too, Jerry, I tried not to lose faith. But the day came when I learned about the offer that had come to you, to go to London and work in the hospital there. The doctors said that you wanted to go, that you wanted to do something to help the world, in what time you had. And they said that since the Army Medical Corps here wouldn't take you because of your illness, this was your only chance. I knew you wanted to go. And I thought perhaps it would be best that way. Perhaps over there, your heart would find itself.

Then I learned about Ingrid. She also had been offered a post in the hospital in London. The two of you would be there together, working. It was almost too much, Jerry, to think of that. There was something final about it—as if what we had known had ended forever. Ingrid had won your love, the love of this new you, this stranger who was my husband. In my mind I was saying, I have lost him, lost him to a golden-haired goddess who serves the sick.

That dawn you left, Ingrid was with you. I didn't go down to watch the plane take off. I didn't want to say goodbye. Yet I knew the moment, the exact second, when the plane lifted its wings from the earth, carrying you out of my life.

There was still Bun and me and our old friend Penny, who is so much like a mother. I still had them. And I kept telling myself that somehow we could make a life here. That maybe someday—

I tried to hope, Jerry. The funny part was, I couldn't hate Ingrid. I was glad if she could give you help, could make your life easier. I knew there wasn't much time. Over and

over, I asked the doctors if there was any hope a cure could be found, but they would shake their heads and turn away.

And then I got a letter from Ingrid. Ingrid demanding that I give you up, that I grant you your freedom, so that you could marry her. Telling me she was the only one who could help you and that it would be for your good. I should have been horrified at that, Jerry. And instead, I was elated. You see, I had believed that Ingrid had won. I had thought it was all decided. The letter changed everything. I knew it wasn't all settled, as far as you and she were concerned. I knew because if the two of you had talked it all over and made up your minds to ask me for your freedom—it would have been you who wrote, you who asked me. What it meant, Jerry, was that there was a chance you didn't love her, that you hadn't forgotten me entirely. It was a new hope. In that letter, I saw Ingrid for what she is—a young woman in love, battling as all women will with every weapon she knows to win the man she wants.

I felt closer to you, Jerry. Maybe that was wrong—I didn't know. But there was a warmth in my heart I couldn't have stopped if I'd wanted to. I know you've never been in the apartment here in New York where I've been since you went away. And yet you do seem to be here. I can almost see you, sitting in the big chair in the living room. Or standing in the hall, the way you used to back in Penrith when you would come in, calling out, "Nobody love me enough to come and kiss me?"

This morning, when I woke up, I felt gay, Jerry, and I didn't know why. This morning—what an eternity ago it seems! But I do know I was happy, I felt almost like singing. For the life of me, I couldn't understand it.

But I found out tonight. Tonight when you called, Jerry. Telephoned over three thousand miles of ocean, to talk to me. Hearing your voice again. Hearing you say you had special governmental permission to call, asking me to get the doctors to send over certain medicines needed in the hospital there.

THERE were other things you said, things that meant more. That the serum was working wonders, and now there was a real chance that soon, you'd be well. That you were thinking of me, remembering me. That you counted the days until—you might see me again.

How much those words meant! That was my special reason for writing tonight. Because now there is hope in my heart, now there is a chance you and I might be together again. It may never happen, Jerry. The troubles facing us are still so great—they may win out against our love. But at least now I dare to pray that someday we can start out again to climb our high hill to happiness.

Jerry—I'm crying. That's silly, but I don't care. Because somehow I'm certain it's going to work out like the dream in my heart. You know—a woman's intuition—

Always—and always—

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In Love with a Lie

Continued from page 18

matters to a head, who precipitated the incident that showed me what had happened to my Jamie. I'll never forget that moment.

It was evening. Dad and the boys had come in from working late in the fields, and we were all at the dinner table. Delicious smells came from the kitchen, where Mrs. Fraul, the Lockheads' cook for many years, was dishing up.

According to invariable custom, Dad glanced around the table, then bowed his head. The simple, beautiful words fell from his lips:

"Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The whispered "Amen" ran around the table like an echo. Then Mrs. Fraul came in with a steaming platter of fried chicken, and there was an anticipatory bustle. "Fried chicken," Dad said. "Want a drumstick, Kathie?"

Kathie didn't answer. She was staring at Jamie. "Daddy," she said slowly, "why didn't Jamie bow his head when you said grace?"

Dad smiled. "If your own head was bowed, Kathie, how could you have seen what Jamie was doing?"

"I peeked," Kathie said, unabashed. "Jamie didn't bow his head at all. He didn't join his hands, either. He just looked at the wall. He looked . . . cross."

Dad's knife and fork, ready in his hands, were slowly being lowered to the table. He was looking at Jamie in a puzzled, hurt way. And Jamie—I saw with a cold feeling in my heart—was sitting very straight, staring past his father, while an angry red crept up into his face.

"Didn't you bow your head, Jamie?" Dad asked. Not in anger, but as if he couldn't quite believe what Kathie had said.

JAMIE did not answer. One hand, on the table, fiddled with his fork. The others at the table sat in taut silence.

"I spoke to you, James," Dad reminded him quietly after a pause, and Jamie made a quick, violent movement.

"No!" he said shortly. "I didn't."

"But why?" Dad's voice was still kind, but now there was a tinge of sternness in it too, reminding me of the stories I had heard about him—of how, despite his usual gentleness, he could be terrifying in his rare angers. "We have said grace at this table since before you were born. Is there any reason why you no longer bow your head to it?"

"There is," Jamie said defiantly, "but you wouldn't understand it."

"I could try. Suppose you tell us, Son," Dad said, "what's bothering you? And what's been bothering you for the last few months?"

So Dad had noticed, I thought, that Jamie had changed, in some indefinable way!

Still defiant, Jamie said, "Nothing's bothering me. I know what I'm doing. I'm just—fed up with old habits, that's all."

My heart stopped for the fraction of a beat. "Old habits." Could he mean that I—our marriage—was an old habit? Was he tired of me?

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Something of the same thought must have struck Dad, because he glanced quickly at me before he went on, "I'm afraid you'll have to be more explicit, Son. Are there any other old habits besides saying grace that are annoying you these days?"

"Plenty," Jamie said, and now he spoke as if he were giving vent to thoughts that had been bottled up inside him for days, growing so strong and insistent that they could no longer be suppressed. "I'm tired of the way we live and think. We're living according to old, outworn notions. Every time we sit down to the table, we're either giving thanks for what we've got or we're begging for the next meal. Begging! This isn't a time when real men should beg for things. It's time when they go out and take what they want. Big changes are taking place all over the world, but nobody here seems to know it. You all live in an old-fashioned dream world. One of these days you'll wake up. You'll—"

He stopped, ideas beating at his lips for expression—incoherent ideas, half-formed ideas—but violent. Dad spoke strongly.

"James, I will not have you talking that way at my table!"

And Jamie took a deep breath. "All right," he said sullenly. "I should have known better than to try to make you see anything new, I guess." His eyes swept me briefly, uninterestedly, as he stood up and left the room.

In the dead silence that followed his departure, Dad picked up his knife and fork again and started eating. Mrs. Fraul stole into the kitchen. Douglas and Angus and Kathie followed their father's example, wordlessly. I wanted to run after Jamie. But somehow—I was afraid. For the first time in my married life, I was afraid of my husband.

FROM that day on, everything was different. None of us mentioned the scene at the dinner table again, but it was in all our thoughts. Jamie withdrew more and more into himself, showing little interest in the farm or his work and spending hours in town or immersed in a book.

I couldn't understand him, and my lack of understanding made my life into something anguished, painful. Once I asked Jamie, timidly, "Is it just that you don't love me any more?"

"Love?" His tone was scornful. "Is that all you think of? Of course I—I feel the same way toward you as I always have."

"But you never talk to me any more. Even when you—you kiss me, it isn't as if you really cared for me. It's like I was just—" I struggled to express my unhappy thoughts—"as if I was just any woman."

He didn't, significantly, answer the last part of my complaint. All he said was, "How can I talk to you? You wouldn't understand what I was trying to say."

"I might..."

But he wouldn't go on with the discussion.

I don't think I could have stood these days if it hadn't been for Dad and Douglas. They were worried over Jamie too, and they were as puzzled as I over the cause of his strange behavior; but neither of them ever wavered in his belief that whatever it was, it could be cured. It was only to Dad that I hinted my deepest fear

—that Jamie had stopped loving me, and that his unexplained trips to town were for the purpose of seeing other women.

Dad smiled sympathetically. "A man who's carrying on an affair with another woman doesn't necessarily refuse to say grace at table—or read books until late at night."

"No," I admitted, "only maybe—maybe he's unhappy and ashamed, and that makes him irritable. And he could read at night to shut himself off from me—and from his thoughts."

I could see him considering the possibility, but still he shook his head. "I can't believe that's it, Margaret," he said.

I didn't know it then, but Jamie had fallen in love. He'd fallen in love with a great lie, told by the biggest liar the world has ever known. He had fallen in love with a tale told by an idiot and spread by the cunning. Spread by emotional lepers, masquerading as simple people in every big city and small town all over the world.

IT WAS a lovely summer evening when I discovered the truth. The boys and Dad had been out in the fields all day—that is, all of them except Jamie had. Glancing out of the window in the middle of the afternoon, I had seen Jamie in the yard, talking to Warner Tholl, who was a salesman for farm implements who lived in Briarsville and traveled around the country in his car. I supposed Tholl had dropped in as he sometimes did, to chat about crops and prices, and to keep the Lockheads reminded of him against the time when they would need a new plow or rake. I didn't know Tholl well enough to like or dislike him. He had never spoken to me.

I turned back into the house and forgot I'd seen him. A few hours later, when supper was ready, everyone was present except Jamie, and Dad said he hadn't seen him since he left the fields early in the afternoon.

Douglas looked up from the magazine he had been leafing through. "I saw him when I came in. He's out back of the barn with his nose stuck in a book."

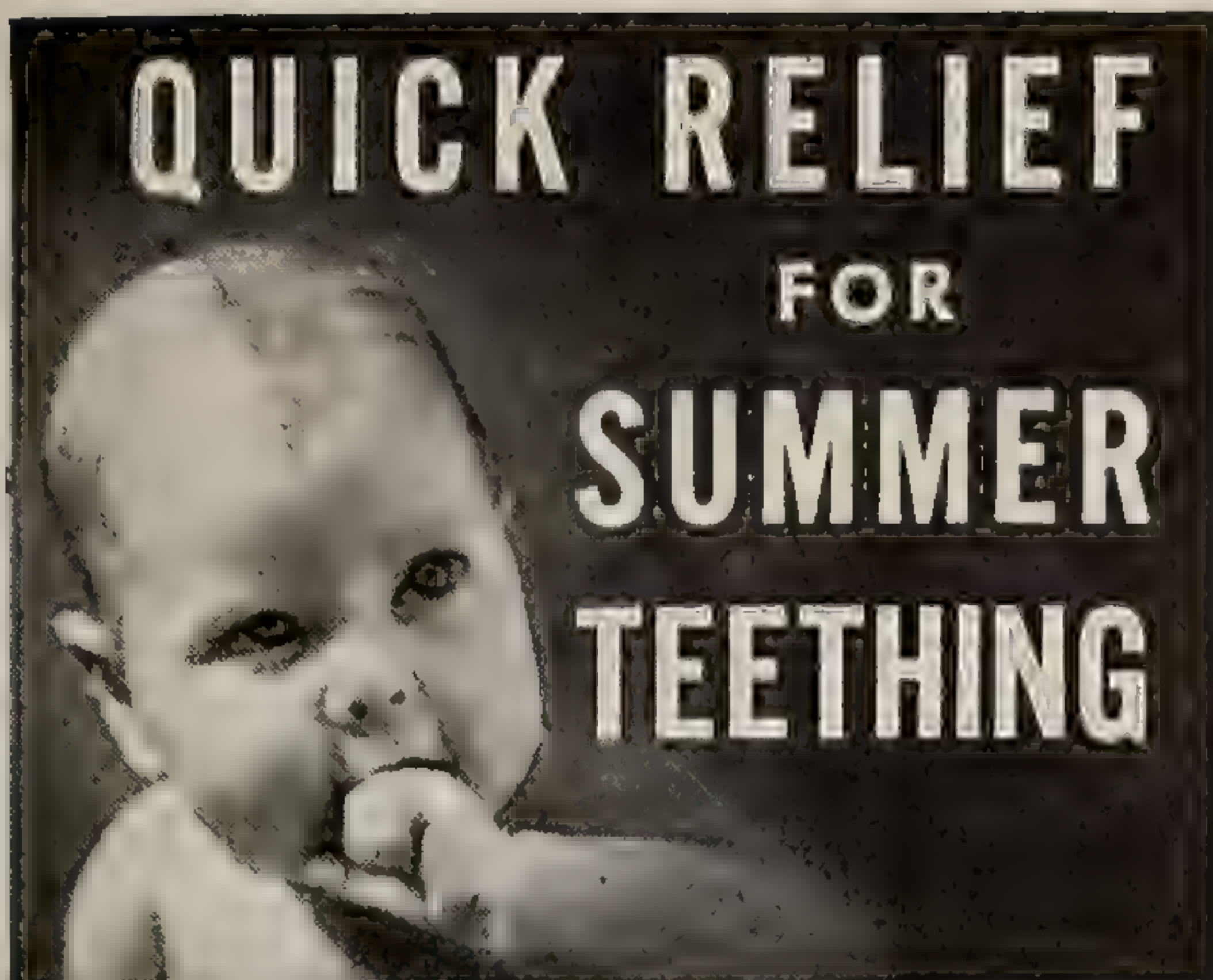
I could have rung the dinner bell, knowing that he would hear it and answer its summons. But all at once it seemed to me that I must meet whatever was doing this to Jamie—meet it and fight it out.

I found him lying back against the hayrick, so intent on the book in his hand that he didn't even hear me come up. In the beginning, when we were first married, he used to say he'd know I was around, even if he couldn't see me. My fragrance, he said, preceded me. I walked in perfume, with scented breezes at my side. It had been a long time since Jamie told me anything like that. Evidently he'd forgotten he ever told me. I had to touch his shoulder before he knew I was there.

"Oh," he said, startled, "it's you, Margaret. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said, "only it's supper time. That must be an awfully interesting book to make you forget supper." And quickly, before he had time to forestall me, I took it from his hands and looked at the title. "The Rule of Strength," I read. "I don't think I've ever heard of it."

Jamie, after one glance of vexation, had looked away from me. "No?" he



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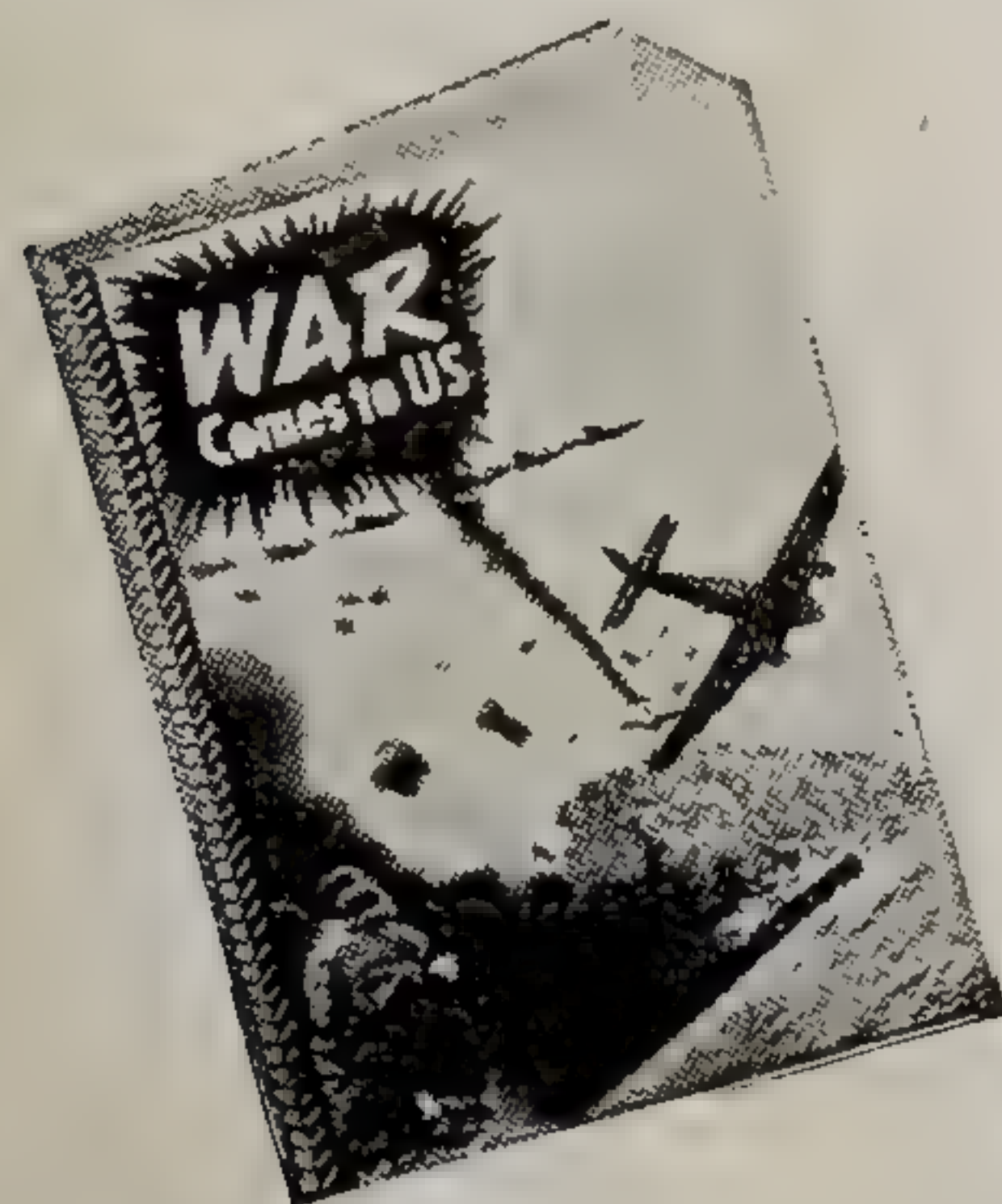
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asked sullenly. "Well—it's a limited edition . . . in this country." There was scorn in the way he pronounced the last three words.

The book fell open in my hands, and I began to read aloud. "When the church and state come into conflict, it is right and it is inevitable that the church must go down."

I thought of the little Presbyterian church in Briarsville where we had been married. Was it inevitable that it—that plain little building, filled with dignity and kindness and comfort for tired souls—should be destroyed by a proud state?

I went on, while Jamie, withdrawn, stared at the ground. "In times of conflict, weaklings seek refuge in a book composed of a group of racial inferiors—the Bible." But your Dad reads the Bible, Jamie. Would you call him a weakling?"

"Well, no, but . . ."

I persisted. "I read the Bible, too. So did your mother. No matter what you think of me, you know she was a fine, strong woman. She was no weakling."

Jamie flushed. "The book treats on a broad principle," he said stiffly. "It can't be reduced to personalities."

I SAT back on my heels and stared at him from eyes that were beginning to smart with unshed tears. Yet deep down in me, anger was rising too. I could never have believed that an idea—a thought lodged in the mind of someone I loved—would make so great a difference. It had taken Jamie from my side, made him into something alien and sinister. The familiar, homely scene, the hayrick and the barn behind it, wavered in front of me and grew dim, and in its place I saw torn battlefields; I heard the tramp of marching feet—tyrants' feet—and the cries of women and children, instead of the clucking of Dad's hens; and the sweet smell of the hay changed subtly into the odor of blood.

"Jamie!" I cried in horror. What has happened to you?"

Perhaps he would not have answered me, but before he had a chance to, Dad was standing beside us, saying heartily, "Supper's on the table, Son. What's holding it up?" He must have heard my heartbroken cry, but in the most natural manner in the world he leaned over and took the book from me. "Must be mighty interesting to keep a hungry man from his meals," he commented.

Then, his attention caught, Dad read aloud another passage, "Democracy is the graveyard of a dead, decadent society. While the frail and the fat wail for bread and butter, the superior man feeds his mind on principles from which he draws his strength, from the order of things to come. . . . Well!" he said. "That's putting it straight down on the line, isn't it? Where'd you get this book, Jamie?"

I could hardly believe my ears. It wasn't so much Dad's words as his tone that astounded me. He sounded sincerely interested and sympathetic.

Jamie kicked a pebble before he spoke, and there was suspicion in his voice. "Warner Tholl lent it to me."

"Oh yes," Dad said understandingly. "Warner was out here this afternoon, wasn't he? D'you see much of him?"

Warming a very little, Jamie admitted, "Oh—once a week or so. I get together with him and some of his friends in town."

An hour before, I would have been relieved to know this explanation of

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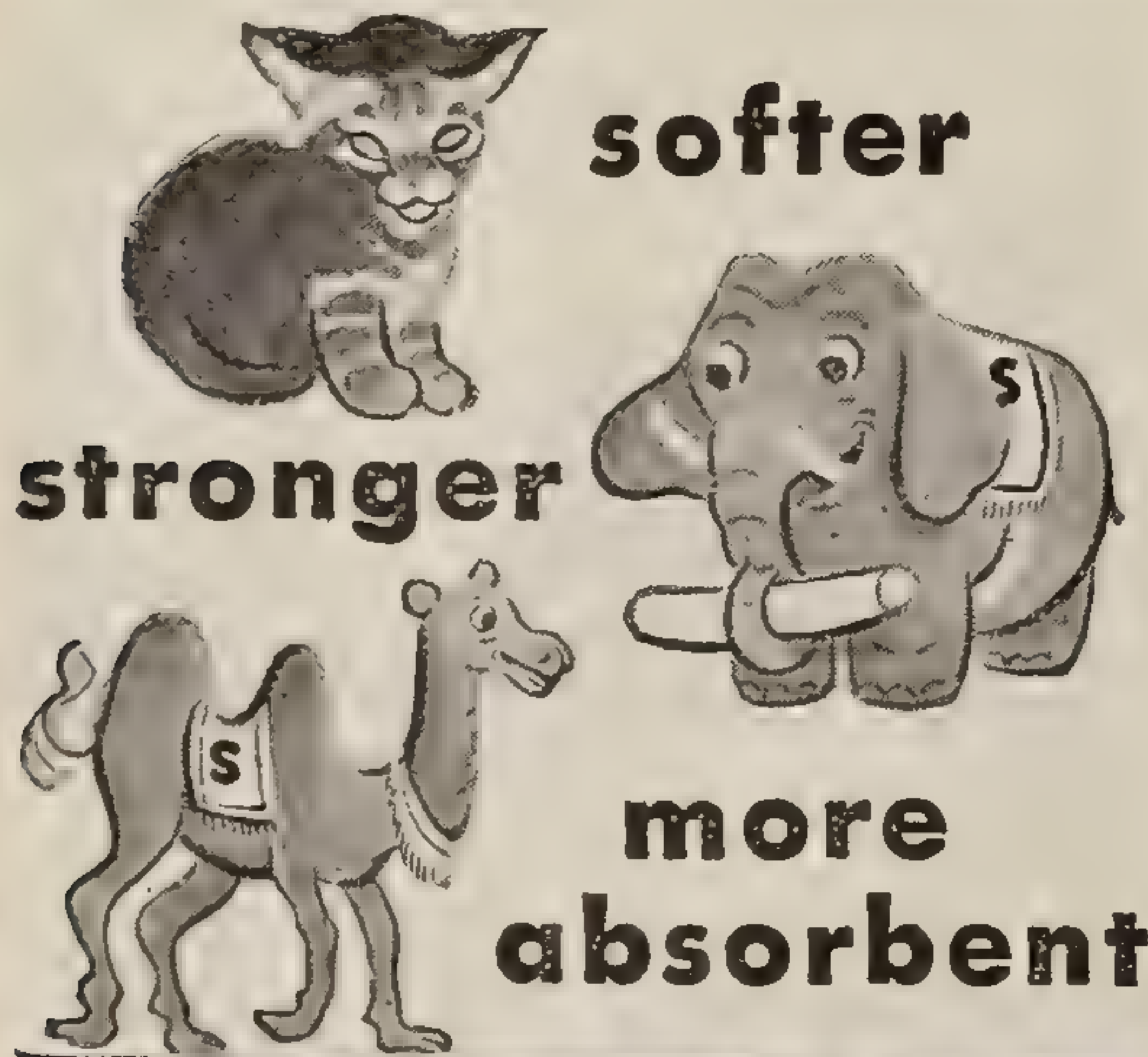
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Jamie's absences. Now it seemed worse—much, much worse—than anything I had imagined.

"Uh-huh," Dad said musingly, and went on reading, "The iron will of true leadership is forged in rigid discipline, sacrifice and self-denial. That makes the superior man." Say!" he burst out, enthusiastically, "this fellow really has something, doesn't he? Can I take this book tonight, Jamie? I'd like to read it. Why, I never knew there was anything like this! It certainly opens your eyes, doesn't it?"

He was not convincing enough for me—I still could not believe that Dad Lockhead, the upright, the honest man I knew, would be taken in by this filthy nonsense—but he had won Jamie over completely. "It certainly does!" he agreed eagerly. "I haven't learned as much of it yet as I'm going to, but there's plenty to think about in a book like that."

"You're darned right there is." Dad took Jamie's arm and the three of us started back toward the house. All through supper Dad was very gay and excited, and while by this time I began to have a dim realization of what he hoped to do, I couldn't help marveling at the convincing demonstration he was giving of a man carried away by enthusiasm.

Afterwards, for a moment, Dad was able to talk to me alone, and then his face was tired and sorrowful. "It's the only thing I could think of, Margaret," he said. "We'll give him a dose of that medicine he's so fond of. I hope it works."

"I hope so," was all I could say. There were no words to express how great that hope was.

"It's got to!" he burst out. "Not just for Jamie's sake, but for the sake of us all. And for Angus'. Jamie told me a few minutes ago that Warner had invited Angus to the next meeting at his house." His blue eyes flashed. "They must not corrupt Angus too!"

It was the next morning, after Dad had finished reading the book, that the New Order began on our farm.

"I have learned how wrong I've been all my life," Dad announced at the breakfast table. He bowed slightly toward Jamie. "I thank you for teaching me, James. But it is not too late. The path is clear ahead of me now..."

THEN, in clipped, military sentences, he outlined his orders. Dad would be our leader, and Douglas, as the eldest son, would be his deputy, charged with the duty of seeing that his commands were carried out. Glancing at Douglas, I saw that he understood—that he, like me, was aware of the plot. Working hours on the farm would be lengthened, and later Dad would draw up a schedule of production that must be adhered to. Mrs. Fraul would be instructed to keep an inventory of all food, and reduced rations would be issued at meal times only. Everyone must be in bed by nine o'clock, with the lights out. And so on, endlessly...

If Dad had hoped for protests, he was disappointed. Jamie looked abashed, and Angus puzzled, but Douglas' prompt acceptance of all his father's commands silenced them both. All that day they were in the fields—Dad had decreed that they could not spare the time to return to the house for mid-day dinner and must instead take meager lunches which Mrs.

Fraul and I prepared for them. They came home just at dark, weary and silent, and sat down to an unappetizing, scanty meal.

Angus ate everything that was given to him, and then complained, "I'm still hungry, Dad—I mean, sir!"

Dad's lips set in a hard line. "Over-eating is a sign of weakness and decadence. You have had enough. You will get no more."

"But—"

"Silence!" Dad roared. "Do you dare to criticize the decisions of your leader?"

Poor Angus subsided into unhappy quiet. Jamie said nothing, but pushed back his chair and started to the mantelpiece for a cigarette.

"James," Dad's voice stopped him. "I believe I issued you your ration of cigarettes this morning. You will find no more there."

Jamie stood in his tracks. Without turning around, he said painfully, "Yes, sir."

It was soon afterwards that everyone went to bed. I longed to speak to Jamie, to tell him that his father was only trying to show him how wrong he'd been, but of course I could not. We did not talk at all when we were alone; in fact, I believe Jamie was too tired to talk. He fell asleep almost at once.

FOR two days it went on—a contest of wills between Jamie and his father. Angus was in covert rebellion. On Saturday Dad announced that instead of going to church the next day, we would all take a long hike, and he also ordered a reduction in the already small amount of food served at the table. And still Jamie kept his proud silence.

Dad sought me out alone. "I'm failing, Margaret," he said. "I can't keep this up much longer. Jamie must believe all that he's read and all that Warner Tholl has told him—or he's too proud to admit he's wrong. I've done everything I could think of..."

My heart was beating rapidly, and my hands were cold. "There's one thing you haven't tried," I said. "One humiliation—"

And, flushing with shame, I told him what that was.

It was on Sunday afternoon when we returned from our hike that Dad said to Jamie, in front of Douglas and Angus:

"James, there is a situation which must be changed. I was wrong not to think of it sooner, but luckily it is not too late now. From now on, until I am satisfied that Margaret is of our blood, she will occupy a separate room from you."

There was dead, horrified silence. Jamie went gray-white. "But—she's my wife!" he said thickly.

"She is not your wife. You must not think of her as your wife until I have made investigations of her ancestry."

Jamie stood up, in a white fury. "You can't do this! You've known Margaret all her life—you used to love her. I've let you order me and the boys around, but you can't do it to her—you can't shame her this way, you—you dictator!"

"Precisely," Dad showed no emotion; he was firm and cold. "I am the dictator in this house, and you will follow my orders. We agreed, remember, that discipline and self-control, under the guidance of a thinking leader, were necessary to form a superior man. That is your philosophy, and I agree with it. I—"

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Jamie cut him short. "Well, I don't agree with it any longer! I didn't know it would be like this, and I wish I'd never let you see that book!" And then he stopped, looking out of the window. Our eyes followed his. Warner Tholl was just getting out of his car in front of the house.

Without another word, Jamie rushed outside, and we followed—just in time to see Jamie advancing menacingly on the dapper little salesman.

"What are you doing here?" he growled.

Nonplussed, Tholl stammered, "Why, I—I just dropped by to make sure you'd be at the meeting tomorrow night, and maybe pick up my book, if you're finished with it..."

"Oh yes, we've finished it," Jamie said grimly. "And I'm finished with you, too. If you don't get off this farm and stay off I'll punch every Nazi idea you ever had right out of your system!"

Wild-eyed, Tholl started to back away. "But Jamie, I don't understand! I came here as a friend—"

"Friend?" Jamie was scornful. "You don't know the meaning of the word. Personal emotions, you said, were for the masses. Friendship and love were for morons. Supermen don't need them. Well, I find I do. I need friendship of the right kind and I need love. I need it much more than I need you and your half-baked ideas. So get out—and don't ever come back!"

He took another step toward Tholl—and Tholl didn't stop to argue any more. He got into his car and drove away in such a hurry that his gears shrieked protest.

DAD'S eyes were shining. "That's my Jamie!" he murmured. And both Douglas and Angus wore broad grins. Jamie saw us all when he turned around, and for a moment he was half-angry, half-embarrassed. Then he smiled too, sheepishly, but so sweetly. "I'm sorry, everybody," he said. "I've been an awful dope."

One of Dad's arms went around Jamie's shoulders; the other was around mine. "Forget it, Son," he said. "We've all got blind spots in our eyes, so sometimes a printed theory strikes us as being all right, even when it isn't. But as soon as this theory is tried out on human beings, it doesn't stack up so well. Our little experience under a dictatorship taught us that. It should have taught us something else too—that Tholl's philosophy is rooted in meanness and cowardice and humiliation. It's mean because it has no consideration for the individual; it's cowardly because it owes its progress to force; it's humiliating because in the end it destroys. So from now on, let's forget dictatorship and return to the good old American way of life—and remember that no discipline is any good at all unless it comes from within ourselves. How about it, James?"

Jamie's eyes met mine and they sent me a message that only I could read. But all he said, very quietly now, was, "You don't have to ask me, Dad."

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Facing the Music

Continued from page 9

was usually with the man that had brought her and the intermissions were too short for Les to make much headway. But he was stubborn and determined, and finally he was successful.

The Browns have two children, Les Junior, known as "Butch," two and a half, and baby Denise, four months old. They live in a New York apartment house, a cab ride from Tin Pan Alley. Les likes to live near the music district and finds relaxation in talking shop over meals and gin rummy.

Larry Clinton and record manufacturer Eli Oberstein first saw the wisdom in backing a band batoned by Les. They had the right idea but not enough capital. Before a band can win a following it must be heard widely and often on the air. To get these valuable broadcast airings, bands sacrifice revenue for engagements in roadhouses or ballrooms that have network lines contracted for. Most new bands operate at a loss for a lengthy period until they have secured reputations that enable them to rake in profits from theater and one-nighter appearances.

After six months, the Clinton-Oberstein combine folded and Les was left with a band but no resources. Then, like the hero with the mortgage money, came veteran manager Joe Glaser. Glaser had gained a reputation managing colored bands and singers. Brown became his first white band.

"We started working for a change," Les remembers gratefully.

Les' band followed the tried-and-true formula, seeking engagements in hotels and roadhouses like Boston's Brunswick or Westchester's Log Cabin. The network wires paid dividends and the band chalked up five consecutive Okeh record best-sellers, including the hit, "Joltin' Joe DiMaggio." Last season the band hit its stride in Chicago's Blackhawk. The band is currently on tour and will reach Los Angeles' Palladium in August.

The key to Les' success is his all-out desire for perfection. He's a relentless taskmaster, consuming longer rehearsal periods than any other leader. He will not tolerate mediocrity even in his vocalists. He has two of them, eighteen-year-old Betty Bonney and Ralph Young. Both of them are well above average.

"I like to get things right," Les said after one gruelling rehearsal.

"The guy's a master of understatement," cracked one weary member of the band.

The thirty-year-old leader has some definite ideas on what makes for a good dance band.

"All this talk about a band needing one good record to put it over is misleading," he explained. "It helps, sure. But you have to have something to go along with it. Good musicianship, precision, definite styling. The bands that can't follow through fade into oblivion."

Les is looking forward to the day when he can teach his two children music. Sympathy for the Brown heirs has already been mustered.

"Lord help those kids," piped one of Les' friends, "if they don't practice hard!"

OFF THE RECORD

Dick Stabile: "What Does a Soldier Dream Of"—"Somebody Else Is Taking My Place" (Decca 4297). Wife Gracie Barrie revitalizes her husband's band on a pair of well-played tunes.

Duke Ellington: "Moonmist"—"C Jam Blues" (Victor 27856). An interesting item with Duke's talented son composing the "A" side and Dad responsible for the reverse.

Claude Thornhill: "She'll Always Remember"—"Count Me In" (Columbia 36560). An above average ballad merged with a sprightly rhythm tune, each given the individual Thornhill touch.

Dave Rose: "Our Waltz"—"Holiday For Strings" (Victor 27853). Judy Garland's talented husband records his delightful theme melody.

Harry James: "One Dozen Roses"—"You're Too Good For Good-for-Nothing Me" (Columbia 36566). All anyone could want in a popular phonograph record.

Hal McIntyre: "Story of a Starry Night"—"We'll Meet Again" (Victor 27859). Another Tschaikowsky streamlining, this time with his Pathetique Symphony. McIntyre treats it with proper respect and the reincarnation comes off surprisingly well. Recommended to Tschaikowsky's new fans.

Jimmy Dorsey: "My Little Cousin"—"Jersey Bounce" (Decca 4288). J. D. wraps up two of the current hits on one platter for the month's best bargain. Helen O'Connell is prominent on the A side.

Freddy Martin: "Here You Are"—"Pity of it All" (Bluebird 11509). Slick stuff for all tastes, with a low bow to Eddie Stone's infectious crooning.

Tommy Dorsey: "I'll Take Tallulah"—"Not So Quiet Please" (Victor 27869). A platter of dynamite, paced by a sock tune from T. D.'s film "Ship Ahoy."

Fred Waring: "Buckle Down, Winssocki"—"Moonlight on the Campus" (Decca 18275). An undergraduate's delight. Two swell tunes that welcome back Waring and his talented group to the waxworks. Top-drawer stuff.

Kenny Baker: "Always in My Heart"—"Blue Tahitian Moon" (Decca 18262). The Texaco tenor reels off two bountiful ballads in fine style. For another Grade-A all-vocal job don't miss Frank Sinatra's "The Song Is You" on Bluebird 11515.

Xavier Cugat: "Sleepy Lagoon"—"Nightingale" (Columbia 36559). The best recording of this fine English importation. Buddy Clark does handsomely with the vocal.

Les Brown: "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree"—"Breathless" (Okeh 6653). A well-rounded, well-orchestrated platter of two current Hit Paraders.

Recommended Albums: Victor's package of Gilbert & Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore," delightfully sung; Decca's splendid Alec Templeton group of piano solos and the stirring "This Is My Country" album recorded by Fred Waring.



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A Bracelet for Ruth

Continued from page 11

All Ruth could see was his profile. It was a very handsome profile. A few locks of dark curly hair stuck out from under his hat. Then, as if he felt someone was behind him, he suddenly turned around and caught Ruth's stare. She blushed. She was aware of deep, brown eyes and a wide sensitive mouth.

"Did you want to see me?" Ruth asked.

"You're Ruth Manson?" Ruth nodded. "I'm Dick Crane," he said, "from Rogers and Caswell."

"Oh!" Ruth said. "You've come about the bracelet?"

"That's right," he smiled. "Seems we've made a mistake." His face became serious again. "I want to apologize for all the trouble we've caused you."

Ruth smiled and let him into the apartment. She hurried to the drawer and picked up the case, she opened it, saw with relief that the bracelet was there and handed it to him.

"There," she said, "this certainly takes a big load off my mind."

"Mine too," he said. "Well, guess I'd better be getting back."

SUDDENLY, she wanted him to stay. She wanted someone to talk to, someone friendly, someone to take away at least part of the loneliness. She didn't know quite how to go about it, and, feeling obvious, she blushed, saying, "I don't suppose mistakes like this happen all the time?"

He looked surprised. "Didn't Mr. Franklin call you and tell you how it happened?"

"Why, no," Ruth said. "You see, I've been working all day. Perhaps he tried and couldn't get me."

He grinned. "It's a long story—mind if I sit down?"

"Not at all," Ruth laughed. "I'd be sort of annoyed if you walked out of here with that bracelet and left me mystified."

He grinned again and sat down. "Once upon a time," he began, "in fact, several months ago, a fellow by the name of Hitchcock came into our store. I sold him this bracelet for five thousand dollars. Well, week before last, Mr. Hitchcock came back with the bracelet and asked us to initial it for him."

Ruth smiled. "So he borrowed my initials."

"Not exactly," the young man said. "It seems the Ruth Manson he had given the bracelet to is a night club singer."

Ruth laughed, "That's a little out of my line."

"Good," Dick grinned. "I don't happen to like night club singers. Well, when the bracelet was ready to be sent, your friend sent it to you."

"My friend!" Ruth said. Now, she thought he was joking.

He looked serious. "Don't you know a girl from your home town named Gladys Miller?"

"For heaven's sake!" Ruth exclaimed. "Of course! Just after I came here, I met her on the street one day. She promised to come and see me."

"Gladys," Dick explained, "handled our deliveries. She saw the package, remembered your address, thought the one Mr. Hitchcock had given us was wrong, and changed it to yours."

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Ruth laughed. "That's funny. Gladys sending me a bracelet!"

"Gladys," he said, "is not very bright."

Ruth flushed. She felt a little angry. That remark could mean any number of things. It could mean that Gladys ought to know that no man would ever buy her a five thousand dollar bracelet. "I see," Ruth said, trying to keep the hurt out of her voice.

"I don't think you do," he said. "Maybe I should put it this way. Gladys made a few catty remarks to me about a girl being in town one month and wangling herself a diamond bracelet. I repeat, Gladys is not very bright." He smiled. "Nor very observant."

"Thanks," she said softly, "for the compliment."

"Not at all," he said. "It doesn't take perfect vision to see you're a nice girl." He grinned. "I know you wouldn't take a bracelet, but, well—do you like flowers?"

Ruth suddenly felt very warm inside. "Is that all there is to the story?"

"Just about," he said. "Hitchcock came in a few days ago yelling for his bracelet, which of course hadn't been delivered to his Miss Manson. Now I'll return it to him." He frowned. "But I don't think the story should end there."

"Why not?" Ruth asked. "The real Ruth Manson will get her bracelet and live happily ever after."

"But what about the nice Ruth Manson?" he asked. "Don't you think she at least deserves a dinner and maybe a movie?"

Ruth laughed. "Is that part of Rogers and Caswell's famous policy, Mr. Crane?"

"No," he smiled. It was a very serious smile. "This is a very personal policy." He paused. "Please?"

"All right," she said, quickly. "Tomorrow night."

"What's the matter with tonight?" "I'm giving you a night to think it over," she said.

"It's thought," he laughed. "But just to show you I mean it, I'll call for you tomorrow night."

He stopped for a minute at the door and extended his hand. It was a firm, strong grip, but there was even more than friendliness in it. Ruth felt tingling. "Good night," she said.

"Good night, Ruth," he said.

FOR several minutes after he had gone, she leaned against the door feeling wonderful. She couldn't understand why there were tears in her eyes, but they were such good tears. Then, suddenly, she hugged herself. She danced a little step. She walked aimlessly around the room kicking at things. She ran over to the couch and jumped on it, playfully, like a little girl. She hadn't felt so silly and absolutely marvelous in years.

All the next day, time dragged for Ruth. It seemed to her that even the incessant pounding of the machinery had slowed down. The shells moved by her as regularly and convincingly as ever, but she was out of tune with the rhythm. She felt like breaking all records for production of shells. Several times during the day, small fears crept into her heart. Perhaps, she thought, he'll forget. Perhaps he'll call and say he is sorry, but he just can't make it.

Yet, even while these fears were present, she knew she'd see him that

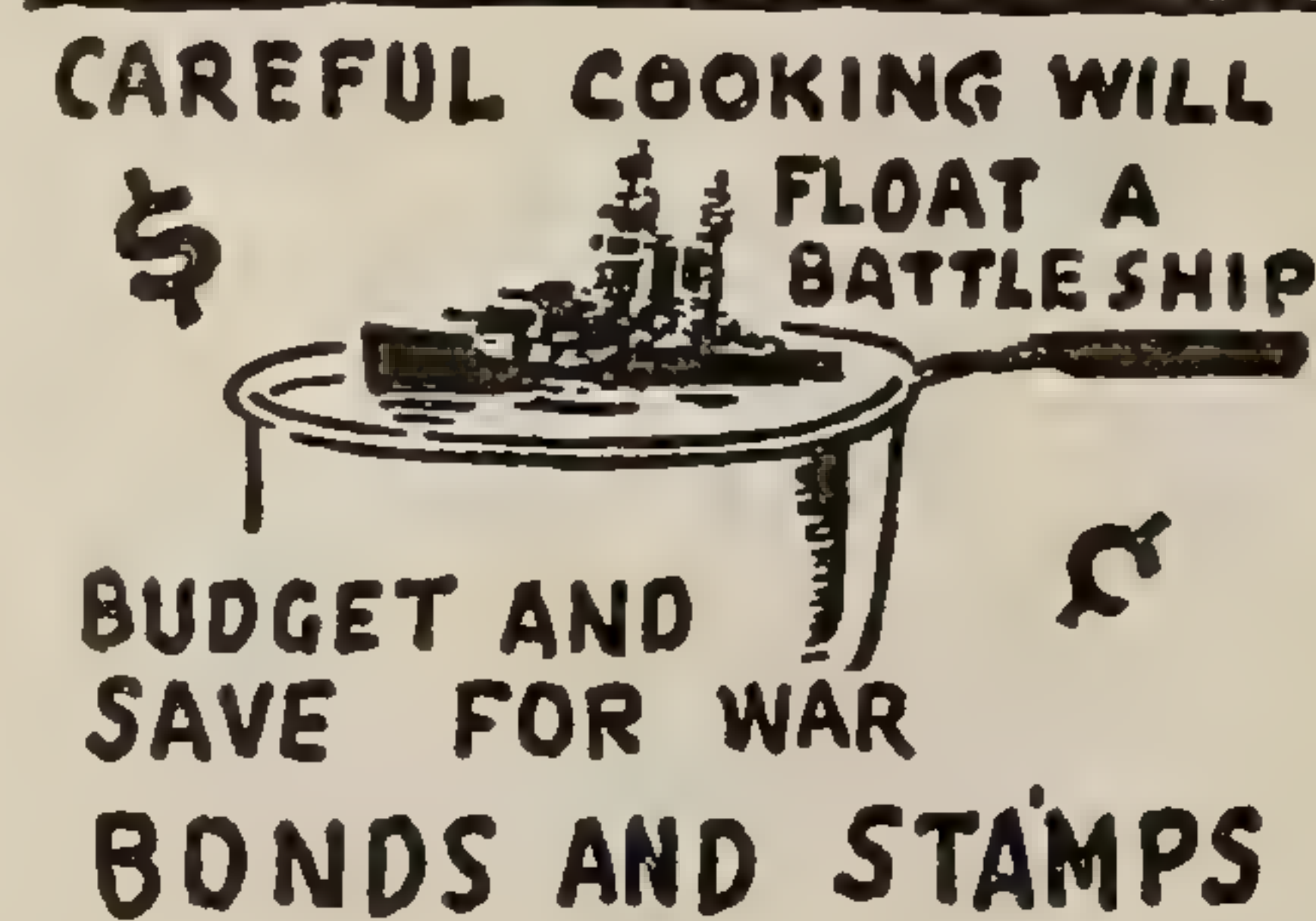
night. She felt confident of the truthfulness behind those steady dark eyes, that nice mouth, the straight-forward way he talked and laughed. She blessed the bracelet. It had been like a magic lamp, which had brought her the one thing she needed and wanted most. She even gave thanks to the other Ruth Manson, the night club singer. She remembered, with a little thrill, the way he had looked at her when he had said, "I don't happen to like night club singers."

AFTER she left the factory, there wasn't enough time. She had so much to do. From a tall, smudgy faced girl in slacks, she had to change into a very feminine lady of the evening in a short half hour. She was just applying the finishing touches to her hair when the doorbell rang. She called, "Just a minute!" gave herself a final scrutiny and hurried to the door. She couldn't see Dick at first, because his face was almost completely hidden behind the largest bunch of flowers she had ever seen. There were narcissus, gladioli, iris and jonquil. She gasped.

"Oh!" she cried, "they're beautiful."

Dick's face came out from behind the flowers. "I traded these for the bracelet," he said, unloading the flowers into her arms. Then, he made her stand very still while he walked around her. "Yes," he said, "just as I thought. You're the flower type." He smiled. "It's hard to tell where the flowers leave off and you begin."

They went to the Stargazer Room,



one of Chicago's nicest hotel spots. It was the first time Ruth had seen anything quite like it, outside of the movies. At first, she felt a little self-conscious. She felt as if she didn't quite belong. It seemed so far away from Wayne, from the factory, from everything she had ever known. But the nicest thing of all was that Dick felt that she belonged there. He made her feel at home and she knew she would feel right with him anywhere.

Once, while they were dancing, she giggled. He brought his face closer to hers, his eyes smiling and warm. "What amuses you, snooks?" he asked.

"Snooks," she said laughing. "That makes it even funnier." She paused. For a minute she was fearful of saying what she wanted to say. "I was just wondering," she smiled, "what you would think of me if you could see me some time at ten in the morning."

He grinned. "I expect to," he said, "some day."

His answer almost took her breath away. "But—that's not what I mean," she said. "I work in a factory. In slacks," she said, "and my face is always dirty. I just can't keep it clean."

Dick held her a little away from him. His eyes were very serious.

"You're kidding," he said.

"No," she said, her heart pounding. "I'm not." Then, all at once she was a little scared and angry. "Is there anything wrong with working in a factory?"

"Don't be silly," he said, but his face was still serious. "What kind of a factory is it?"

"Shells," she said. "I'm a sorter."

Dick didn't say any more until they got back to the table. He looked over at her, his eyes dark and moody. "You probably think I'm rather worthless."

Ruth felt confused. She couldn't quite follow him. She was suddenly quite unhappy and mixed up. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Dick said, "Working in a jewelry store isn't doing very much for my country. I feel kind of ashamed of myself. People like you are pretty swell. People who can do important things—work the country needs today."

RUTH was astounded. Then suddenly she couldn't hold herself in, she wanted to laugh and cry all at the same time. And, she thought, I was thinking he might look down on me for working in a factory! Then, seeing the miserable expression on Dick's face, it was like a sudden dash of cold water. She felt hurt for him. She reached across the table and took his hand. Her voice was full of sympathy. "Don't worry about it," she said.

Dick's face brightened temporarily. "I wanted to go in the Army," he said, "but there's my mother to support and my kid sister isn't through school yet." He turned his head away. "I'd feel better about staying out, though, if I were doing something like you're doing."

Ruth smiled. "I learned," she said; "so can you."

Dick was astonished. "But I don't know anything about mechanics," he said, "all I've ever been is a salesman."

Ruth laughed. "And all I was before this was a bridge player."

"Do you think I could learn something?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course," Ruth cried. "You're smart. You look strong enough. Why don't you go to night school and take up electric welding? They need welders."

"I will," he said. "That's a wonderful idea!"

Then he looked at her for a long minute. Ruth felt herself going all hollow inside. She wanted to put her arms around him. Dick took both of her hands in his. "Ruth," he said softly, "do you mind if I say something crazy?"

"No," she said. "Not if you want to."

He shook his head. "It's really not crazy," he said, "I think I'm falling in love with you."

"Oh," she said, under her breath.

"In fact," Dick said, holding her hands very tightly, "I've fallen."

"Maybe we'd better dance," Ruth said, happily. Then she laughed. "That sounded just like in the movies."

Dick smiled. "Except," he said, "the hero doesn't talk to his girl about electric welding."

"Maybe," Ruth said, "he should."

The evening flew by. It was gone like a wink, yet, somehow, Ruth felt that she had known Dick for years and years. When they got out on the

sidewalk, Dick started to signal for a cab. Ruth quickly pulled his arm down. In a cab, they would be home in a few minutes. She wanted to be with him longer. "Let's walk," she said. Dick smiled at her, the smile said, "You're wonderful," and it promised a million exciting things.

They crossed the bridge over the Chicago River and stood for a few minutes looking down into its murky blackness. They stood very close. A few cars went by. Ruth looked up at Dick. He took her face gently between his hands. Then he kissed her on the cheek. Ruth put her arms around him and kissed his mouth, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She shivered.

"Cold?" he asked, huskily.

"No," she answered.

They walked on. When they arrived in front of her apartment house, Ruth looked at her watch. "Heavens!" she said, "it's two o'clock." She laughed. "There won't be much sleep for me tonight."

"I shouldn't have kept you out so late," Dick said concernedly.

"Don't be silly," Ruth told him. "I kept you out."

Dick opened the door. Hand in hand they walked up the three flights of stairs to her apartment. On the top stair, Dick took her in his arms again. "Well," he said, kissing her again, "this is good night." Ruth opened her eyes. Then, suddenly, she tensed. There was a man standing in front of her door. He was bulky, sinister in appearance. He wore a slouch hat well over his eyes. He was looking at them. Dick turned around. The man came over.

"You Ruth Manson?" he asked,

brusquely. Ruth nodded. The man looked at Dick. "Who are you?"

"Dick Crane," Dick said. "What is this?"

The man took out a badge. "You'd both better come with me," he said. "The sergeant wants to talk to this girl."

ALL the way down to the station, Dick kept demanding to know what it was all about. The detective was grimly silent. Dick kept assuring Ruth that there must be some mistake, but there was fear in his voice. They walked up the steps of the station into the bright hard light of the police court. Ruth's heart was in her mouth. She clung to Dick, trembling.

When they entered the room, Dick suddenly smiled and patted her arm. "It's going to be all right," he said, "there's Mr. Franklin from our store." He laughed. "There's probably some mix up about the bracelet. Don't worry."

Ruth watched Dick cross the room and shake hands with the tall, distinguished looking man he had called Mr. Franklin. She stood there, under the cold, distrustful eyes of the desk sergeant as Dick and Mr. Franklin conferred. Now and again, Dick raised his voice, angrily. She heard him say, "That's ridiculous!" Several times he shook his head.

Then the sergeant rapped on the desk and called them all to the railing. The sergeant asked her several questions about the bracelet. How long, he wanted to know, had she kept it before returning it to the store? Several times, Ruth protested. Her throat felt dry. "Please," she said, "tell me what this is all about."

Mr. Franklin turned to her. "The bracelet Mr. Crane picked up from you," he said, slowly and evenly, "was not the one you received."

"You don't have to stand for this," Dick said hotly. "Don't say anything until you get a lawyer."

"But I haven't done anything!" Ruth cried.

Mr. Franklin held up the bracelet. "Is this the bracelet you gave Mr. Crane?"

Ruth looked at it. "I guess so," she said. "I'm not an expert. I—" She looked helplessly at Dick. "Is that the bracelet, Dick?"

Dick nodded. "Yes," he said. "Ruth, this is preposterous! Our experts say this bracelet is paste. They're implying that you had a copy made of the real bracelet and then turned this phoney over to me."

Ruth felt the blood rushing to her face. "That's accusing me of stealing!" she said.

"Yes," Dick said. "They're wrong."

"Maybe we are and maybe we aren't," the sergeant said grimly. "Anyway we're going to hold her. We're also going to pick up her accomplice, this girl Gladys who sent her the bracelet. It looks like a very simple case to me."

"Dick!" Ruth cried. Suddenly she was in his arms.

"Don't worry, honey," Dick said. "I'll think of something."

WHAT happened during the next few hours was like a nightmare. They took her away from Dick, led her down a long corridor and put her in a cell. She cried for hours. Then, sitting up, she looked around. In jail! She was suddenly filled with

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a horrible terror. Everything was against her. She had no friends. She was a stranger in town. She had no one—nobody to help her. Dick, she thought. Why wasn't he here? Why wasn't he with her? Why hadn't he arranged to get her out?

A few minutes later, two men entered her cell and stood over her. One of them spoke in a flat, expressionless voice. "It will go easier for you," he said, "if you tell us the truth."

Ruth stood up. She wanted to scream. "I have told you the truth," she said chokingly. "Please, let me talk to Dick."

"If you mean Crane," the detective said in the same flat voice, "he's gone. He's in the clear."

"But he can explain everything," Ruth cried.

"He's gone," the detective said.

They hammered at her for over an hour. They talked and questioned and threatened until her head whirled and she felt faint and dizzy. They accused her of working out a plot with Gladys. They said Gladys had confessed. She refused to believe it. Her only chance was Dick. She kept asking them to get him, to bring him to her.

"Listen, girlie," one of the men said, "if he was going to help you he'd have gotten you out of here on bail. Now come clean, your boy friend's skipped out, so you might as well open up."

"Skipped!" Ruth said, unbelievably.

"That's right," they said. "Think it over."

Then they were gone. For hours, Ruth sat almost perfectly still. She looked straight ahead seeing nothing. Skipped? Run out on her? No. She wouldn't believe that. She couldn't. If he had done that, there wasn't anything to believe in, nothing for which to hope, nothing. She went back over everything he had said. She saw his serious, steady, brown eyes, his quick, easy smile, his eager, sensitive face. Dick run out on her? No.

Yet, she thought, how long have I known him? Only a few hours. Be sensible, she thought, you've been fooled. It was too easy, too wonderful. You don't just fall in love like that. It was too much like a book, too pat and perfect. She suddenly felt sick. Suppose Dick had switched the bracelet? He knew all about

things like that. Suppose he had it all figured out, played her for the fool and left her to pay this price? She felt weak and completely beaten.

She lay down on the narrow, hard bed and looked up at the gray, dull ceiling. How long she lay there, she didn't know. She kept thinking about Dick. For some inexplicable reason, she was no longer worried about herself, about what would happen to her. It was Dick. She knew she would have to make up her mind, one way or the other. She knew that her only chance was to accuse him of stealing the bracelet. "He didn't steal it," she said, softly. "I know he didn't. I know he hasn't run out on me, either." They were all lying. They were trying to trap her. I have faith in him, she thought, I'm glad I have faith in him.

IT KEPT getting lighter in her cell. She sat up on the bed. She felt tired, but there was nothing more to worry about. She had made her choice. There was nothing to do now but wait. At last she heard footsteps coming down the hall. The detectives stopped in front of her cell and unlocked it. "Come on," they said.

Ruth got down off the bed. "He's come back," Ruth said. "He's come back, hasn't he?"

One of the men grinned. "Yeah," he said. "You got spunk, sister."

Ruth felt the tears on her cheeks. She could hardly see where they were taking her. Then she saw Dick and he was holding her close. His voice was low and soothing. "It's going to be all right," he said.

"Maybe it is," one of the detectives said. "Where's this guy Hitchcock? The fellow that owned the bracelet?"

"He'll be here in a minute," Dick said. "Franklin's bringing him."

He had hardly finished speaking when Franklin came through the door with a large, fat man. Ruth looked at him. This was Mr. Hitchcock, this was the man who had started everything. Dick walked over to Hitchcock. He held up a bracelet. "Is this yours?" he said.

Hitchcock took the bracelet out of Dick's hand, studied it. "That looks like it," he said.

"This one's genuine," Dick said, sternly. "We've just checked it."

Everyone began to talk at once. "Wait a minute," Dick said. "This is the original bracelet Mr. Hitchcock

bought. I had a hunch, so I got a friend of mine on the jewel squad to look around. He found it in a pawn shop."

"Wait a minute," one of the detectives said. "So somebody pawned the real bracelet. All right—the girl could have done it." He looked at Dick narrowly. "Or maybe you're the one. When you see your girl is going to get the rap for something you did, you go soft, run and find the bracelet and try to clear her."

"That's not true," Ruth cried hotly.

Dick smiled at her. "How do you know it isn't?" he said.

Ruth's eyes met his. "I just know," she said, simply.

"You're wonderful," Dick said, huskily. He pulled another bracelet out of his pocket. "Here's the imitation bracelet," he said. "Take a good look at it, detective." He paused while the detective looked the bracelet over. Dick smiled. "You'll notice the imitation has the initials R.M. on it. The genuine bracelet hasn't. That means that the counterfeit bracelet is the one Mr. Hitchcock himself brought into the shop to be initialed!" He turned to Hitchcock. "Now," he said, "it's your turn to talk."

Ruth's eyes turned to Hitchcock. Her heart was pounding. The fat man fidgeted. "Is it a crime to pawn one's own property?" he asked. "Is there any law against having a copy made of a bracelet?"

The detectives looked at each other. One of them shook his head.

"All right," Hitchcock said, sighing. "I'll explain. I needed some money in a hurry. So I got back the bracelet I'd given my fiancée, Ruth Manson, on the pretext that I was going to have her initials engraved on it. I didn't want her to know I was short of money. I had an imitation made. Then I pawned the genuine one and brought the imitation to Rogers and Caswell to be initialed." He wiped perspiration from his brow. "That's all," he said.

Dick looked at Mr. Franklin. "I suggest you drop your charges against my fiancée," he smiled, "before she sues you for false arrest."

It wasn't until they had walked several blocks from the station that Ruth stopped, suddenly realizing that hours ago, she should have been at work in the factory. "Dick," she said, "I've got to get to work!"

"After what you've been through?" he said. "Not on your life!"

"But," she cried, "I'll be fired."

"No, you won't," he smiled. "I called up this morning and told them you were sick."

They walked for a while in silence. Ruth finally looked up at him. "Where are we going?" she asked.

He stopped. "That depends," he said. He reached in his pocket and held up something which gleamed in the bright, early morning sunlight. It was a silver bracelet! He said, "It's not a very expensive one. There aren't diamonds on it." He kissed her, still holding the bracelet in his hand. "I can't afford diamonds. But," he said, tenderly, "I'm sure it's for the right Ruth Manson. The sort of girl who won't take it unless she plans on marrying the man right away."

Ruth took the bracelet. She looked up at him, tears in her eyes. "After we're married," she said, "can I have my initials on it?"



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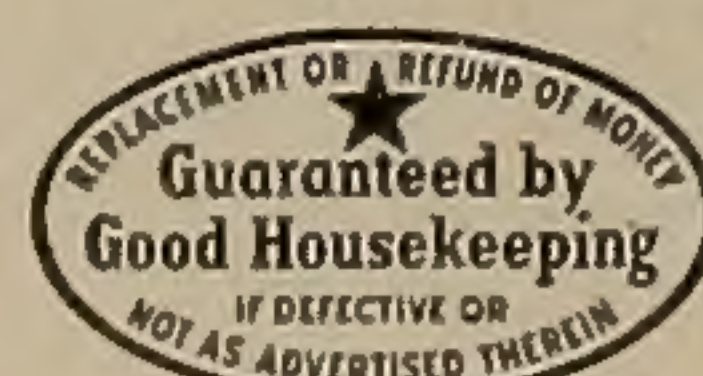


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